Oct. 26, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE**. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2:30.)

Before I Wake—Martin Donegan and Vincent McNally in Trevor Reese's dramatization of the seventeen-year friendship of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performances Saturday, Oct. 26.)

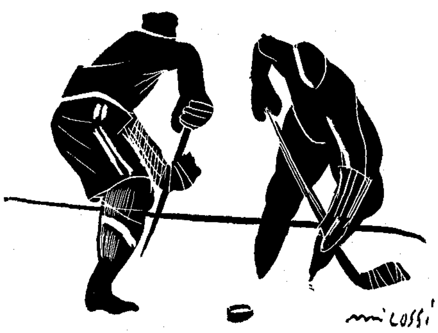
Don't Shoot Mable It's Your Husband—A comedy by Jerome Kilty. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A deafening and bedazzling account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, superbly portrayed by James Earl Jones. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 27.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Lovers and Other Strangers—Four clumsy sketches that try hard to be funny and fail. The one crumb of comfort is that the cast is splendid. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Playwrights Repertory—The final performances of a seven-play repertory. Beckett's **KRAPP'S LAST TAPE** and Edward Albee's **THE ZOO STORY:** Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Albee's **BOX** and **QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG:** Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Beckett's **HAPPY DAYS:** Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:40 and 8:40. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rockefeller and the Red Indians—A comedy adapted by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson from a French play. Frankie Howerd heads a cast under the direction of Burt Shevelove. Opens Thursday, Oct. 24. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A curious mongrel of a play by Joseph Heller, attractively performed by Jason Robards, Diana Sands, and an expert company. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE:** An adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. Zoe Caldwell is Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company: Opening per-

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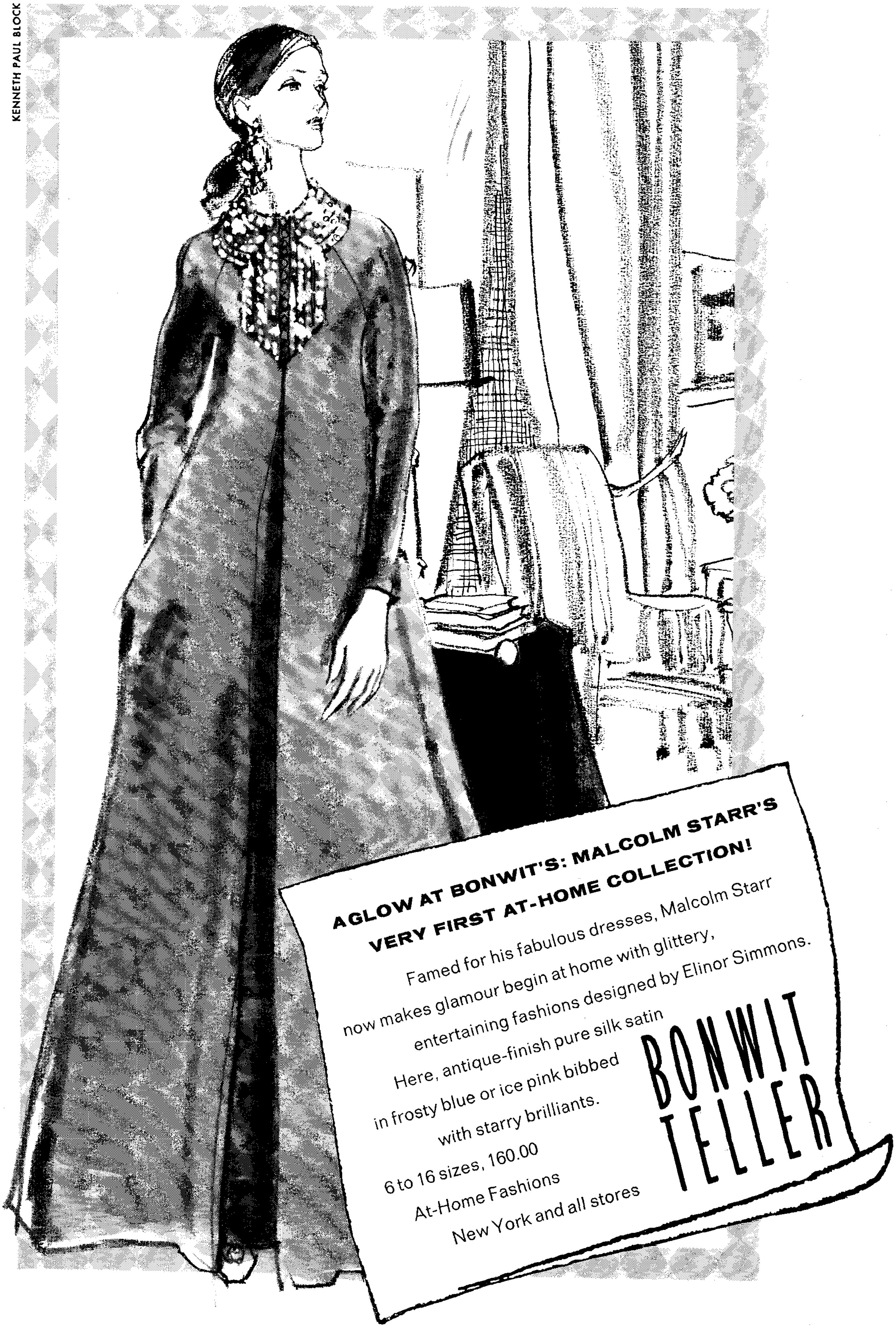

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

formances of a three-week repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8: **PATIENCE**. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Her First Roman—A musical version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Richard Kiley makes a marvellous Caesar, but Leslie Uggams is an unconvincing Cleopatra, and the songs, by Ervin Drake, are notably unrecallable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—A cheerful little revue about politics that aims at satire and misses, but that provides some entertainment along the way. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy in a musical with book, music, and lyrics by Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss, the book in collaboration with Morton DaCosta. Staged by Mr. DaCosta. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A musical from Israel, mostly in Yiddish. The performers tear into their corn with mysterious high spirits. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **CABARET:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** First, stand tall, placing your feet as wide apart as you can comfortably stand. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "Diversion of Angels," "Dark Meadow," and "A Time of Snow.". . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Plain of Prayer," "Dark Meadow," and "A Time of Snow.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "Diversion of Angels," and "Alcestis.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Errand into the Maze," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Dark Meadow," and "A Time of Snow.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Part Real—Part Dream," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Cortege of Eagles.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Alcestis.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Dark Meadow," and "Alcestis." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Through Sunday, Nov. 3.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Final performances Saturday, Nov. 16.)

Gilbert Bécaud—The French bard, singing his own songs in both French and English. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Final performance Sunday, Oct. 27.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Folk singers Joni Mitchell and Neil Young can be heard most nights. On Wednesday, Oct. 30, other performers will come in. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. At eight-thirty, one can see a far-out theatrical production called "The Moke-Eater." The regular show follows at ten-thirty. On Thursday, Oct. 24, it will consist of various musical types. Starting Friday, Oct. 25, the Junior Wells Blues Band will be onstage, and on Wednesday, Oct. 30, singer Dino Valente will join the show. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars will get you in the door. It's a casual jazz corner, with a brief Italian menu and room for dancing. The Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet is playing nightly. On Sunday, Oct. 27, from six to nine, the Clark Terry quintet will play an early gig, before the evening session. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, Jake Hanna will bring in a sextet that includes Bill Berry on trumpet. Closed Mondays.

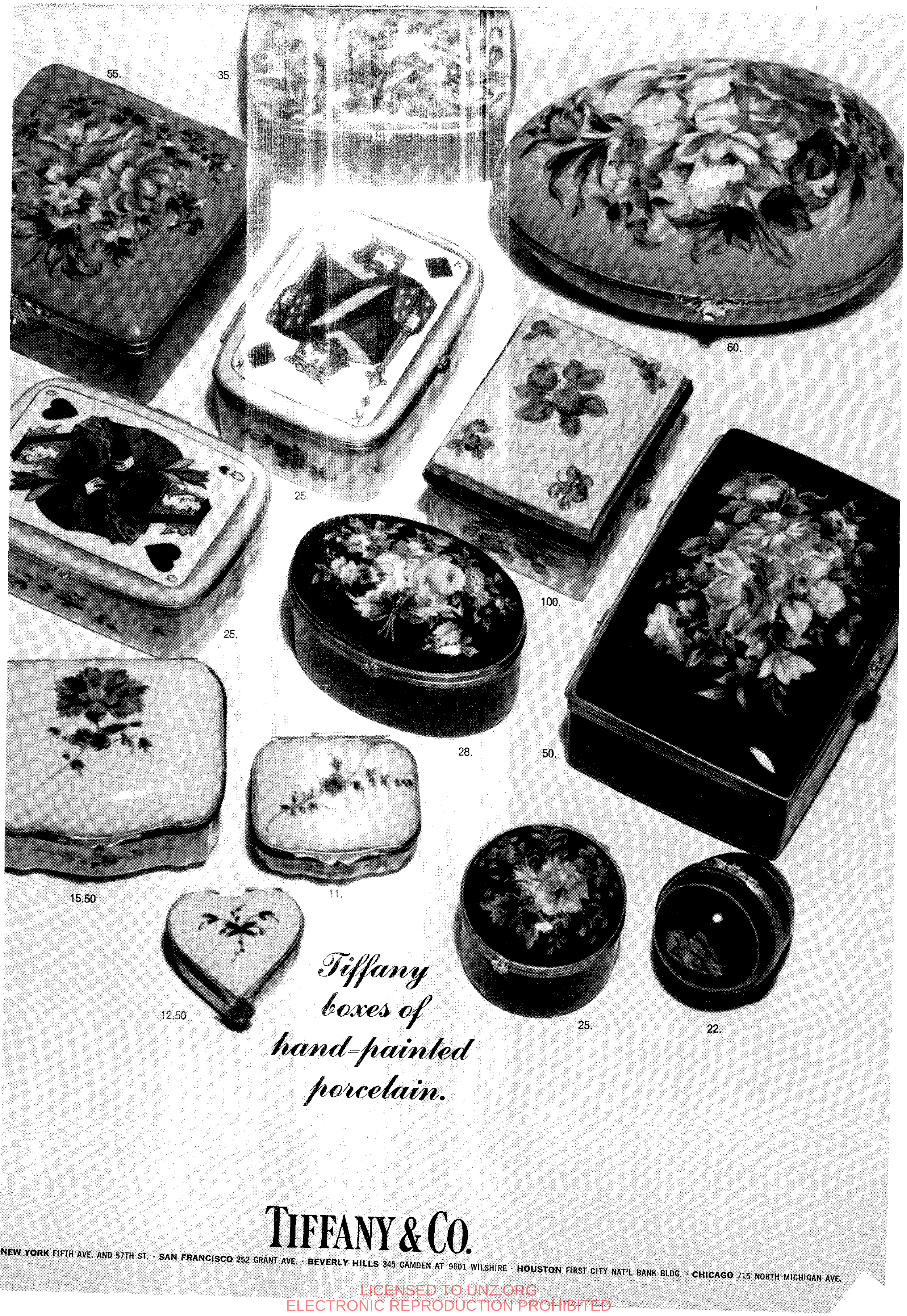
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Yusef Lateef quartet. Monday, Oct. 28, will be turned over to singer Myra Brown. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, the Monty Waters quintet, with singer Joe Lee Wilson, will start playing. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Oct. 26, from five to nine, the Vera Auer quintet. Sunday, Oct. 27, from five to nine, the Substructure, a group that relies heavily on tubas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, Bill Evans leads his trio in some complex, generally pleasant stuff. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the trio is off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Tuesday through Thursday, Gordon Rose and the Generation Gap. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, comic Jackie Mason and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, Dick Gregory and the M.J.Q. (Shows from eleven Tuesday through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Thursday, from ten on Friday, and from nine-thirty on Saturday.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, there are performances of "DMZ," a caustic political revue. At about ten every night but Sunday, the jazz begins: Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 24-26, the Kenny Burrell quartet. Monday, Oct. 28, the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, another group will replace the Burrell foursome.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. From time to time, a young lady sings golden oldies. On Sundays, everyone has a grand old time from four-thirty until closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with loud live rock. Dancing from nine until three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing. The sound of the Smubbs alternates with the electric sound of recorded rock over a vigorous system. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the Slithy Toves will also be around. Pacific Gas and Electric, a new group from Southern California, starts Tuesday, Oct. 29. Closed Mondays. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A suave sort of spot existing from ten until three or four in what by day is a restaurant called the Penthouse Club and by night—thanks to some revolving lights, some strong records, and an ambiance of reverberating luxe—becomes a discothèque. Snacks are served. The view of the Park is fine.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by a singer named Billy Fellows. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—The quondam Tuxedo Ballroom, recently transformed into something else—a fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. You might not think you're in some Ruritanian village, but then again, after gazing at the factitious trees a while, you might. Dancing to records from seven until three or four.

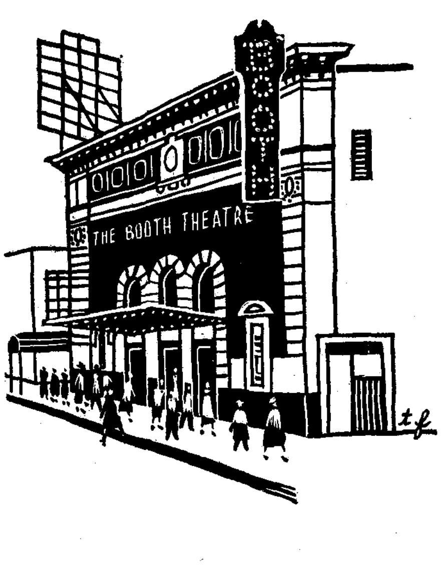
Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with live rock groups. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Grand manoir, grand manner: that's the Café Pierre, where there's music every night—Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's band the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. The interludes between the Worth sessions are occupied by Ellen Harwicke's commendable piano and voice. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Now and then one of the Druids drops in, but it's not really the same old Stonehenge; modernity has had its way and sway. Still music all the time, some of it taken from life and some of it taken from a wall plug. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Buddy Rich, all drumsticks and absolutely no turkey, is on view and on target twice—nine-thirty and twelve-thirty—a night, with band to boot. Other musicians commence as early as six, and one-thirty is the end. No sound Sunday evenings. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The grounds rules are explicit: No Frug, Tug, or Mugg; the surroundings are spare but comfortable; the nourishment for inner men and women is basic. Argueso's set of Latin bandsmen is supplemented by a pair of Up North orchestras. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays.



CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Any institution, from marriage on up and down, can be made over into a resounding failure if a buzz-bomb mind is applied to it, and Joan Rivers has the mind and the voice to do it. Her séances are run off at ten and twelve during the week, and three times (starting at nine-thirty), on Friday and Saturday. She moves out after Wednesday, Oct. 30, and next evening will bring about a consummation that has long and devoutly been wished: the return of Mabel Mercer, now with the expressive Buddy Barnes on piano, and the return of Ronny Graham, that apocalyptic horseman and humorist. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A real Mediterranean *bouillabaisse,* or a pretty nice kettle of fish—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eyeing the permutations and combinations of a dancer whose specialty is the *danse de ventre*. The jokers are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr; among the principal musicians is the oudist George Mgrdichian. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the incumbent portmanteau revue, has been undergoing physical and mental therapy at the hands of Ronny Graham, and something should soon come of that. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Sandler is a welcome guest in the Royal Box, where he shows up, talking and singing in a most amiable fashion, during dinner and supper. His aide-de-camp adds nothing, but he can subtract. The dance band led by Lee Evans is as neat as we're apt to get anywhere this season. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. 752-8080)—To watch Los Chavales de España light into their fiddles and hear them croon songs, you sometimes think that they're Passion's Playthings, but these jolly gentlemen are actually only play*acting*. The dance music for the customers is just about as romantic and indigenous. Seven days a week. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The crack-the-whip commentary of Don Rickles can be elixir of life to the membership of the Friars Club; to some of us without its walls, the humor is just kiss-of-death. With him go the Checkmates, a set of zing singers. Every night of the year, and twice. . . . ¶ As for the main-floor bar, music that worships strange gods (many of them electronic) begins at ten and ends who knows when.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—"Les Belles de Nuit" is the name of one of the best of all the splendiferations that have lived here, and the Amazonian young ladies who populate it justify the appellation. The headliners for whom these Belles toll are the majestic and mobile dance team of Szony & Claire, as well as Billy Daniels, still the airy, artful, Ariel sort of singer he always was. Twice a night, without cease.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Florence Henderson, to whom all the world has been mostly a Broadway stage, is again in night life—at least during dinner and supper in the Persian Room—and singing. The band run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the evening with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Below-

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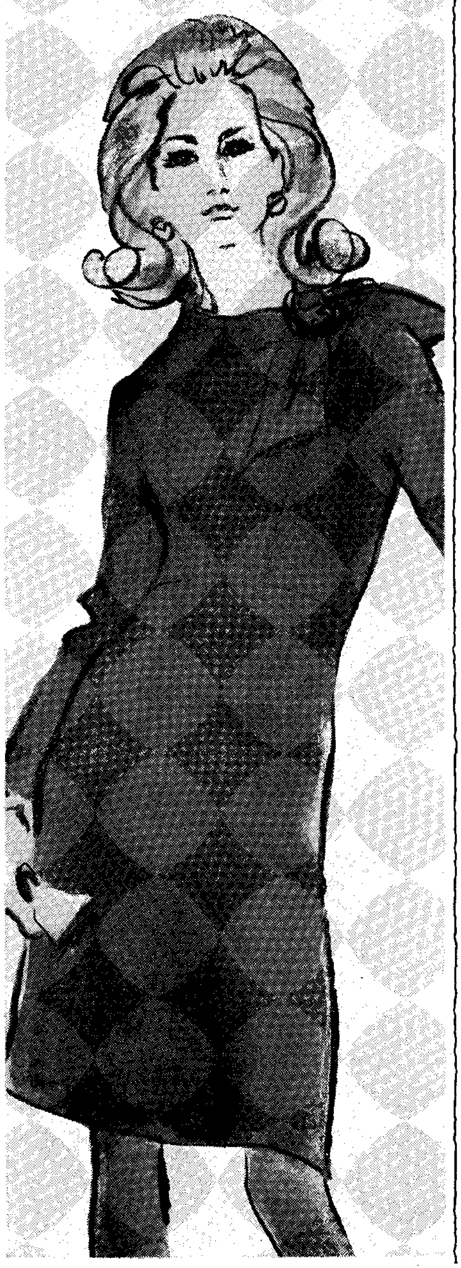

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stairs, in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Dorothy Donegan is riding side-saddle piano at the head of her threesome, but the specialty of the *maison* is Toots Thielemans, playing harmonica and sometimes just whistling (all this in a vivifying manner) at the head of another threesome. Mousie Alexander's triad plays remarkably sedate (for him) dance tunes. On Tuesday, Oct. 29, the Dukes of Dixieland will succeed M. Thielemans and Miss Donegan. Tee-off time is eight; dinner is served, and supper is not. Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ Violin and piano commune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one, likewise except Sundays. The Palmiest nights belong to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of the regal retreat, whose fields of violin music are all Elysian; he performs Tuesday through Saturday every week.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—João Gilberto, crouched high on his tiny perch and glowing gently, like Telstar, communicates—with voice and guitar—in a way that makes Portuguese a universal tongue. This happens twice, during dinner and supper. The rest of the time, *Jonah Jones, his trumpet, and his band celebrate.* All hands check out on Saturday, Oct. 26, but the establishment goes public again on Tuesday, Oct. 29, with the Stan Getz quintet pulsing and Chris Connor singing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The dinner-and-supper singing in the Maisonette is done by Julie Wilson, who has become rather a cult among a sturdy group of life-after-dark observers, and why not? The bands of George Cort and Quintero never let up, once they've settled in, early in the evening, until long past midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, across the way, leads a more sylvan life—merely the collaboration of Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, who have been making dining fiddle-and-piano since the beginning of time. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, there is a recital of song by Ed Ames, quite an expert in his particular field of pop art. The intermissions between the ministrations of the Charles Turecamo orchestra are filled, and full, by the ululations of the Savages, a hard-core crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a catch-as-catch-can trio does marching music throughout dinner and supper, from Tuesday to Saturday every week, and ahead of that, beginning at four in the afternoon, there is piano a capella, except Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Herein lives the loyal constituency that, year after year, returns Louis Golson Hawkins to office; i.e., one of the two back-to-back pianos upon which he and Wayne Sanders ring out clear upon the midnight air. They take turns earlier, too, from around seven o'clock. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the piano of Dan Ruskin. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town, and while Thelma Carpenter, who can make any ballad seem a person-to-person confidence, is on tap. They stay home Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): As the zimbalons and such slowly go mad before one's very eyes, a simulacrum of Old Budapest begins to take shape. Béla Babai is the inexhaustible leader of the band, Tibor Rakossy is chevalier and tenor. The attendant sopranos can be flighty, but that's Hungarian music for you. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. Here, at least from Tuesday through Saturday every week, we can brush up on our cruise-ship Calypso vocabulary at the hands and guitar of an itinerant troubadour, who commences at eight or nine and lasts until one or two. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): A sort of family affair, for which Rita Dimitri, a soubrette of music-hall tradition, acts as compeer and (at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays) as *diseuse*. Modest and leisurely dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Nearer in mien and menu to London Bridge than it is to the Queensboro, but Lynn Richards, whose fingers and voice are at the piano between nine and two (except on Sundays and Mondays), qualifies as All-America girl. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All comestibles are served *vibrato, con amore*, because the management, right down to the newest busboy, is head over heels *in love with Italian opera. Closed Mondays.* . . . **PIER 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): A captain's-table operation, neatly done and ornamented. In the bar, which is ditto ditto, George Taylor, seated halfway up the mainmast, addresses his songs and piano to the deck passengers from nine until two, except Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) is done by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of chatter. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave. at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): If the nineteenth century really looked like this, we should perhaps return to our forefathers at once and, of course, stay for dinner. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This is the closed circuit along which, table by table, Herman Honigsberg and his serenading violin make their calm, self-possessed way, followed by a train of acolyte musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The decorous old period piece is the realm of George Feyer, whose lapis-lazuli piano is in service from eight-thirty until one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once the entire night life of Bermuda, are doing shore duty—Sundays from five to nine, Mondays from six to ten. It's a songfest innocent of guile, but no one appears to mind. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Up, up one flight to perhaps a Mystic Isle, a villa on the Bosporus—who can tell? In one room of the suite, a piano muses from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): A welcome wide-open space for us cramped citizens of New York is the Casino-on-the-Park. Parked at quite a grand piano, Bob Kail does his con-

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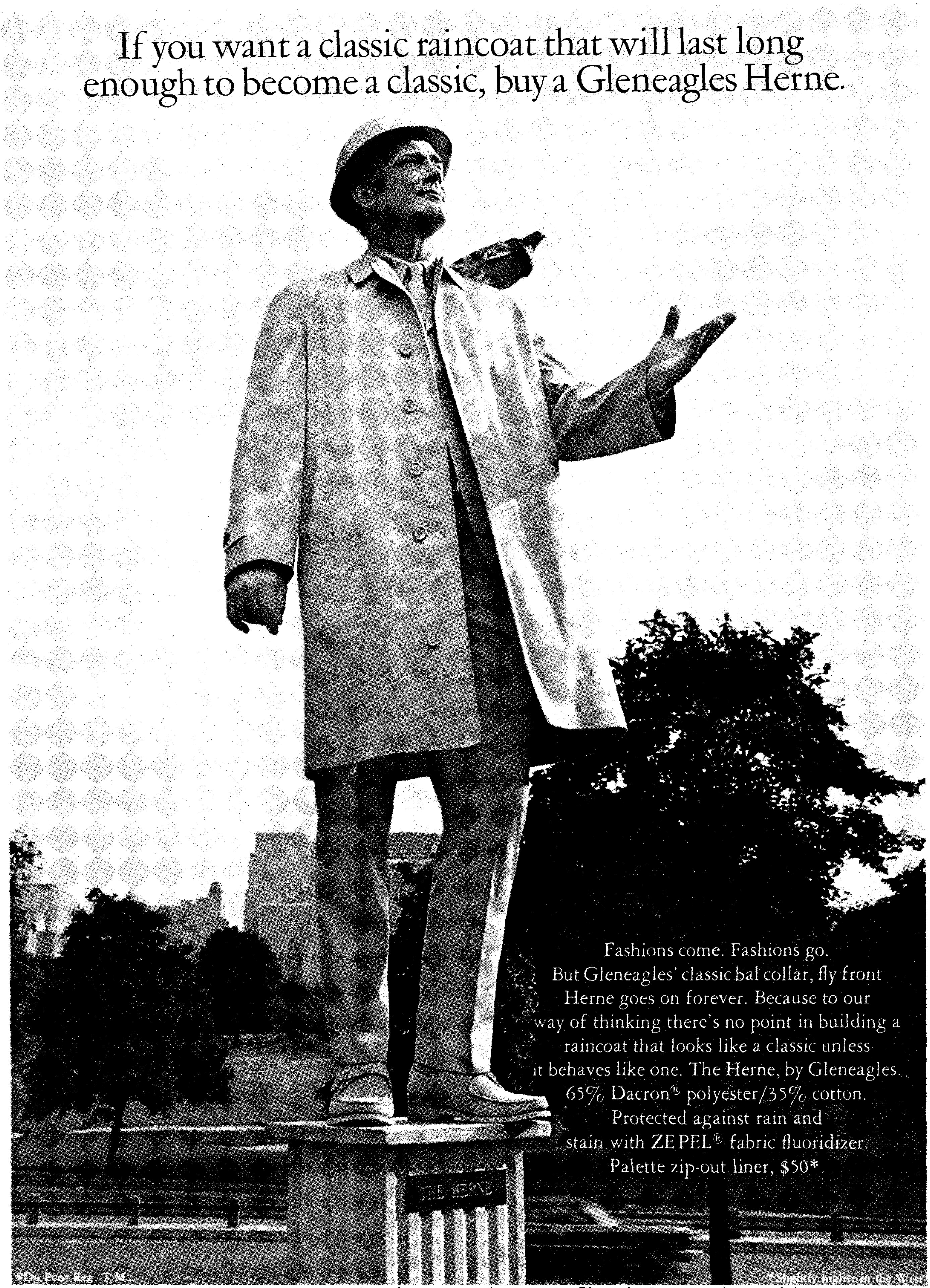

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If this fragrance were a painting, who would have painted it?

Not Gauguin.
His would be too sultry with jasmine.
Not Ingres.
Too heavy with patchouli and musk.
Botticelli, perhaps,
if his Springtime were a French spring,
with a little of Monet's softened sunlight
dappled in.

If it were a city, what city would you think of?

We think it would be Avignon,
with all the fountains plashing.
But you might think of Paris,
if you took just the right patch of Paris,
and set it in the midst of Aix en Provence.

If it were a time of day?

High noon,
frilled with wind, drenched with sunshine,
after a morning when the rain
has washed the whole world clean.

If it were music?

Chamber music, almost certainly,
and almost certainly by Mozart.
And yet, you know those Chopin waltzes?
The ones that catch at your throat
in the midst of whirling?
Or those songs of the Auvergne
that Madeleine Grey used to sing?

If it were a color?

Blue-white-yellow.
Fragile as an iris
reflected in a pond full of sky.

And if it were a woman?

What do you think she'd be like,
from the things we've said already?
If you know,
then you must know her from the inside.
You'll find a little of
yourself in a bottle of Calèche.

Calèche *by* **Hermès**/*Paris*

Women who think of perfume as a weapon
will undoubtedly prefer something else.

structive work between six-thirty and one, but he vacations Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 60th St. (LE 5-2000): The circumspect old homestead. Over by the bar itself sits Joe Miles, who executes mannerly études from nine-thirty until one. His time-outs are Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Darby Bannard—Six huge "color" paintings; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Barlach and Käthe Kollwitz—Sculptures, drawings, and graphics by two socially conscious European artists of the first half of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Beal—Paintings, mostly of the female nude reclining on a sofa or armchair; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Betts—Paintings, gouaches, and collages, primarily of scenes in Maine; through Nov. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder—Twenty-two recent gouaches, twenty ink drawings (1930-32), plus early and late mobiles in an exhibition celebrating the artist's seventieth birthday; through Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chang Dai-chien—Paintings derived from traditional Chinese modes by a contemporary; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Caro, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Downing—Paintings that give the illusion of being able to fold; through Nov. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anne Dunn—Collages consisting of sections of painted landscapes, some with human and animal figures; through Nov. 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Duran—Arrangements of painted panels below eye level; through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a much-admired American eccentric; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sorel Etrog—Bronze and marble sculptures of interwoven machinelike forms; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Elias Goldberg—Modest easel-size self-portraits and cityscapes; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Balcomb Greene—Characteristically ambiguous images of figures and seascapes; through Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guén Inokuma—Oil paintings by a Japanese familiar to the New York art world; through Nov. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Colored panels by a leading Minimalist; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jonan Kinigstein—Figure paintings based on the play, "Marat/Sade," and the hippie world; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kipniss—Mannered landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

David Levine—Romantic watercolors and unromantic caricatures by an illustrator known mainly through his magazine covers; through Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Levy—Panels of painted Lucite making use of light; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Sculptures by an artist who uses simple industrial forms painted black; through Nov. 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—A dozen large paintings of cliff and sea; through Nov. 9. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Murray—Huge metal constructions, each painted in a single color; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Minoru Niizuma—Large sculptures made of canvas and smaller works in stone, by a Japanese artist; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Giora Novak—Several series of sculptures in different materials plus a series of paintings in geometric patterns; through Nov. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through Friday, Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Attitio Pierelli—Polished stainless-steel Abstract sculptures by an Italian artist who works in monumental forms; through Nov. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Poliakoff—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by a Russian artist widely known in France; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—White paintings of 1951 and black paintings of 1952; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Norman Rockwell—A major exhibition of his paintings; through Nov. 9. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Eighty drawings done since 1960, plus boxes, a mirrored stairway, and transformed objects; through Nov. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Scarfe—Life-size sculptures caricaturing current political candidates and related public figures—e.g., news commentators and cops—by a British cartoonist; through Nov. 9. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn—Paintings and drawings since the late twenties, commemorating the seventieth birthday of America's leading socially conscious painter; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Snelson—Five giant aluminum sculptures, assembled by the artist, using modular units; through Dec. 3. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

The American Vision, Paintings 1825-75—Three galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Saturday, Nov. 2) of a hundred and eleven works from major museums and private collections by such artists as Rembrandt Peale, Winslow Homer, Kensett, Morse, Inman, and Eakins—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Genre. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Figure and still-life. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Landscape.

Tapestries—At **ADRIA**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Pieces by twentieth-century masters, including Picasso, Léger, Calder, Miró, and Laurens, together with samples by contemporary artists of Yugoslavia; through Thursday, Oct. 31. . . . **SLATKIN**, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Large-scale examples by American artists—Lindner, Warhol, Stamos, Trova, Vicente, Motherwell, Stella, and Lichtenstein for instance; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptors Guild—An annual exhibit by sixty-one members, who include Chaim Gross, de Creeft, Martinelli, and Meadmore; through Nov. 17. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Small works and graphics from Cubism to Op in which prominent moderns (Picasso, Arp, Léger, Severini, de Kooning, Pollock, and others) reveal ideas in a germinating state; through Friday, Nov. 1. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Americans born before 1900, among them Homer, Feininger, Hassam, Hopper, Marin, Davis, and Sheeler; through Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . **COOPER**, 96 Prince St.: A benefit exhibition of fourteen large works by such artists as Carl Andre, Bill Bollinger, Dan Flavin, Donald Judd, and Sol LeWitt, presented in support of the peace movement; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Daily, except Monday, 2 to 9.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, plans, and some actual examples of earth "sculptures" by such

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

avant-gardist constructors as Robert Morris, Oldenburg, LeWitt, and Smithson; through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A wide range of works (by Duchamp, Noguchi, Lindner, Dubuffet, Man Ray, and others) assembled to inaugurate the gallery's new quarters; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of newly acquired paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Dubuffet, Arp, Pollock, Magritte, Giacometti, and Rothko; through Thursday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Sculptures and paintings from the gallery collection, (among them examples by Bertoia, Chadwick, and Dubuffet), plus works on paper from the forties by Hans Hofmann; through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Mabe, and Manrique; through Saturday, Oct. 26.... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: The first show by a new gallery includes works by Burchfield, Glackens, Jawlensky, Rouault, Vasarely, and Warhol; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibition of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Nov. 30.... **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading twentieth-century Europeans, such as Bonnard, Chagall, Klee, and Giacometti; through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **CARUS,** 243 E. 82nd St.: Drawings, watercolors, and prints by Middle European Expressionists; through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAMUELS,** 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, Beckmann, Klee, and Jawlensky; through Nov. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **WALLY F. GALLERIES,** 17 E. 57th St.: Paintings by French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters; through Nov. 13.

HAITIANS AND JAMAICANS; GROUP SHOW—Forty-eight paintings and sculptures depicting scenes of everyday life, historical events, and religious themes, both Christian and voodoo, by the foremost artists of the Haitian popular movement in art after the Second World War, and works by three more recent painters of Jamaica, including the religious leader and popular artist known as Kapo; through Sunday, Oct. 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. Some of the artists are Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and Andrea del Castagno. Through Nov. 15. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)... ¶ A free performance of "Unto Thee a Garden," a staged documentary compiled from the writings of the ancient Egyptians, will be presented by the Four Winds Theatre on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3, in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of oils, sculptures, drawings, watercolors, prints, and illustrated books by Jean Dubuffet, taken from the Museum's collection and recently augmented by important gifts; through Sunday, Oct. 27.... ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, fifty-four-inch-deep construction by Robert Rauschenberg, of Plexiglas panels imprinted with images and interspersed with lights activated by a sound system; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A comprehensive exhibition of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. ... ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24.... ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Free performances of "Unto Thee a Garden," a sort of pageant taken from ancient Egyptian writings, will be presented by the Four Winds Theatre on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 1 and 3, in the Old Kingdom Gallery. Tickets are obtainable at the Museum's information desk.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

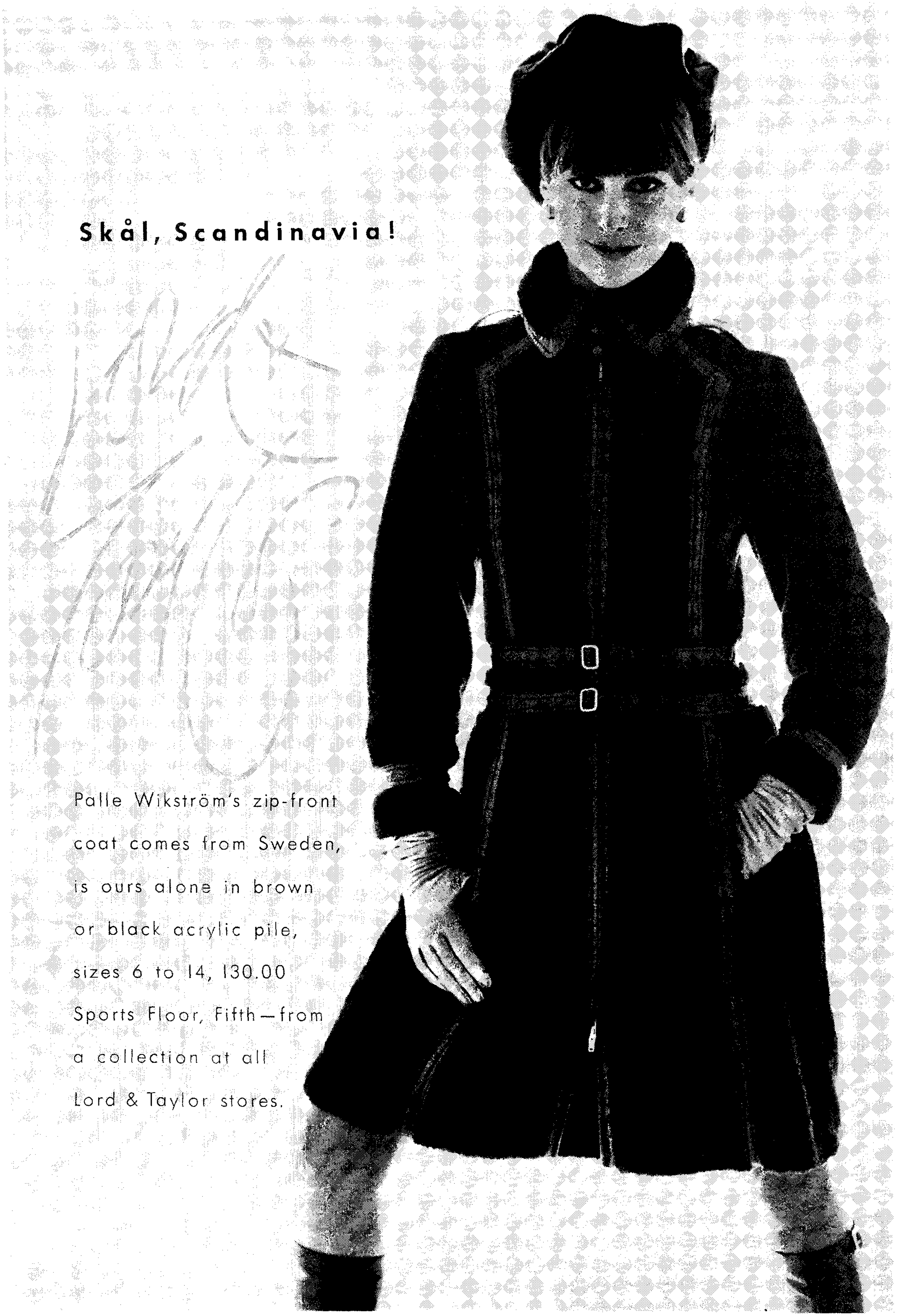
CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from the neolithic through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—An immense show of medieval art from private collections; starting Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., sketches, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Nov. 24.... ¶ A hundred and thirty-three etchings by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and his son, Francesco, including the famous prison series of the elder Piranesi; through Nov. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 3.... ¶ A "pool" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic, mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LOEB STUDENT CENTER, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Paintings by Stanley Boxer, who has just had an exhibition of his sculp-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures, and Abstract paintings by Carl Holty; through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays until 1 A.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An eyesome showing of bookbindings, 1884-93, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; through Saturday, Nov. 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighty portraits in oil by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865); through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A show of African and Afro-American art, including sculptures, graphic arts, and fabrics selected from collections throughout the world, designed to establish links between the traditions of five major West African civilizations and Negro art in the New World; through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, de Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ "Eyewitness: Czechoslovakia, 1938-August, 1968," photographs by Jan Lukas, Sonja Bullaty, Angelo Lomeo, and Hilmar Pabel; through Nov. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, James McCracken, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, John Reardon, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Gianni Raimondi, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Bruno Prevedi, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Chester Ludgin, Michele Molese, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Arlene Randazzo, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Mary Cross Lueders, Lino Savoldi, and Roberto Banuelas; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannine Crader, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Chester Ludgin, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "Faust," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Michele Molese, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Jerome LoMonaco, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Anna Ottaviano, Lois Crane, Michele Molese, Ronald Hedlund, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeannine Crader, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Roberto Banuelas; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Clinton Nichols, Vincenzo Sardinero, and William Ledbetter. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting a non-subcription performance on Monday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 (with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone). . . . ¶ Colin Davis conducting an all-Berlioz program on Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 1, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 (all with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano).

L'ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30: Jean Martinon conducting.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—At Philharmonic Hall—Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3: Howard Mitchell conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert, with Ronald Turini, piano.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3, and Monday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

DUKE ELLINGTON'S ORCHESTRA—Duke Ellington conducting a program of his sacred music, in a benefit concert. (Central Synagogue, Lexington Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call TE 8-5122.)

BACH COLLEGIUM AND KANTOREI OF STUTTGART—Helmuth Rilling directing a chamber orchestra, with Elsa Kastela, soprano; Ursula Gust, alto; Friedreich Melzer and Theo Altmeyer, tenors; Jacob Staempfli and Hanns-Friedrich Kunz, bass; and a chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, a varied program.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Jonel Perlea conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2-3, at 8:30.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Purcell's opera "Fairy Queen" in concert form, with Patricia Brooks, Susan Belling, and Mara Worth, sopranos; James Schwabacher, tenor; Dan Merriman, bass-baritone; and

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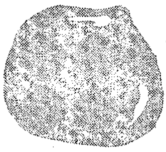

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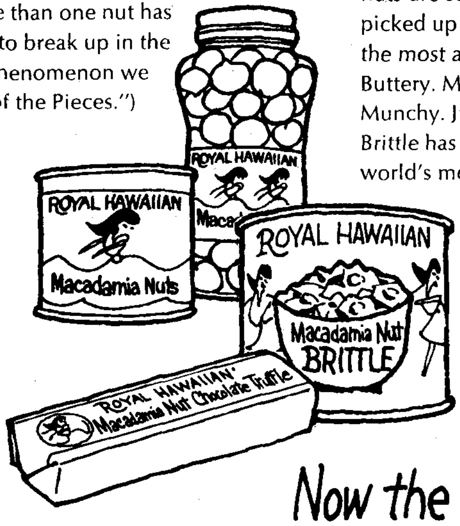

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Michael May, harpsichord. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Dvořak's "Stabat Mater," with Donna Newman, soprano; Carol Doren, mezzo-soprano; Clinton Nichols, tenor; Ned Styres, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

MICHAEL RABIN—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

MELOS ENSEMBLE OF LONDON—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 897-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30, and Friday, Nov. 1, both at 8:30.)

PHILLIP EVANS—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 5:30.)

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

TERESA STICH-RANDALL—Soprano. (Coronet Room, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

JUNE DE TOTH—Piano, in an all-Bartók program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

CINCINNATI WOODWIND QUINTET—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FROM MARLBORO—The first in a series of three chamber-music programs offering soloists from the Marlboro Music Festival, this one with Donald Weilerstein and Yoko Matsuda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Ronald Leonard, cello; Heidi Lehwalder, harp; Paula Sylvester, flute; and Elsa Ludewig, clarinet. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ELIZABETH HARWOOD—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

MOODY BLUES, JOHN MAYALL AND THE BLUESBREAKERS, AND RHINOCEROS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday. Oct. 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

DONOVAN—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 and midnight.

FOLK-SONG CONCERT—Pete Seeger, Jerry Jeff Walker, Dave Van Ronk, the Pennywhistlers, and others, in a benefit concert. (Fillmore East. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 533-8430 Wednesday and Friday.)

RICHIE HAVENS, QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE, AND PINK FLOYD—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

TOM PAXTON—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

KENNY BURRELL—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

THE CREAM—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

NEW IMAGE OF SOUND—The first in a series of *five programs of new music and contemporary* arts, this one performed by a group of musicians from the Buffalo Center for Creative Arts, conducted by Lukas Foss. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 31, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:35: Knicks

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 6:30: Chicago vs. Boston and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 1, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Baltimore.

Boxing—Frank DePaula vs. Dick Tiger, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Oct. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 26: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 2 (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Delaware, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.). . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Monday through Sunday, Oct. 28-Nov. 3.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.). . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 2.)

Racing—NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 25. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 11 and 1.). . . BELMONT: Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1:30; the Jockey Club Gold Cup is the feature race. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 10:30 and 1:25.). . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at noon, from Monday, Oct. 28, through Tuesday, Dec. 10. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Monday, Nov. 18. Through Saturday, Oct. 26, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 2. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 26, through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 26, and the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 2.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

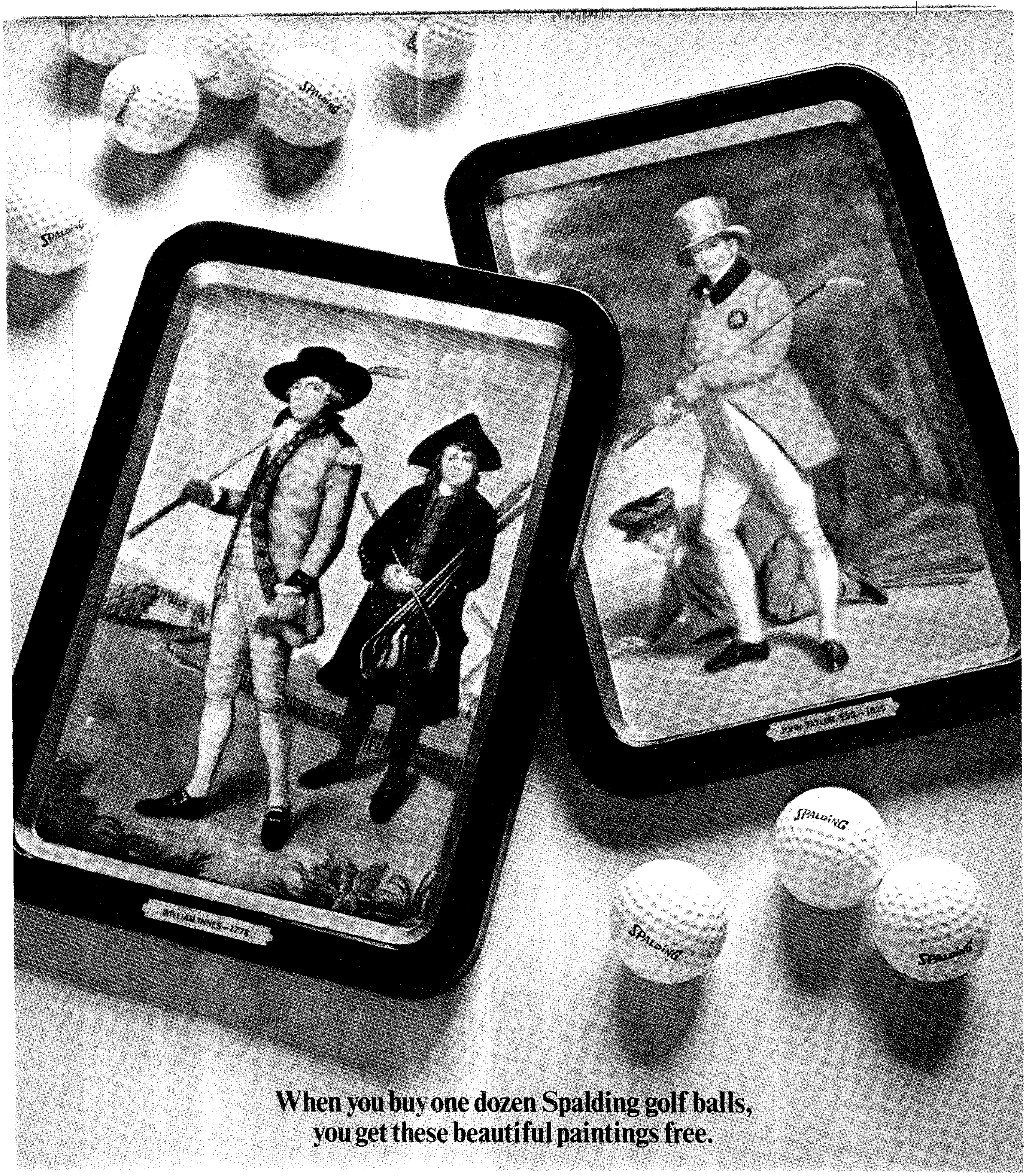
FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at noon and 2:30.). . . THE SUZUKI VIOLINS: A company of ten children from Japan. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2 and Sundays at 2.). . . STORY-TIME DANCE THEATRE: A dance-pantomime, based on a story by Gertrude Stein. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." (Mondays at



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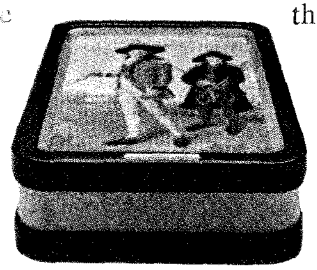

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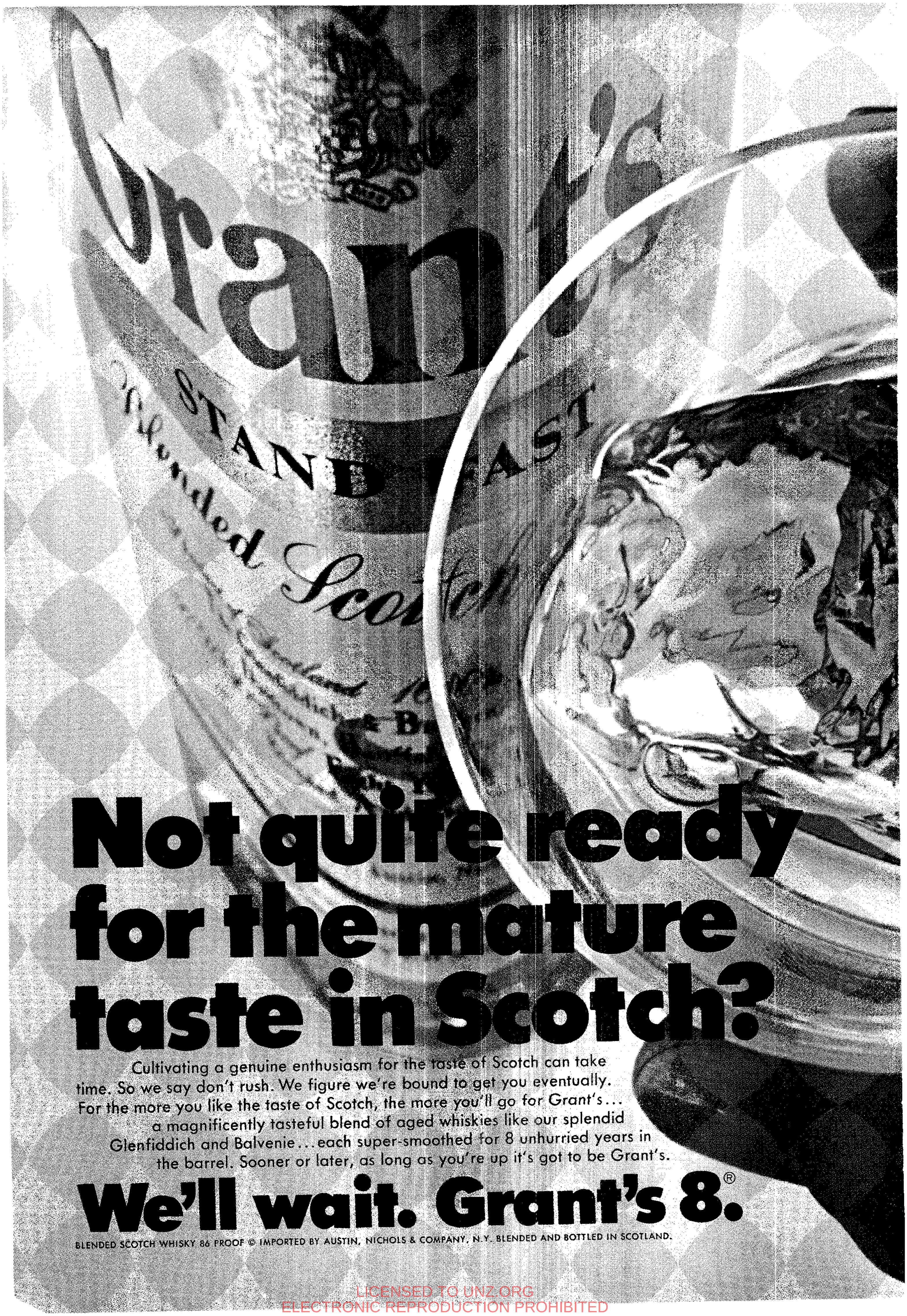

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

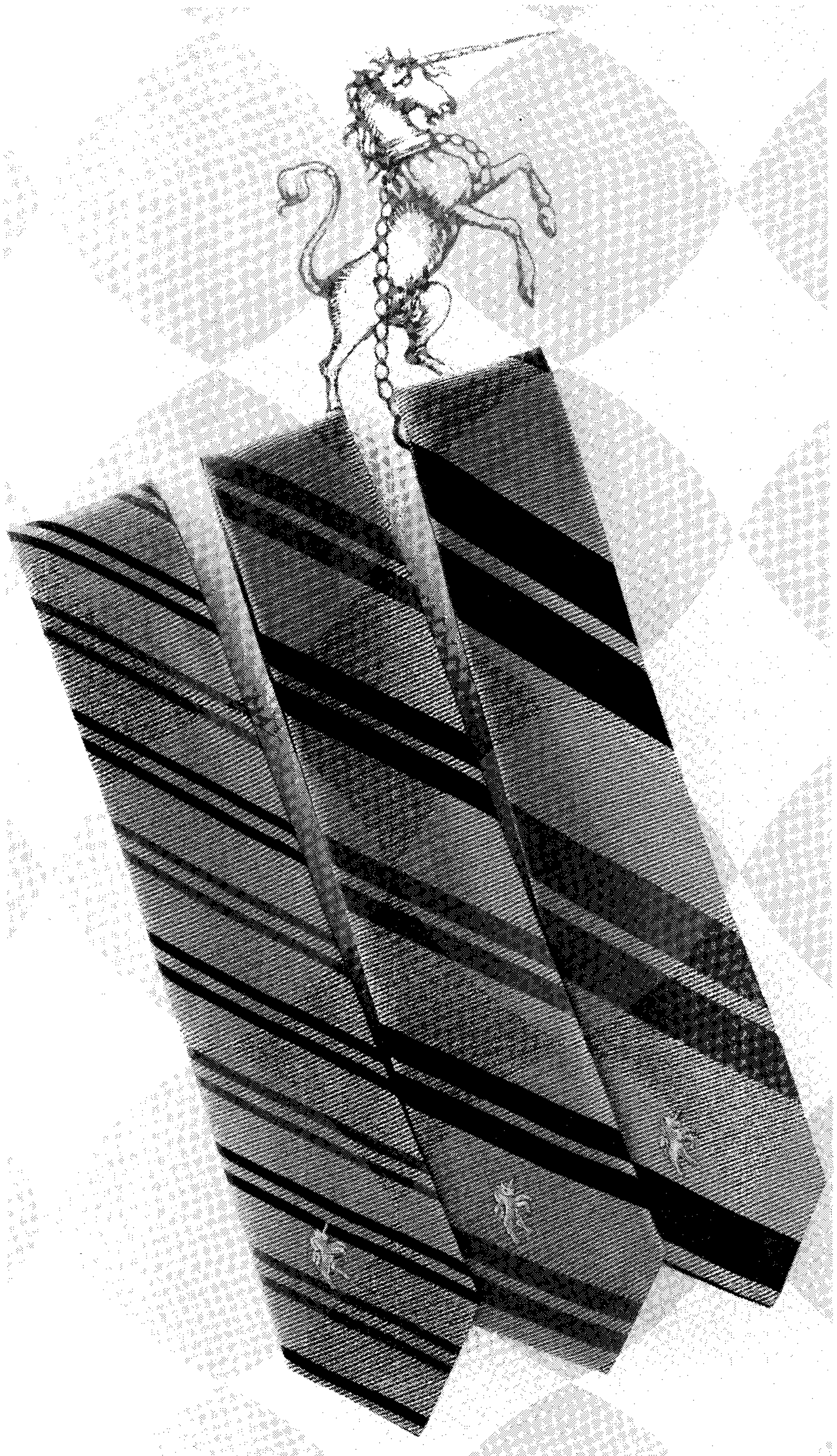
Poetry Readings—John Berryman reading from his own works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)... ¶ Kenneth Koch reading from his own poetry, including material from his forthcoming book, "The Pleasures of Peace and Other Poems." (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Lectures—"Courbet, Millet, and the Critics of Society," by George Heard Hamilton, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 5:40.... ¶ "Manuscript Illumination in Renaissance Flanders: The Artists and Their Workshops," by Jethro Hurt, Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 3, and Thursday, Oct. 31, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 1:45: Italian maiolica, Gothic and Renaissance stone and wood carvings, Renaissance bronzes, and other works of art; from various sources, including property formerly in the inventory of French & Co.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 10:15 and 1:45: American furniture and decorations; from many owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: European porcelains; from the estate of Elizabeth N. Graham and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 26.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 31, at 1:45: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings and drawings; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 26.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Oct. 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Deception" (1920), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "The Eyes of the Mummy Ma" (1918) and "The Doll" (1919), both German films, directed by Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 26 at 11:30: "Underworld" (1927), with George Bancroft.... ¶ Oct. 26 at 3 and 5:30: "One Arabian Night" (1920), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch.... ¶ Oct. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "The Oyster Princess" (1919), a German film, no English titles; and "Kohlhiesel's Daughter" (1920), a German film, with Danish titles; both directed by Ernst Lubitsch.... ¶ Oct. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "The Mountain Cat" (1921), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "Passion" (1919), a German film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch.... ¶ Oct. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Seventh Heaven" (1927), with Janet Gaynor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.



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CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 29.)

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

Bullitt—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, witty political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, made in 1967, and one of his best. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 30.)

The Drunken Angel (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 24.)

Finian's Rainbow—A young director, Francis Ford Coppola, tries to bring life to a moldering Broadway operetta—a socially conscious fairy tale. With the help of Petula Clark and assists from Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn, he almost succeeds. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Fox (1968)—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis, Anne Heywood, and Keir Dullea. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 30.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this the most enjoyable movie musical in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; through Oct. 26.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 25-27.)

I Live in Fear (1967)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 28-29.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some good lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—The director Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. In Polish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 28-29.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 25-27.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 27.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's funny Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon plays the one who horribly re-creates the situation all over again and becomes a new wife-figure, fussing about with coasters and driving Walter Matthau nuts. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 29.)

Rachel, Rachel—A gentle, piercingly active film about a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher, played by Joanne Woodward. Out of its period: better than "Marty." Paul Newman directing, for the first time. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teenage kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading a witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Star!—The heart of this musical is dead: the seventeen numbers are poorly staged. Trying to be Gertrude Lawrence, Julie Andrews confuses acting cold and unpleasant with sophistication. Ineptly directed by Robert Wise. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 24.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 30.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later, in a universe billions of years old where time and space shrink beyond the imaginings of Einstein. Kubrick introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Warrendale—Children mentally in trouble, aged from about five to eighteen, observed with love and acuteness by Allan King while they are under care in a courageous psychiatric home in Canada called Warrendale. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's satire on modern depravity is a revolutionary, visionary poem of destruction. With Mireille Darc. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Oct. 27.)

Zita—Years ago, Robert Enrico made a short film called "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," from the Ambrose Bierce story about a man's imagination trying to cheat death by tricking the time scale. This full-length feature by the same director has the same hidden theme in its account of a young girl—Joanna Shimkus—running rings round the irreversible loss ahead in the death of her loved aunt, played by Katina Paxinou. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 29: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **THE BALCONY.**
From Oct. 30: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve; and "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 29: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
From Oct. 30: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 27: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**
From Oct. 28: "The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Only When I Larf," Richard Attenborough, David Hemmings.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ZITA (in French).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 29: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.
From Oct. 30: Theatre closed.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Paper Lion," Alan Alda.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 29: "Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones; and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia," Dudley Moore.
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
ZITA (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Oct. 24: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 25-27: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 28-29: **I LIVE IN FEAR** and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).
From Oct. 30: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 29: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin; and "Billion Dollar Brain" (1967), Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From Oct. 30: "The Uninhibited" (in French), Melina Mercouri, James Mason; and "Venom" (1968; in Danish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BULLITT.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Oct. 29: **THE GRADUATE.**
From Oct. 30, at 8:30: "The Lion in Winter," Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. *(Opening night by invitation only.)*

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE FOX.

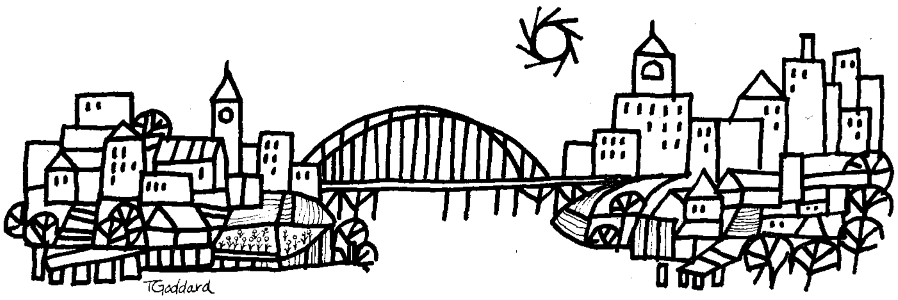
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 30: **DINNER AT EIGHT**; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 29: "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda; and "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.
From Oct. 30: **THE FOX**; and "After the Fox" (1966), Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 24: "Blonde Venus" (1932), Marlene Dietrich; and "I'm No Angel" (1933), Mae West, Cary Grant.
From Oct. 25: **LA CHINOISE** and **BREATHLESS** (both in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ZITA (in French).



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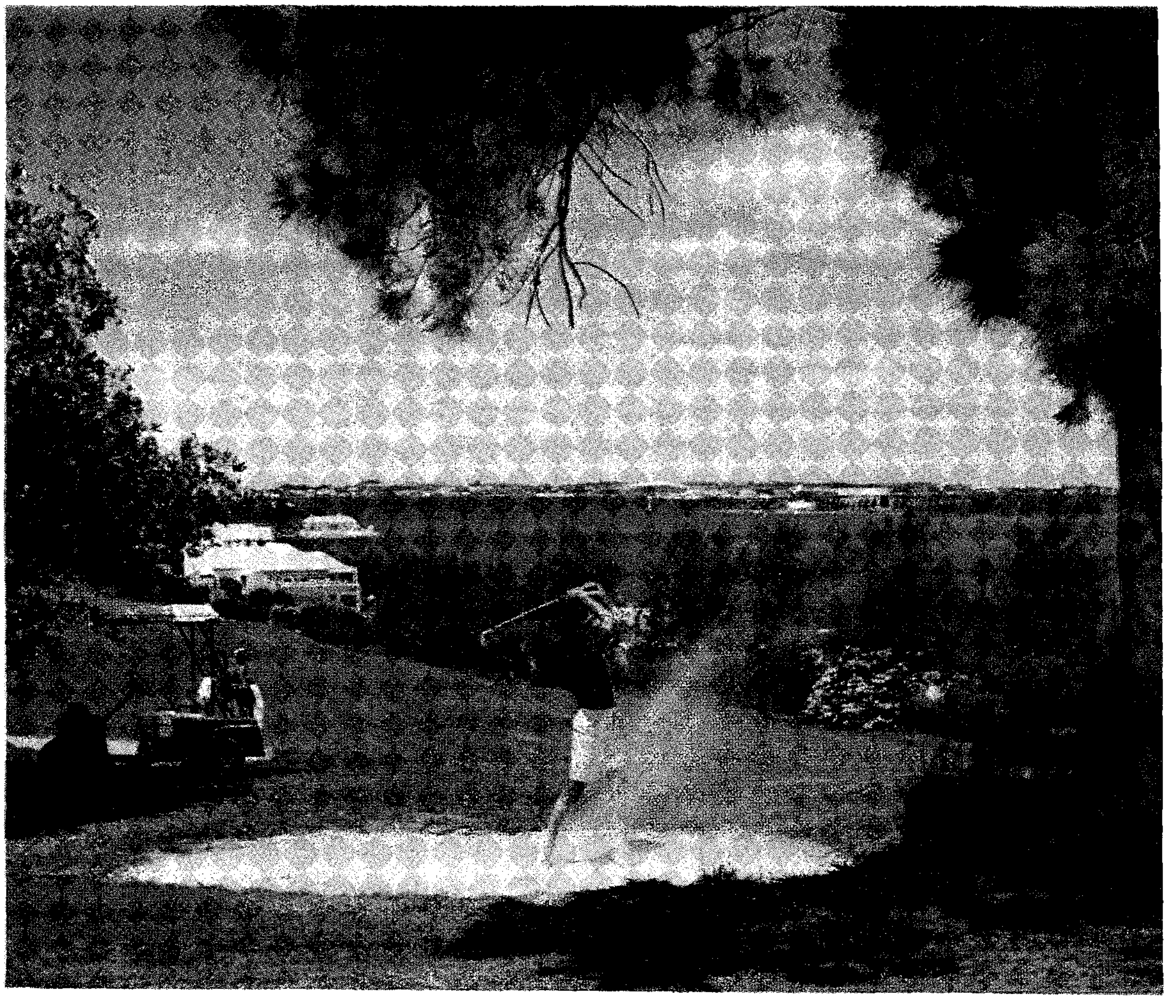

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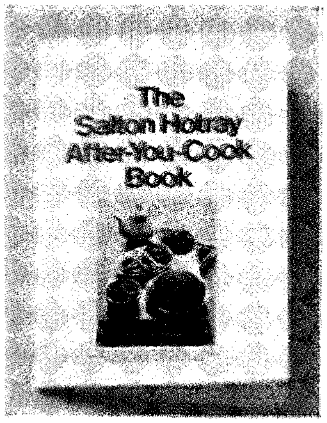


You shop. You prepare. You season. You marinate. You stir. You slave. You pull out of your oven a virtual feast that is fit for a king. But what happens if the king is caught in traffic? Or your guests would like another drink?

Permit us to tell you what happens. That wonderful food that you cooked perfectly and knocked yourself out for, tastes funny. And if you put it back in the oven to keep it hot, it overcooks and dries out and tastes even worse.

That's why we've written our After-You-Cook Book.

It's a small booklet. And it's all about Salton Hotray.® Because Hotray is the whole story.

In a word, Hotray protects your dinner after you've cooked it. It can do this because the temperature of its radiant heat, glass panel is thermostatically controlled to a point right under the cooking point. Thus, the food on it neither continues to cook, nor to stand around growing cold.

This means that late-coming husbands and extra-drink guests will no longer pay the price of an overcooked and dried out dinner.

And when dinner is served, Hotray will put an end to your jumping up and down from the table.

You just put the entire dinner on Hotray, put Hotray on the dining table and serve from there. Firsts will taste like firsts. And seconds will taste as good as firsts.

Of course, there's more to Salton Hotray. But to find it out you'll need our book (which also has a section of gourmet recipes), or Hotray itself.

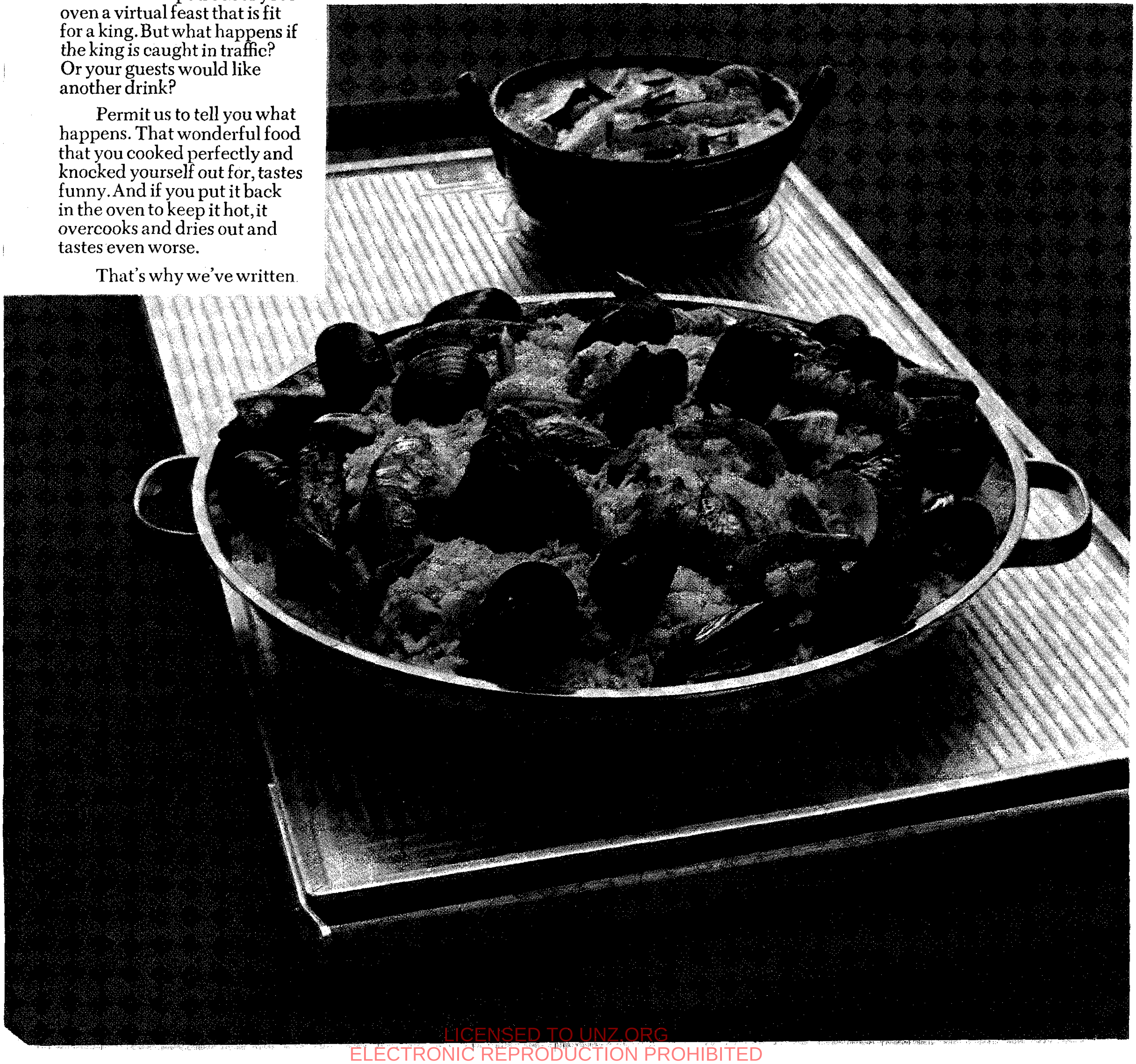
Get both. You'll find out how good a cook you really are.

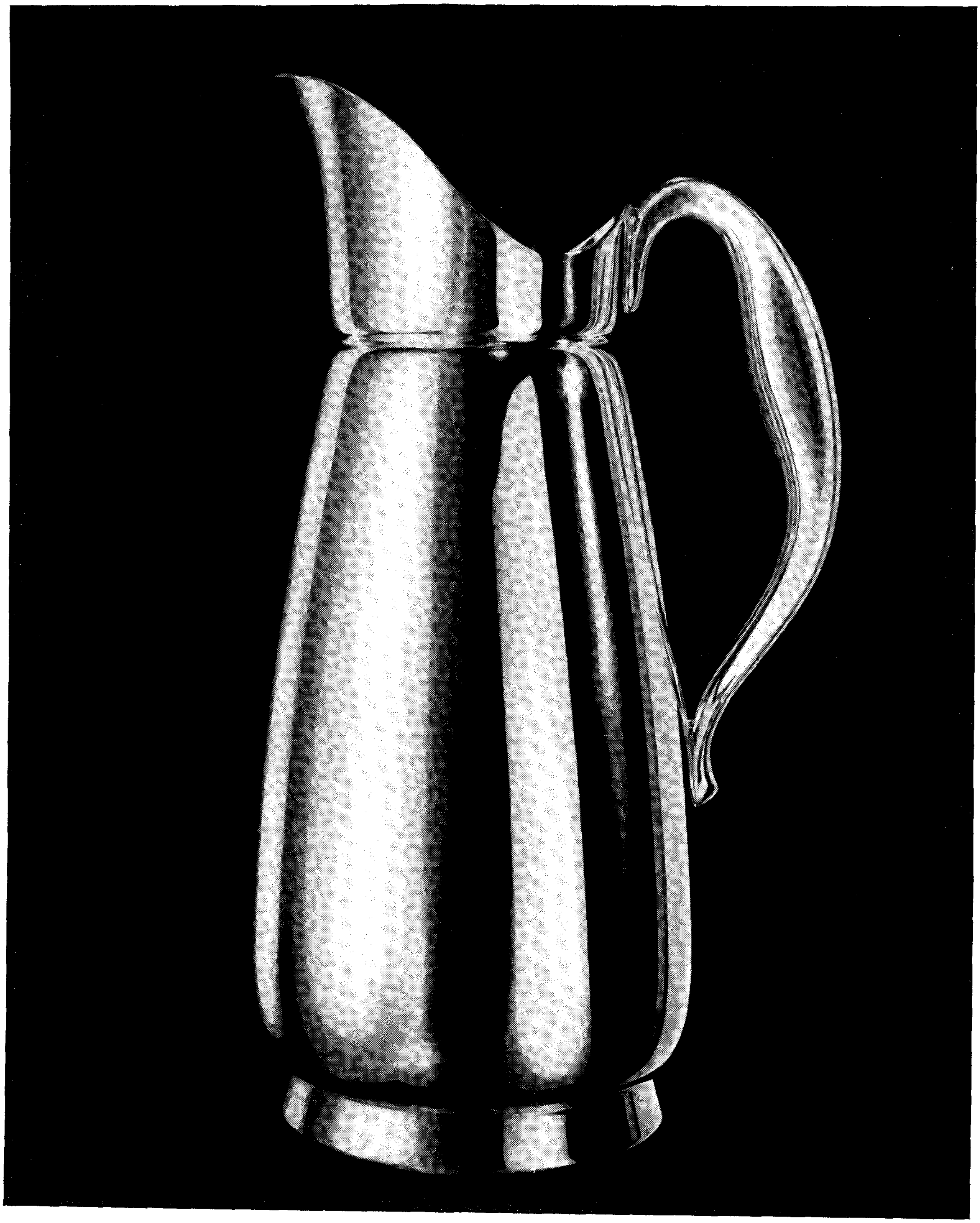
Hotray electric food warmers are available from $6.95 to $54.50. At all fine stores in U.S.A. and Canada.

For free catalogue and After-You-Cook Book, write to Salton, Inc., 505 East 72 Street, New York 10012.

Salton Hotray

HOTRAY IS A REG. TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON, INC. IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.

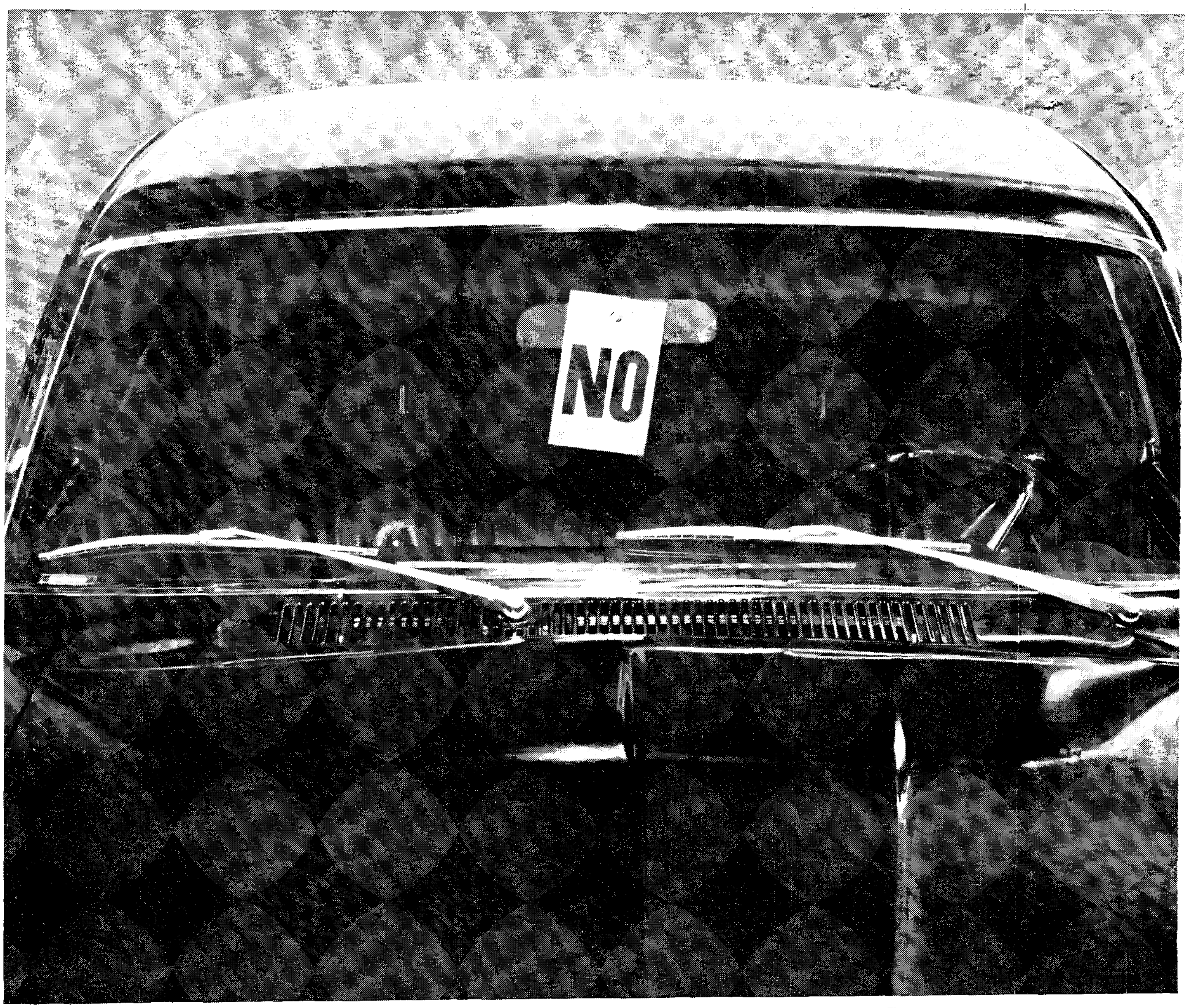




THE PERFECT PITCHER, HOLDS THREE PINTS SO YOU CAN POUR YOUR HEART OUT.
Pitcher with strainer in silverplate, 10 inches high, $45.00. At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS



We'd rather disappoint a customer at the counter than rent him a car that'll disappoint him on the road.

A customer who is disappointed at the counter will be bitter for five minutes.

A customer who is disappointed on the road will be bitter forever.

It is this little piece of business acumen which has led us to the development of centralized maintenance centers. The installation of electronic diagnostic machines. And the development of a car manufacturer's training program for mechanics.

More recently it has led to the development of the first "NO" signs in the business. Like the one you see hanging in the window of the car above.

This simple device is a last-ditch reminder to Hertz employees that nothing drives away good customers like cars that don't drive so good.

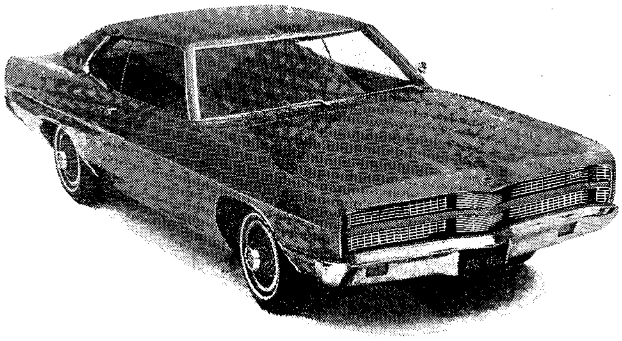
Now, needless to say, our ultimate objective is to not disappoint anybody anywhere. And in the interest of achieving this our people have orders to do everything humanly possible to see that our new Fords and other new cars are in apple-pie condition.

But we thought it might give you a warm and secure feeling to know that given the choice, we'd rather give you the benefit of the lesser of the two disappointments.

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1968

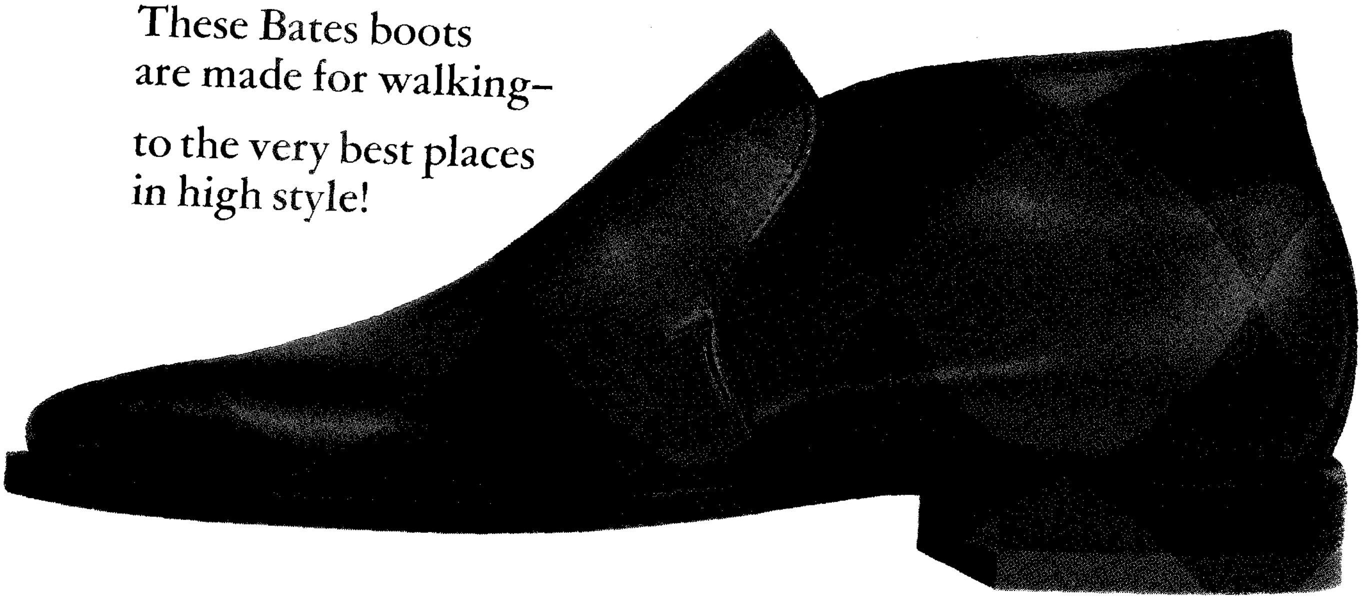
The biggest should do more.
It's only right.

Hertz®



About $30

These Bates boots
are made for walking–
to the very best places
in high style!



About $26

About $28

BATES SHOE COMPANY WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Mini, Midi, Miny, Mo: which way do your hemlines go? Short or long, wide or narrow, the vast new Vanity Fair pettiskirt collection is ready to understudy all of them. Take our nylon Taffette dirndls, for instance. Very new in Cafe Society, Lady-in-Red, Midnight Black, White. Mini, about $9. Midi, about $11. And there are lots more where these came from. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

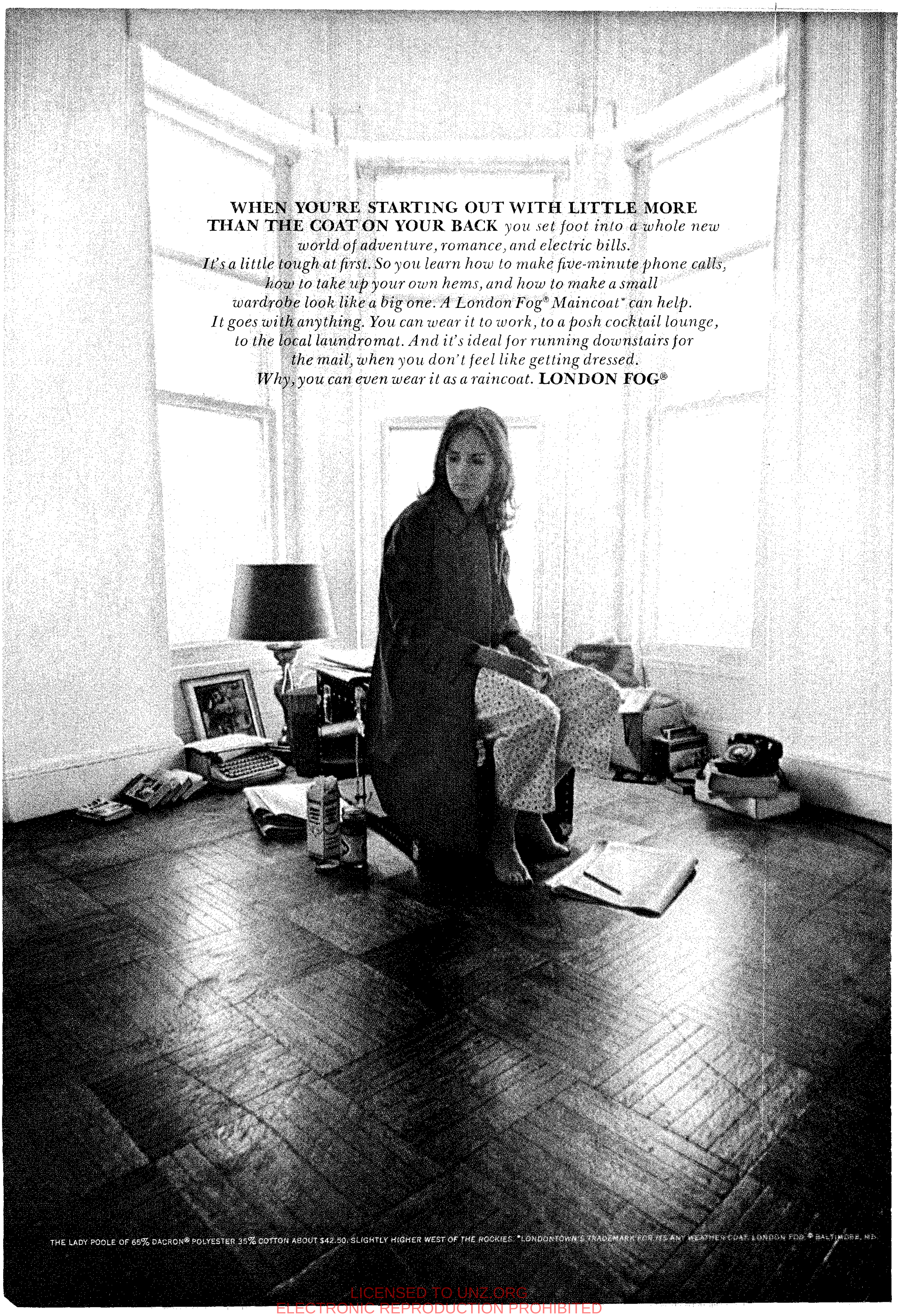
Wanted — from Main Street to Mandalay:
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.
Extra Dry for exotic Martinis...
Sweet, for inviting Manhattans.
The most...coast to coast.

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH



WHEN YOU'RE STARTING OUT WITH LITTLE MORE THAN THE COAT ON YOUR BACK *you set foot into a whole new world of adventure, romance, and electric bills. It's a little tough at first. So you learn how to make five-minute phone calls, how to take up your own hems, and how to make a small wardrobe look like a big one. A London Fog® Maincoat* can help. It goes with anything. You can wear it to work, to a posh cocktail lounge, to the local laundromat. And it's ideal for running downstairs for the mail, when you don't feel like getting dressed. Why, you can even wear it as a raincoat.* **LONDON FOG®**

THE LADY POOLE OF 65% DACRON® POLYESTER 35% COTTON ABOUT $42.50. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. *LONDONTOWN'S TRADEMARK FOR ITS ANY WEATHER COAT. LONDON FOG ® BALTIMORE, MD.

One in a Series

The social climber's guide to Paris.

le Voyage par Air France

My dear, if one is to travel in the right circles, this is really the only way. The cuisine: superb. The service: charmant. And don't look now, but isn't that the fabulously wealthy Comte de X. sitting across the aisle? Right next to M. Bernard Y., the celebrated playwright. Isn't it nice to be among friends? And friends-to-be? Le Tout-Paris awaits you with open arms. All you have to do is find it—and Air France can help you. Darling, we know where you're going.

M. André Courrèges, mannequin and friend.

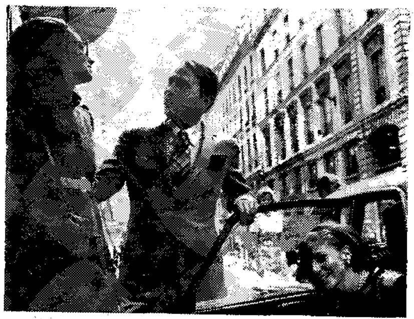
les Rendez-vous du Tout-Paris

The beautiful people have to eat to stay beautiful. They have to be among their own kind to thrive. Here are some of the favorite feeding grounds and meeting places for les mondains célèbres.

L'Espadon 38, rue Cambon. Aquatic setting lures all species of social butterflies: Greek shipowners, dethroned monarchs, film stars incognito to everyone but you:

Coconnas 2bis, Place des Vosges. Here one sees the well-bred being well-fed à la Claude Terrail, restaurateur and party-giver extraordinaire (and proprietor of La Tour d'Argent as well).

Lipp 151, blvd. St.-Germain. A favorite of movie stars like Marie Laforêt.


et Mme. Patrick Guerrand-Hermès and friend.

Le Berkeley 7, ave. Matignon. Plain food for fancy people.

La Grande Séverine 7, rue St.-Séverin. Three bands, two restaurants, one bar, and more smart elbows to rub than anywhere else in Paris.

La Tour de Nesle 6, rue de Nesle. Movie people dance here off-camera. Well-knowns are interviewed in twice-weekly live broadcasts.

Club Saint James 4, rue Balzac. Very exclusive. Among its members: several kings (minus thrones) and at least seventeen ambassadors.

les Arts d'agrément

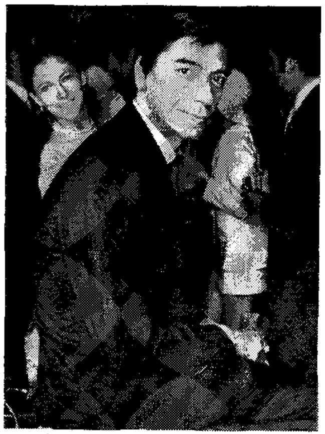
Little accomplishments can mean a lot when making friends with the people who count. You can perfect some of the finer arts:

Chinese Lacquering: Alain Garnier. 82, rue de Reuilly.

Poise: Cours Antoinette Cérutti. 15, rue Michel-Ange.

Dancing: Baraduc. 55bis, rue de Ponthieu.

French: Berlitz. 31, blvd. des Italiens.


M. Claude Terrail and friend.

le "Bluebook" de Paris

Paris' Social Register, the Bottin Mondain, gives a complete account of Who's Who and What's What in an elaborate code that can baffle even the well-informed. A few common abbreviations:

Mis.—Marquis
Cte.—Comte
Bon.—Baron
G.C.—Grande Croix
DYC.—Deauville Yacht Club
J.—Jockey Club
K.—Kiwanis Club de Paris
H.B.S.—Harvard Business School

la Semaine sociale

Members of the elite gather together, in all kinds of weather, on certain days of the week. Mark them in your calendrier. Monday nights at the Palais des Sports les belles demoiselles and their blue-blood escorts have a night at the fights. Tuesday nights at the Comédie Française, Place du Théâtre Français. Galas that fall on Wednesday at Théâtre des Champs Elysées 15, ave. Montaigne, attract the most elegant audiences ever. Sundays, as a rule, are days of rest, with the exception of an occasional charity ball.

Mlle. Marie Laforêt and friend.

Pour les élégantes

The chic boutiques, where the smart set gets even smarter, are a must absolu for any lady of fashion. Courrèges Couture Future 48, ave. Kléber. (You may catch a glimpse of the master himself.) Ungaro 2, ave. Montaigne. Yves St. Laurent Rive-Gauche 21, rue de Tournon. Venet Boutique 32, ave. George-V. For stunning accessoires to any outfit, pop into Hermès, 24, Fbg. St.-Honoré.

le Dernier cri

Why not repay kind invitations? Entertain le Tout-Paris in a style which will endear you to them for the rest of the season. Book the entire Opéra for a performance. Call Chèque-Téléphone, BAL 70-70, to make the arrangements. Then reserve a room at the aristocratic Hôtel de Crillon and invite your 500 closest friends to stop by after the show. Make the evening even more gala. Hire an orchestra from Médinger, MON 12-20. And a poet to recite poems of your choice from Club des Poètes, INV 06-03. Give the folks back home a graphic account of the whole soirée: rent film and camera equipment from Ghilbert, AUT 36-46.

Comte Guy de Castéja and friend.

Vocabulaire

all of Paris that matters: le Tout-Paris
social climber: un arriviste
I came out the same year as Charlotte Ford: j'ai debuté la même année que Charlotte Ford.
I never wear my real emeralds in public: je ne porte jamais mes vrais émeraudes en public.

HOTEL DE CRILLON
Comte et Comtesse Jean de Rohan Chabot and friend.

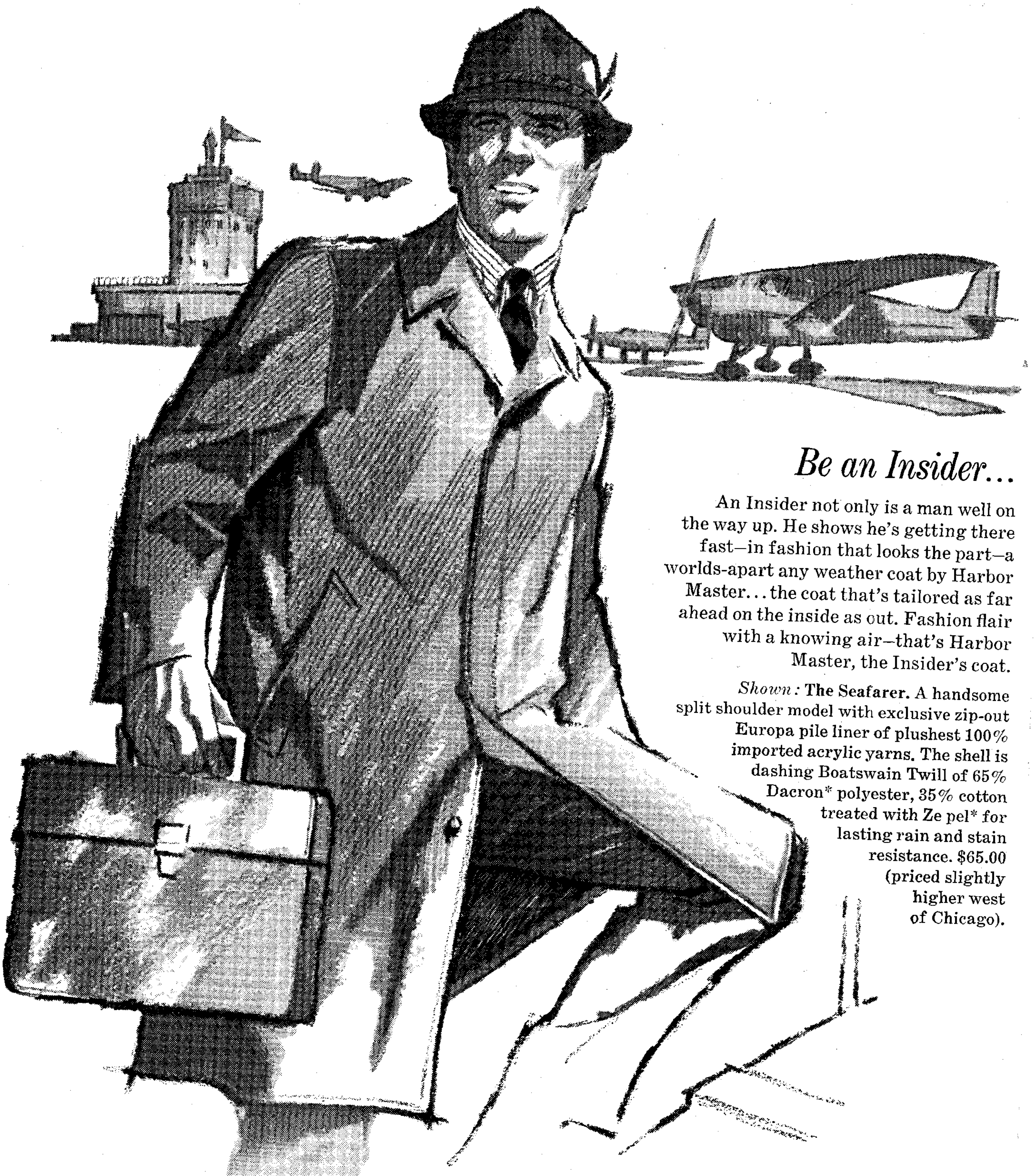
Didn't we meet at Truman's party?: ne nous sommes-nous pas rencontrés chez Truman?
We were there, but we left early: nous étions là mais nous sommes partis tôt.
I seem to have misplaced my invitation: il me semble que j'ai perdu mon invitation.

Numéros de téléphone

Begin your climb to the top. Call your travel agent, or Air France:

New York, 656-6000
Boston, 482-4890
Chicago, 782-6181
Washington, 337-8711
Los Angeles, 625-7171
San Francisco, 982-7150

AIR FRANCE
We know where you're going.



Be an Insider...

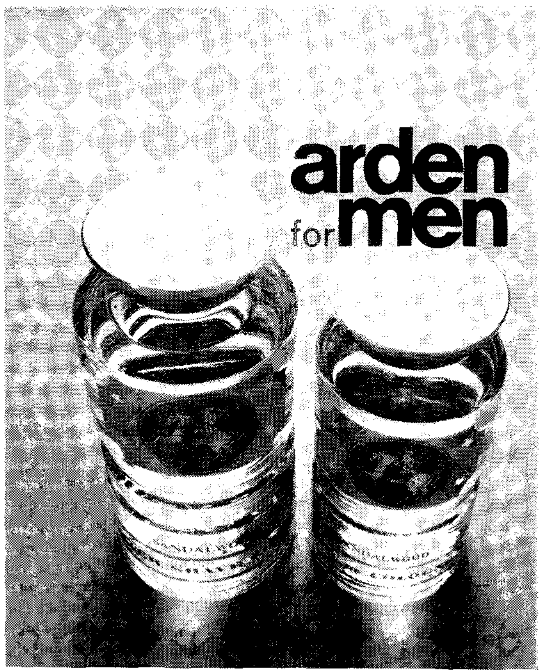
An Insider not only is a man well on the way up. He shows he's getting there fast—in fashion that looks the part—a worlds-apart any weather coat by Harbor Master... the coat that's tailored as far ahead on the inside as out. Fashion flair with a knowing air—that's Harbor Master, the Insider's coat.

Shown: **The Seafarer.** A handsome split shoulder model with exclusive zip-out Europa pile liner of plushest 100% imported acrylic yarns. The shell is dashing Boatswain Twill of 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% cotton treated with Ze pel* for lasting rain and stain resistance. $65.00 (priced slightly higher west of Chicago).

Look inside for the mark of the **Harbor Master**

Get the Inside Story at: B. Altman & Co., N.Y.C.; **Hahne & Co.,** Newark, N.J.; **Schlesinger's,** West New York, N.J.; **Wm. H. Block,** Indianapolis, Ind.; **Godchaux's,** New Orleans, La.; **John Gerber Co.,** Memphis, Tenn.; and other Insider Stores. Or write to **Harbor Master Ltd.,** 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019 (a Division of Jonathan Logan) ® DuPont Reg. T.M.

DUPONT ZE PEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

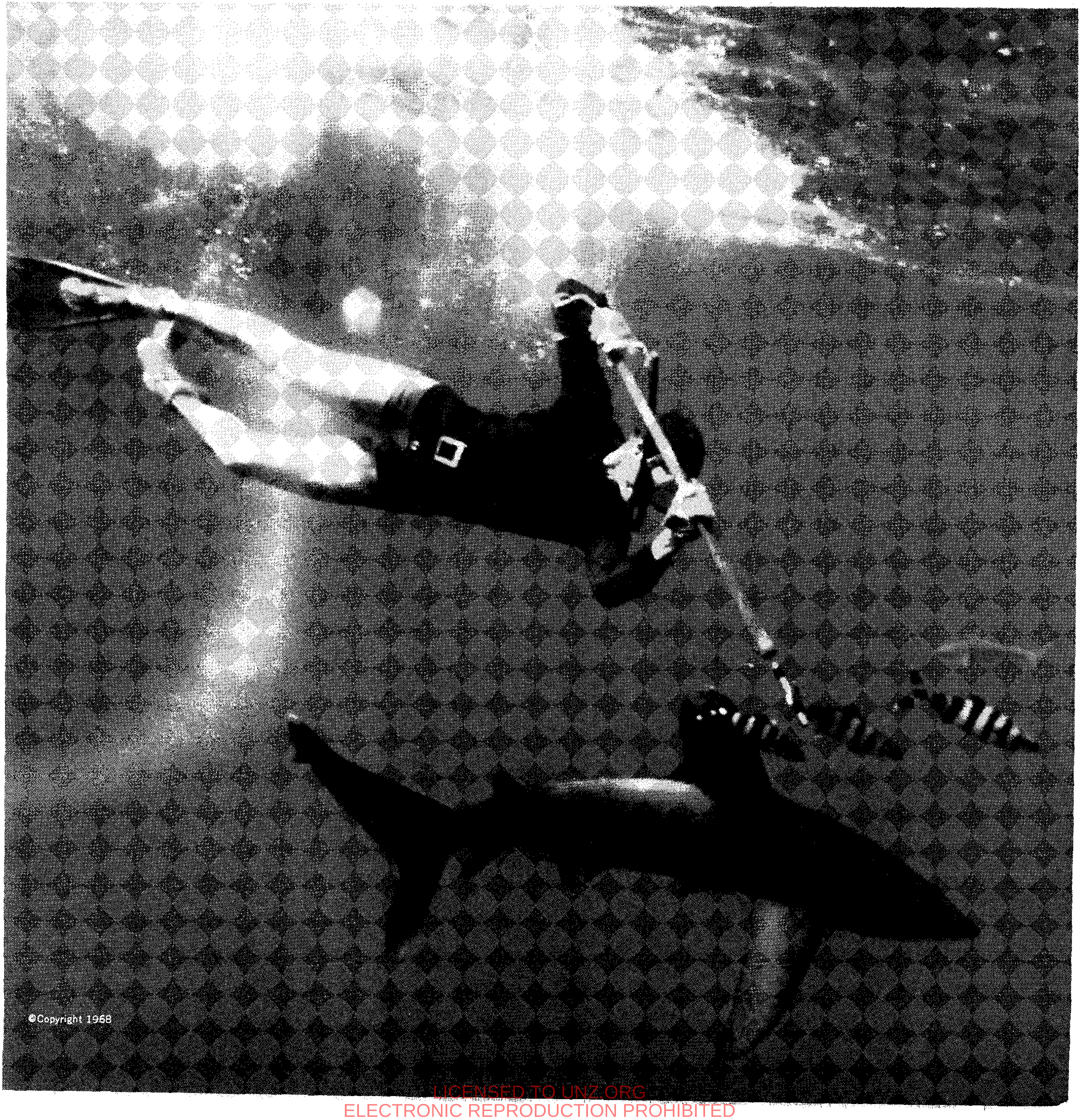


With you it's no pose. You set challenges for yourself *and meet them whether anyone* knows or not. Arden for Men After Shave was created for such as you. Its scent: Sandalwood, the rich tangy fragrance from the forests of India.

Subtly Arden for Men suggests success. And because of its *astonishing staying* power, the feeling lasts. Do a little something for your image. Use Arden for Men after shaving. And before every occasion.

After Shave, $3.00 Cologne, $4.50

**It is not a conventional fragrance.
But then you're not a conventional man.**



©Copyright 1968

Hasselblad doesn't give you extra energy, no matter what people say.

We hear it all the time. "If I had a Hasselblad, I'd be out taking pictures every day. Boy, once I had that Hasselblad in my hands, nothing would stop me!" The funny thing is that when people do have Hasselblads, they do take more pictures, and frankly we have no pat explanations for this "Hasselblad phenomenon." We can only account for why they take better pictures, which they do.

You see, The Hasselblad System is complex so that it will work easily. That's why most of the NASA space pictures taken to date have been photographed with a Hasselblad. The astronauts were not expected to be professional photographers – but the Hasselblad could be depended upon to act professionally and operate easily in the middle of outer space.

Hasselblad's five interchangeable film magazines may seem more complicated than one roll of film, but we made five so that you could switch from black and white film to color film and back again instantly, without needing to waste any film, or time. And we made the film magazines different sizes so that you could decide whether you wanted to shoot 12 pictures at a time, or 24, or 70. However, if decisions make you nervous, you could just as well take 12 pictures for each roll, and stick with the same film for all twelve. Hasselblad just gives you a choice.

We do the same with lenses. There are eight of them instead of one, so that you can photograph a whole beach, or one little sand crab from the same spot in the same minute. You probably won't buy all eight, but there are eight to choose from.

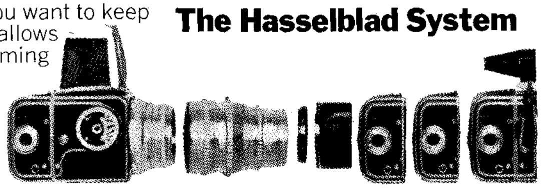
Now we come to the big choice, and you don't have to make it. It was decided a long time ago when the Hasselblad was first designed to make it a 2¼ square single lens reflex camera. It could have been another small 35mm camera, or a big 8 x 10 camera, but the idea was to take the best of big and little, and make a medium sized camera.

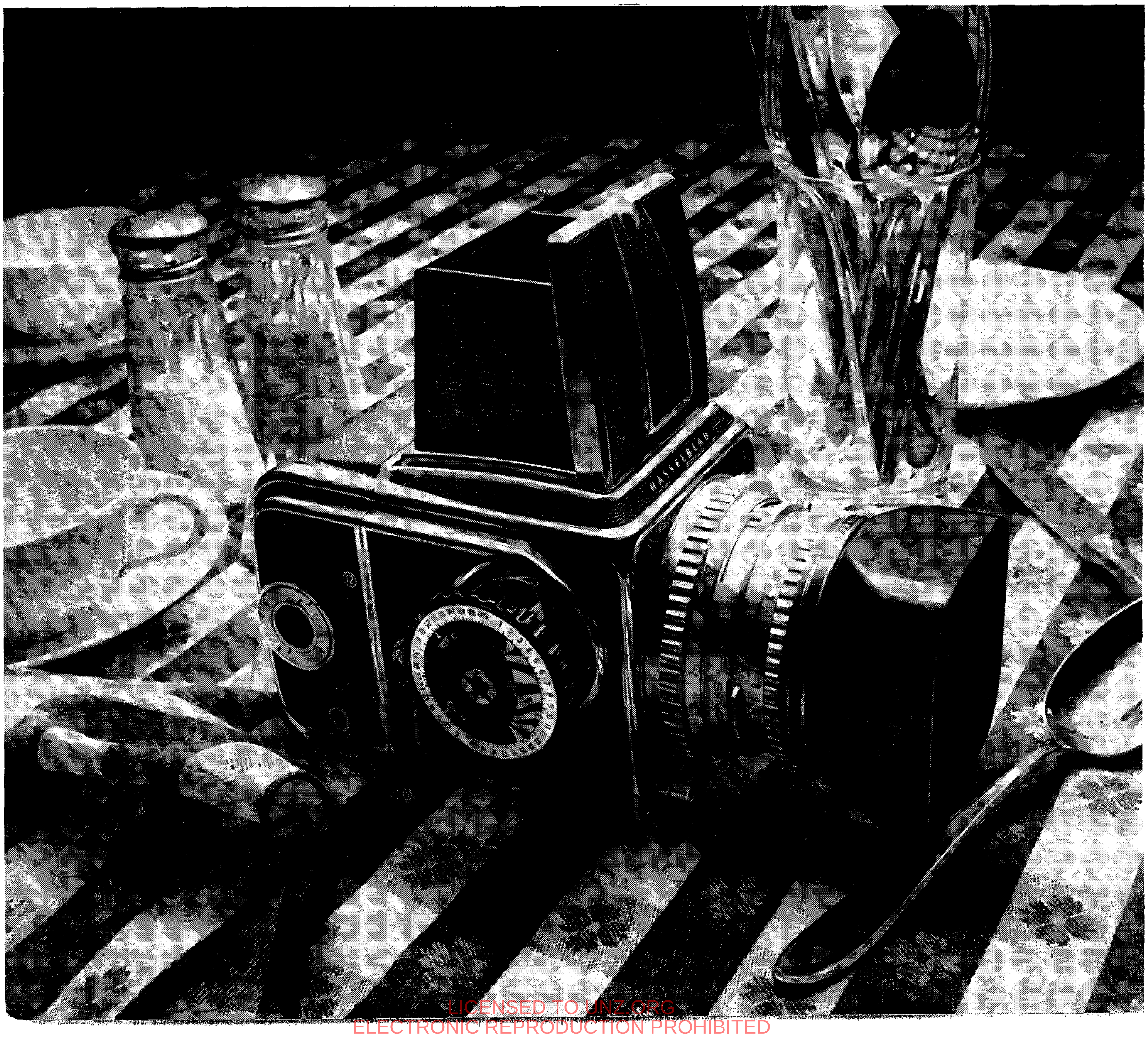
The advantage of a medium sized camera is that it takes medium sized pictures (2¼ x 2¼) that won't become soft and fuzzy when you enlarge them like small pictures (35mm) often do. Medium sized pictures are also easier to see, so you don't have to project them or examine them through a magnifying glass to decide which ones you like best. (This is called better image quality.)

The advantage of a single lens reflex camera with ground glass viewing and focusing is that you can see right through the lens and know exactly what the 3-dimensional picture you're taking looks like in 2 dimensions, with all the little details that you want to keep in, or get out. (This allows you to do better framing i.e. better compositions, and be a much better judge of your depth of field.) It also means you do not have to be a championship focuser, because everything is large enough for you to tell whether you are in focus or not. (This will give you sharper pictures.)

These are some of the tangible benefits of using a Hasselblad (the basic body of which is called the 500C). They could, under no circumstances, be confused with "extra energy". But – it does stand to reason that the better your camera does for you, the more you'll want to do with your camera. That, we assume, is the Hasselblad phenomenon. If you would like to be further "phenomenized," write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036, and we'll send you more information and a free 40 page catalogue.

The Hasselblad System





Pro shop.

DC-8.

To professional airline pilots, there's something very special about the Super DC-8.

This is not only the largest jetliner they can fly today, but it's also the only one they can fly non-stop on such long-range routes as Copenhagen to Los Angeles with a full complement of passengers and baggage.

The McDonnell Douglas Super DC-8, like every jetliner we build, has superb aerodynamic design. For the pilot, that means easier flying. For his passengers, it means more restful flights, from smooth takeoff to gentle landing.

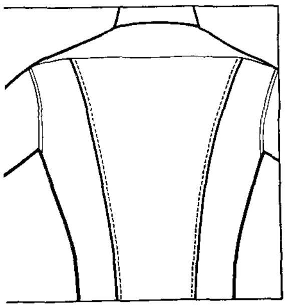
Tell your airline or travel agent you'd like to relax aboard a super-luxurious Super DC-8, or on one of our quick and quiet DC-9 twinjets.

If our jetliners please the pros, should you settle for less?

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

JOIN THE TEAM THAT'S BUILDING AN EXCITING FUTURE. 39 LOCATIONS NATIONWIDE. WRITE: BOX 14526, ST. LOUIS, MO. 63178. AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER.

Hathaway reveals the shape of shirts to come



While previewing the new shaped look of men's suits with the International Fashion Council in London last April, Hathaway hit upon a breakthrough for the shape of *shirts*—the most revolutionary streamlining they've had in fifty years.

The changes Hathaway has made are radical, but subtle. One even involves an optical illusion. Our sketch shows how two extra seams down the back take out the blousiness and add to the illusion of slimness. The whole idea is to make you look broader across the chest, narrower at the middle. And it works.

Hathaway also came across a long-forgotten fabric in England called Regency poplin. Patriotically, we've had it copied in a remarkably smooth domestic cotton with an almost silken lustre. This color is Wedgwood.

The collar is new, and English-inspired: the *Kensington*. Wider, almost like a cutaway, for the new wide ties with bigger knots. Price, about $11. For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

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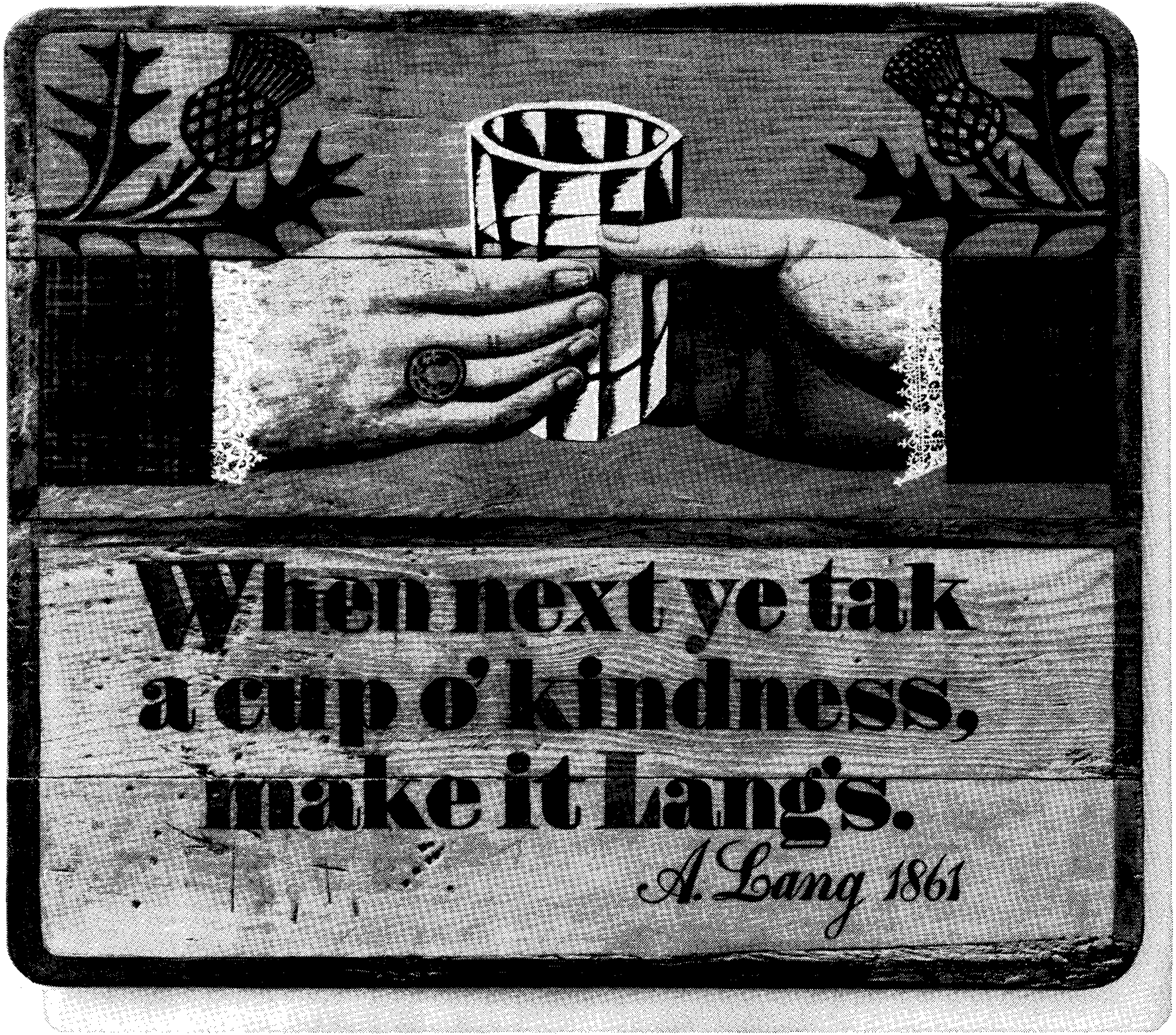
THE WARNACO GROUP

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

Cotton, you can feel how good it looks.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86 proof. Imported by Golan Import Company, Beverly Hills, Calif. Sole U.S. Importer



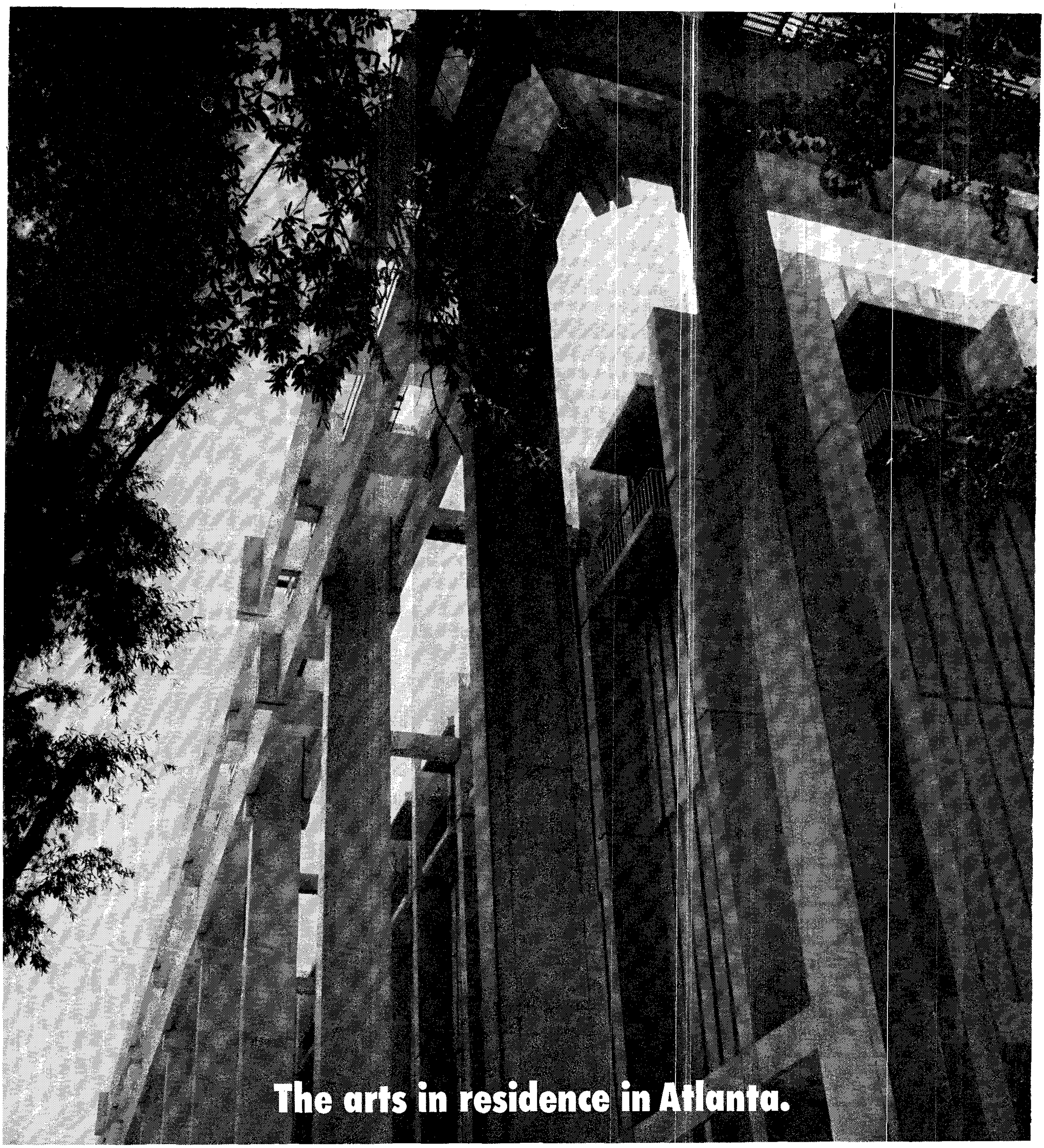
When next ye tak
a cup o' kindness,
make it Lang's.
A. Lang 1861

Auld Lang's sign

LANG'S
8
SCOTCH WHISKY

In *auld lang syne*, old acquaintances cherished a cup o' kindness. A drink of good Scotch whisky. In Scotland, men of good will and good taste have been drinking Lang's since 1861. Lang's, blended with choice Scotch barley malts and grains. With pure clear water from the Scottish hills. Every drop of whisky mellowed for 8 years in oak casks to make Lang's bonnie as the thistledown on the braes. When next ye tak a cup o' kindness, make it Lang's, the Scotch in the pentadexagonal bottle. 8 years old. Bottled in Scotland.

Lang's 8 Scotch



Fall marked the opening of the new Atlanta Memorial Arts Center. Encompassed here are an art museum, an art school, a symphony orchestra, a resident theater company, a ballet company, and an opera company. Built at a cost of $13 million, the complex was made possible by the gifts of thousands of Atlantans as a living tribute to 122 members of the Atlanta Art Association who died in the 1962 air disaster at Paris' Orly Field.

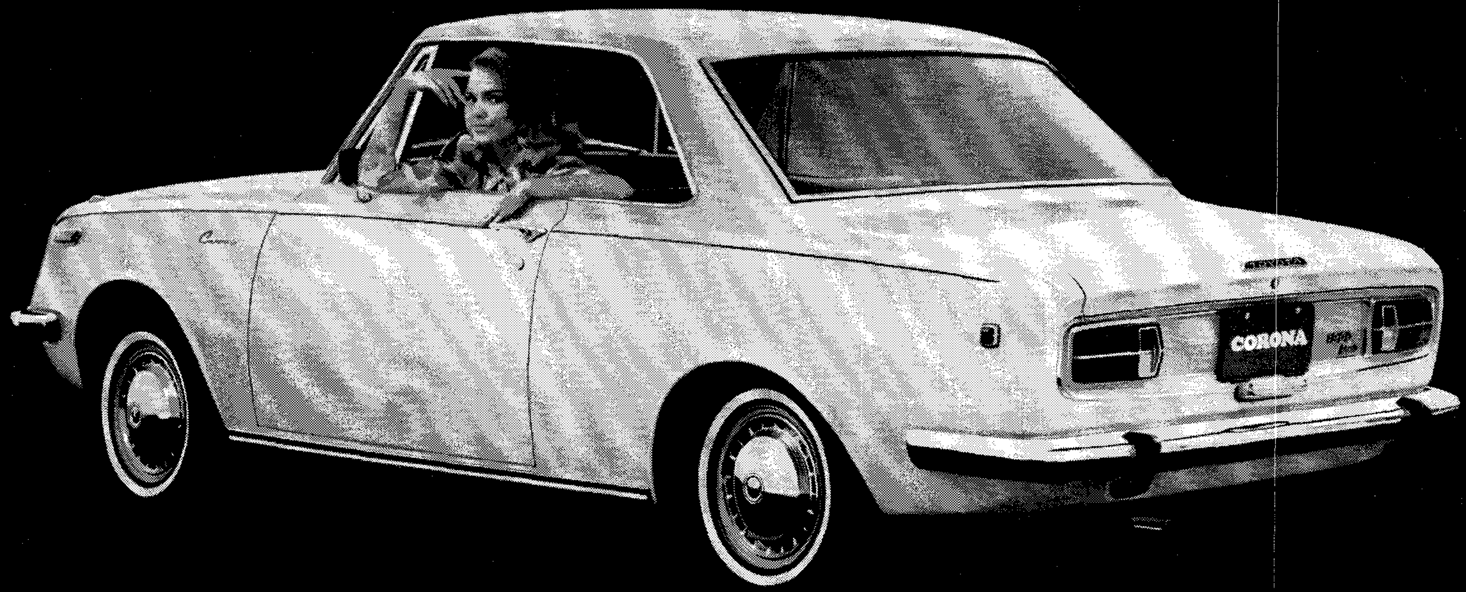
The new center exemplifies the rare talent Atlanta has for rising in a united effort to build and better itself. This quality, along with Atlanta's other attributes as a major center of communications, transportation and finance is just one more reason why the city is a logical choice for many businesses as a headquarters location. Find out if yours should be a resident company in Atlanta.

Write Paul Miller,
Forward Atlanta Committee,
1365 Commerce Building,
Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

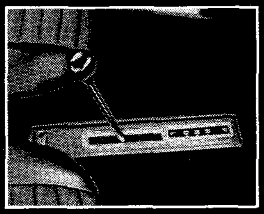
Headquarters: Atlanta

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

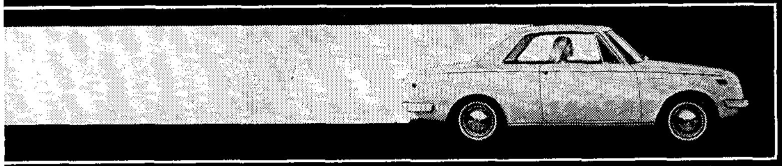
Designed by Shannon Rodgers.



One more thing Toyota gives you is a fully-automatic automatic*



When we say "automatic," we mean **fully** automatic! No stick. No clutch. No compromise. It's a transmission that shifts for itself! And even with an automatic, Toyota Corona zips from zero to sixty in 16 seconds. Tops 90 mph. Mileage? Still about 25 miles or more per gallon. What else does Toyota Corona give you? Reclining bucket seats; wall-to-wall Nylon carpeting; loads of luxury and safety features . . . and a ride that lets you relax and enjoy it. So relax and enjoy it.



Get your hands on a Toyota . . . you'll never let go.

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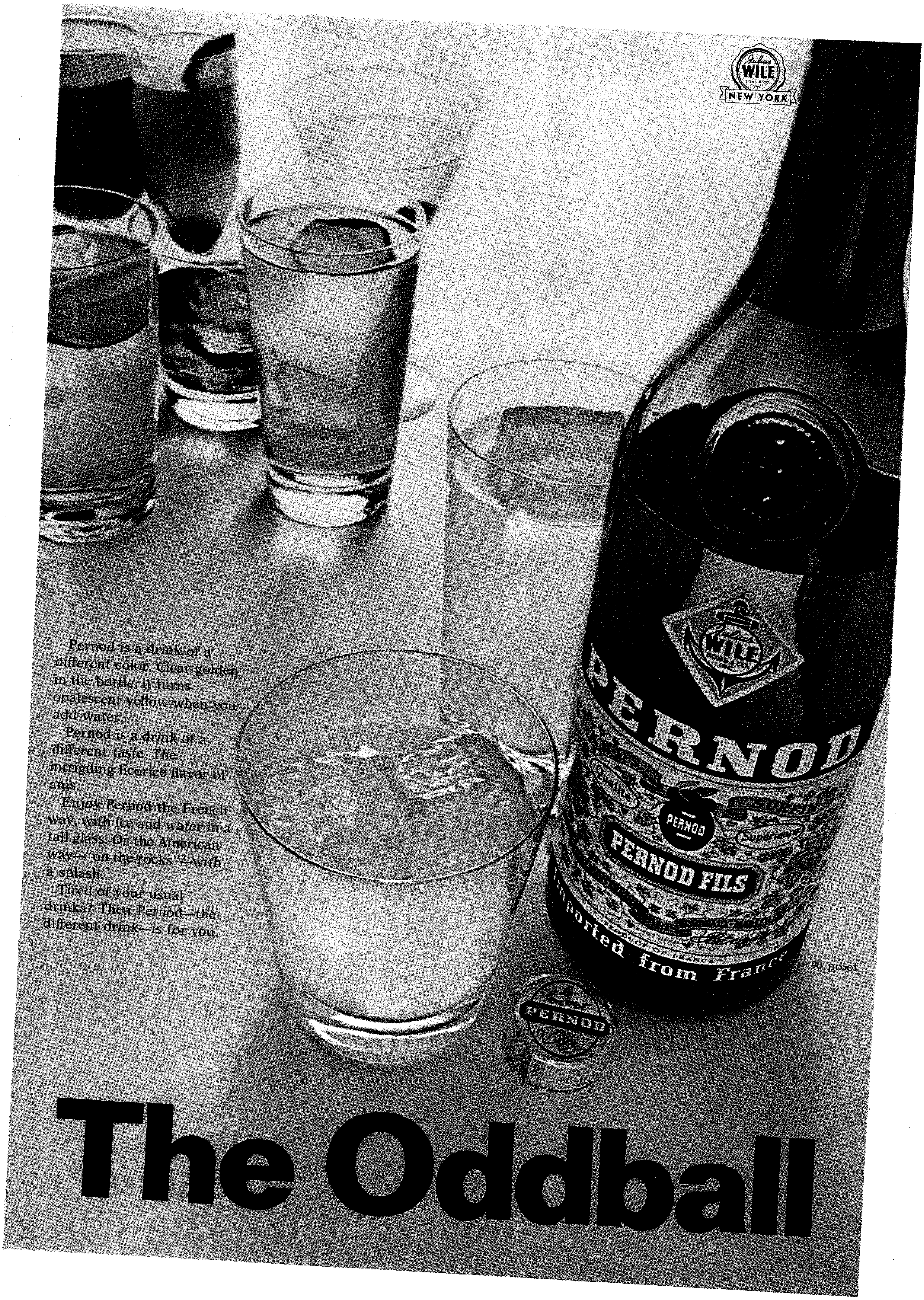
2-door hardtop prices start at $2115 POE. *Automatic transmission optional equipment. Mfr's. suggested retail price $165. White sidewall tires, accessories, options, freight and taxes extra. Parts and service available coast to coast.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PERNOD
Qualité Supérieure
SURFIN
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PRODUCT OF FRANCE
Imported from France
PERNOD
90 proof
The Oddball

Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

We tempered stainless steel with tungsten and created a blade guaranteed not to need sharpening for a lifetime. The Tungsten Kutmaster.

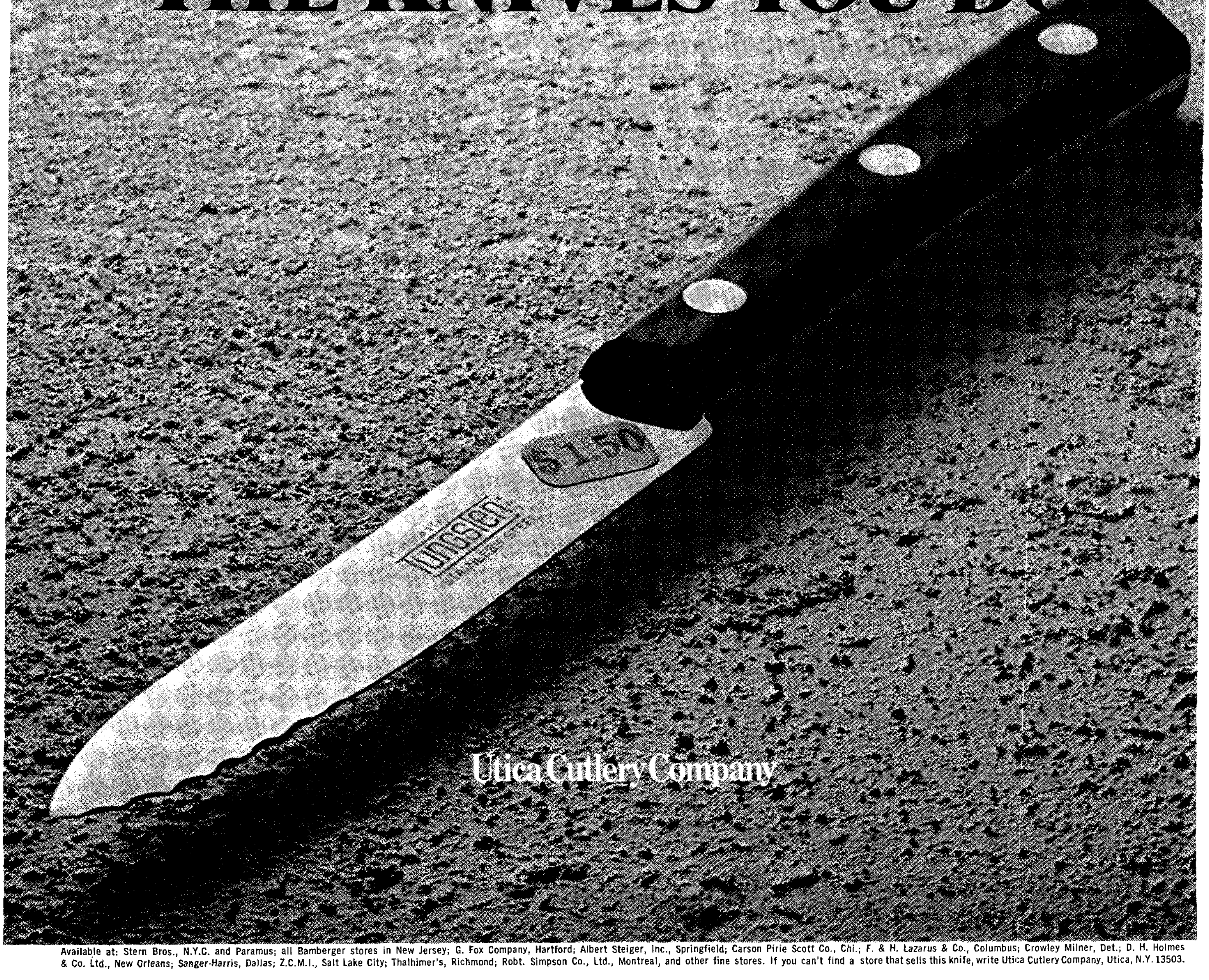
Then we tempered greed with common sense and charged no more for it than ordinary knives.

You can buy a Kutmaster paring knife for $1.50. Steak knife for $1.95. Butcher or carving knife for $2.95. And a gift set that sells for a paltry $19.95.

Before you buy a knife, ask yourself this question:

For the same money which should you buy? A knife that needs sharpening. Or one that doesn't.

THE KNIFE YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHARPEN.
IT COSTS NO MORE THAN THE KNIVES YOU DO.



Utica Cutlery Company

Available at: Stern Bros., N.Y.C. and Paramus; all Bamberger stores in New Jersey; G. Fox Company, Hartford; Albert Steiger, Inc., Springfield; Carson Pirie Scott Co., Chi.; F. & H. Lazarus & Co., Columbus; Crowley Milner, Det.; D. H. Holmes & Co. Ltd., New Orleans; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Robt. Simpson Co., Ltd., Montreal, and other fine stores. If you can't find a store that sells this knife, write Utica Cutlery Company, Utica, N.Y. 13503.

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WE get $60 for our half gallon bottle of Tricorn Cologne. That's a lot of money, even for a man's fragrance that is completely hand made and so rare, there are only 25 such bottles in the entire country! I wouldn't dream of asking you to spend so much just to smell good without guaranteeing your whole-hearted satisfaction. ★★ *THAT'S WHY I'M PREPARED TO SEND YOU MY CHECK IN THE AMOUNT OF $60 IF YOU DON'T AGREE WITH ME THAT OUR CASWELL-MASSEY TRICORN IS THE BEST DAMNED SANDALWOOD COLOGNE YOU CAN BUY!* ★★ Obviously, we think a lot of Tricorn. For our money, it's probably one of the finest scents Caswell-Massey has created in the last 216 years! (Or didn't you know that we were the first people to make men's toiletries in America, as far back as 1752?) Tricorn isn't just an unusual fragrance, it's downright Revolutionary! Our inspiration for it was the sandalwood scent so favored by our colonial forbears. ★ Tricorn, as I said, is hand made. We blend it by hand. And we use authentic, honest-to-goodness Bitterwood, which experts will tell you is the best of all the imported sandalwoods. We filter it by hand, after freezing the Cologne to 0° centigrade to eliminate even the most minute impurities. And then, when Tricorn has aged in casks like a fine bordeaux for up to half a year, we bottle it . . . lovingly . . . by hand . . . in detailed reproductions of 19th century tincture bottles. The half gallon bottle gets a ground glass stopper in the old way, the traditional hand applied wax seal and a silk faced grosgrain ribbon. And topping it all, a kidskin parchment cap. ☞ The patient attention to detail and to quality we give to Tricorn Cologne explains why there are only some twenty-five half gallon bottles of it up for sale. More generally available in fine department stores and at the best men's shops are the 3 oz. bottle at $4.00, the 8 oz. size at $8.75 and the 16 oz. size at $16.00. ★ OUR SOOTHING TRICORN AFTER SHAVE LOTION, MADE TO OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE FORMULA, SELLS AT THE SAME PRICES AND IS AVAILABLE IN 3, 8 and 16 OZ. BOTTLES. FOR ULTIMATE LUXURY, MAY I SUGGEST OUR TRICORN TOILET WATER, A SUPERBLY MADE PRODUCT OF INCREDIBLE RICHNESS COMMANDING $10.00 FOR 4 OUNCES AND $18.75 FOR 8 OUNCES. ★ Let me also recommend our other eight unique Caswell-Massey fragrances: General Lafayette's favorite, No. 6, Jockey Club, Newport, Persian Leather, Verbena, Lime, Lemony-Lime and Casma. You're bound to get a charge out of them, too.”

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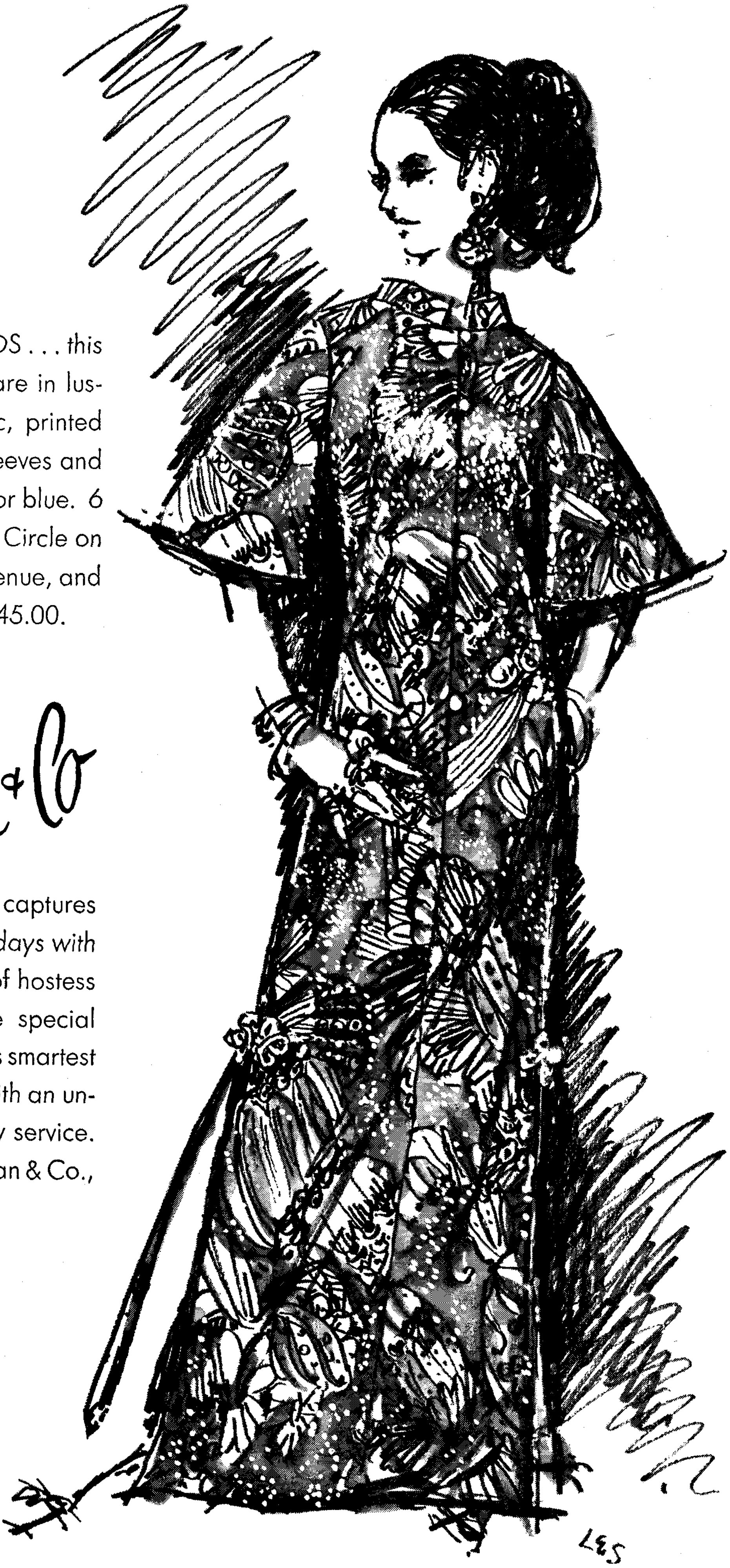


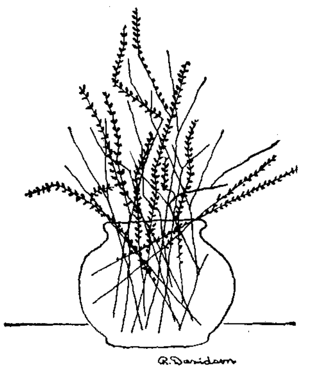
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE current crisis in the New York City school system, with all the unnecessary uglinesses that it has brought to light, shows how polarization, a hardening of lines, serves not to sharpen issues but to obscure them almost totally. At this writing, the ten illegally transferred teachers and the seventy-three teachers who walked out in sympathy have been reaccepted into jobs in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville schools, the seven suspended principals have been reinstated, and the teachers' union, in defiance of the law, is on strike while many teachers, black and white, union and non-union, are giving children in the city's three experimental decentralization projects—Ocean Hill-Brownsville, Two Bridges, the Intermediate School 201 Complex—what some people believe to be the best education they have ever had. The nominal issue now centers on one school, Junior High School 271, and this school has been, for more than a year, a focal point chosen by the New Left, black and white, to bring on just the sort of polarization that has taken place. Courses are being taught there by, among others, revolutionaries without a following—members of Brooklyn CORE, for example, which has splintered off from its national organization, and which, on the basis of countless loud meetings that attract between five and twenty people, appears to have no following other than the media—and the real local leaders have not accepted one of the important meanings of "community control," which is assuming the responsibility of rejecting them.

Harassment—the harassment of teachers at their jobs or, more recently, union harassment of children, teachers, and reporters who choose to enter the schools—is no longer a clear issue for either side. "Outsiders"—the black outsiders who threatened teachers at 271 or, more recently, the white outsiders who intimidated Mayor Lindsay at a meeting in a Brooklyn synagogue—are not always clearly definable. Human rights—the rights of teachers to due process and job security, the rights of children who under the old centralized and effectively stalled and inhuman bureaucracy were simply unable to learn—have become obscured. Even the law—transformed into a standoff of lawlessness, frustration, and power which once placed both sides in the wrong but has now tipped so that the union's position is the only illegal one—is fuzzy in its application, because so little good faith exists. What has become clear, however, in the actions of the Mayor during the past few months and in the history of John Doar, who last week was elected head of the New York City Board of Education, is a new definition of what courage is. Mayor Lindsay walking the streets of the ghetto in summer and John Doar in the famous confrontation in Jackson, Mississippi, when, as chief prosecutor for the Civil Rights Division of the Department of Justice, he walked between violent Negroes and violent troopers, saying "My name is John Doar, and everyone around here knows I stand for what is right" (to the Negroes, he added, speaking intensely and slowly, with hands flat out, palms down, "You can't win it in the streets," and to the whites he proved, in case after case, that they could not win it in the courts), showed the physical courage that was demanded at a certain moment in history. It is something other than physical courage that the Mayor and the head of the Board of Education and countless others in and outside the school system are showing now. It is the courage of the somehow beleaguered and dwindling but aware "middle" that works for change—legal change, possible change, the kind of forward energy that quietly persists in the face of violent and escalating rhetoric.

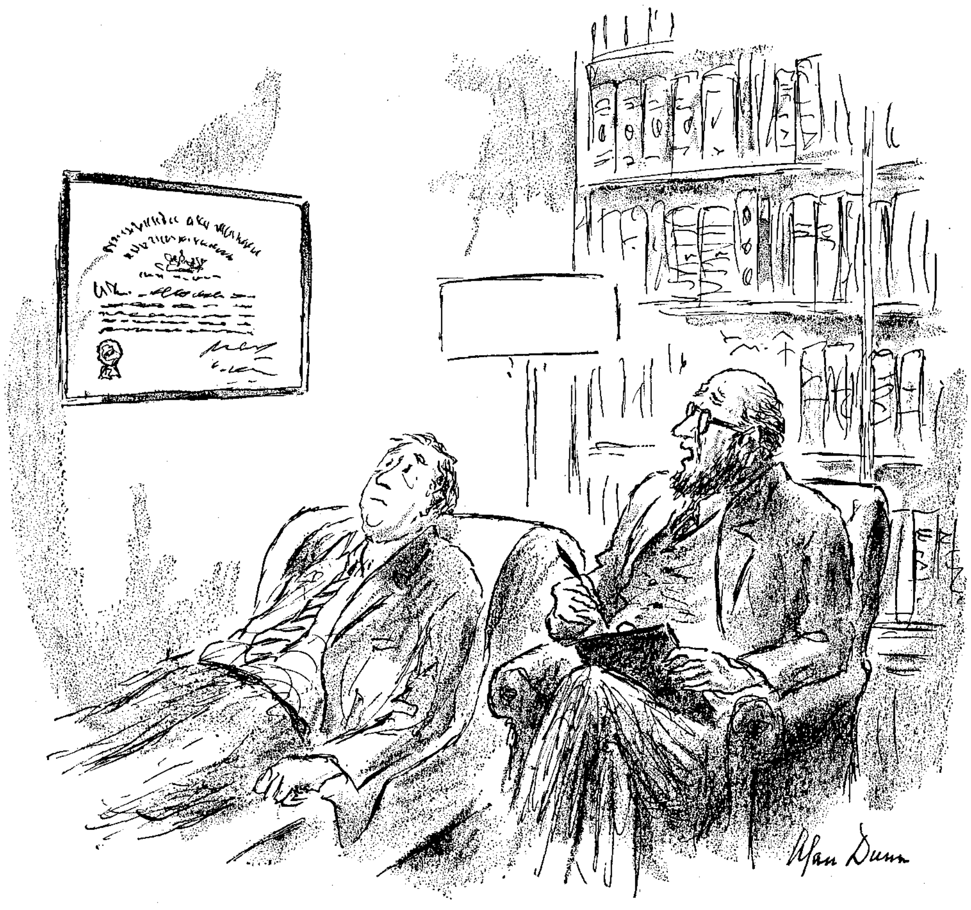


We remember visiting one of the schools in District 13 of Bedford-Stuyvesant this summer while something called Project READ was going on. Parents who had not had much education themselves were helping almost pre-verbal children with workbooks so elementary that only adults interested in learning to read better themselves could bear to work with them. The parents and the children were tremendously patient and tremendously animated, and so was the teacher, Miss Miriam Krawitt, a marvellous middle-aged lady with great false eyelashes and an abundance of cheerful makeup, who had a bohemian clutter of objects all over the classroom walls, who greeted the children as "dahlings," and who rewarded every difficult correct answer with a sugar-coated matzoh ball. Miss Krawitt was clearly extremely successful and popular. In another classroom of another school, where the principal, as it happened, was white, we found a Project READ teacher who cuffed an eight-year-old boy about the head, addressed him not by name but as "Stupid," and threatened him with the loss of his lunch because he refused to do his lessons and impress an observer in the room. The children were scared or impassive. What was going on had nothing to do, in either school, with black or white. In one room, something human—education—was going on. In the other, it was not. And the second kind of room, because the lines of communication between the local, personal representatives and the central, bureaucratic representatives have grown too long, has become very common in the New York schools.

"My name is John Doar," the head of the Board of Education said, again, in his first address to the city of New York. "What we have seen in New York is a disregard of law by one group because of frustration; disregard of law by the other group because of power. I ask each of you to stop and think where this disregard of law will take us. It is not consistent with our philosophy of a free society. It is not a good example for our children. I ask you specifically: How can we secure obedience of and acceptance of rules of law when the group that demands compliance at the same time breaks the law? How can we continue as an orderly society if public bodies in New York are going to be pushed, shoved, and pressured by this group or that group to such an extent that they have no time to think, no time to sort out the facts from the rumors, no time to be certain that the steps they have taken are consistent with due processes and common sense?" There is a special kind of courage now in demanding common sense and time to think. When we spoke to Mr. Doar last week, he said, as responsible local leaders have said all along, that when it comes to the organization and operation of the schools on a daily basis, the screamers and cuffers and pressure groups lose interest and move along. So while the Mayor, Mr. Doar, and others are insistently there, standing quietly for what is right—decentralization, due process, and an orderly, live classroom where learning can go on—the ugly standoff may subside, with a solution to be found not in the streets, or, this time, even in the courts, but in the classrooms, where the interests of a free society rest and where they evolve.

The Fish

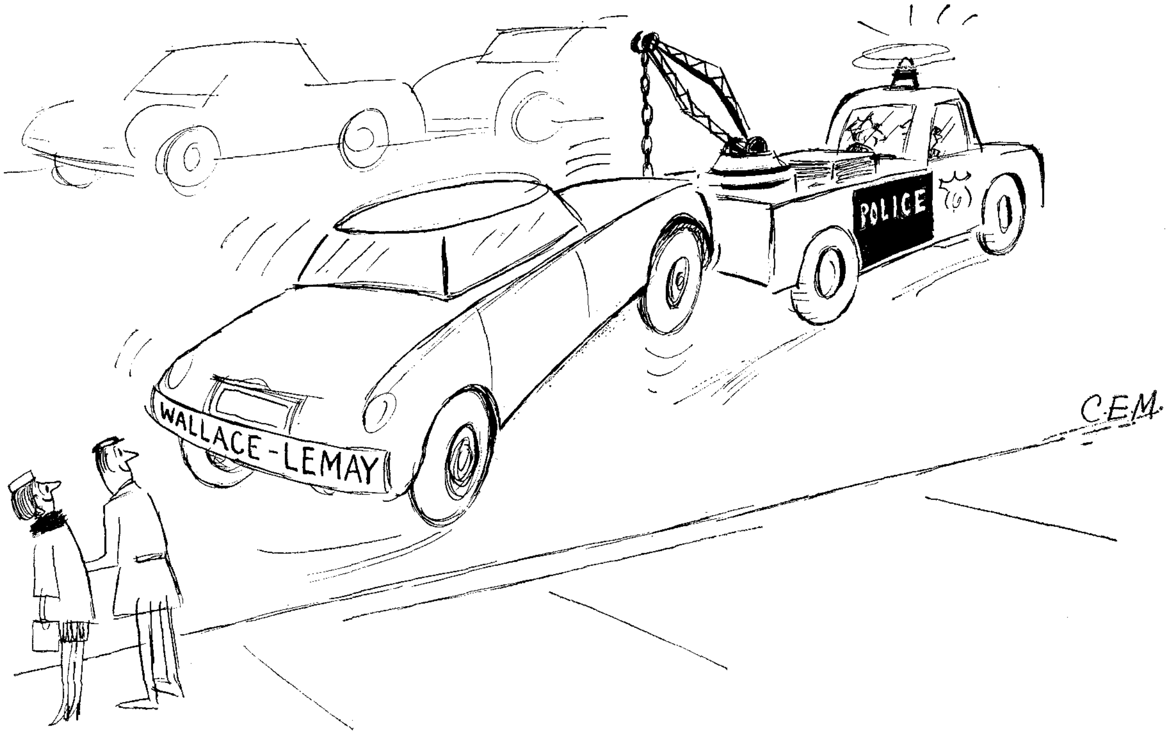
THE first long-playing record made by five musicians called Country Joe and the Fish, who sing and play to a twangy rock beat, included a satirical number about President Johnson called "Superbird." That record came out about two years ago, and by now it has sold several hundred thousand copies. The Fish have since issued two other L.P.s, and their most recent album, "Together," is in its fifteenth week on the national sales charts. All this marks the swift transformation of Country Joe and the Fish from an obscure underground group in Berkeley, California, into a permanent fixture—a kind of Philharmonic of protest—in the anti-Establishment Establishment. The songs of the Fish are, variously, outspoken, exuberant, rousing, funny, and mournful. Their music is extraordinarily eclectic—a mixture of country and Western, hard rock, jug band, acid rock, ragtime, shouting blues, raga, hymns, talking, cheers, obscenities, and a good many other sounds, including bombing, tap-dancing, and rain. Each of the Fish is a serious musician and plays at least two instruments, but in general Joe (Country Joe) McDonald—who writes the majority of the songs—plays twelve-string guitar and sings, Barry Melton plays lead guitar and sings, Mark Ryan plays bass guitar, David Cohen plays organ and guitar, and Gary (Chicken) Hirsh plays drums. All five are in their twenties. They are gentle people—soft-spoken, considerate, thoughtful—but, polite and deferential though they are, they are absolutely firm about maintaining their own identity. All except Joe have let their hair grow to shoulder length, and they wear whatever clothes they feel like wearing. (Their appearance infuriates a certain kind of American, and, as a result, they have been attacked, and sometimes beaten up, on their travels; Joe, David, and Barry, for example, were assaulted in Chicago during the Democratic Convention.) All except Mark are married and have—or are currently expecting—children.



"How long have you been commuting on the Long Island Rail Road?"

A short time ago, Country Joe and the Fish came to New York to give a concert. Accompanied by their manager and two road managers, they put up in eight rooms of a midtown hotel overlooking Broadway. Around noon on the day before the concert, we stopped by the hotel to see them, and went up to Sandy Loring's room, on the twenty-second floor. Sandy, one of the road managers, is a lean, affable young man with very long hair; he was in a T-shirt, bell-bottom trousers, and bare feet. He offered us some coffee and told us that several of the Fish were still asleep. "Some of us were out with Big Brother last night until four," he said. "One thing we all miss is seeing each other—the groups that started out together in the San Francisco area two or three years ago. Big Brother, the Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, the Charlatans, Moby Grape. I miss those days. I miss the feelings, the interaction between people, the trust that was there. Everybody seems to have become a lot more serious; the attitude toward music has become more serious. Travelling has come to be an incredible task. We fly a ton and a half of equipment with us wherever we go."

Barry Melton, the lead guitarist and singer, came into the room. He is a



tall twenty-one-year-old with very curly blond hair, and he is probably the most outgoing member of the Fish—high-spirited, talkative, funny. His expression is often one of barely suppressed delight and glee, as though something good had just happened and something better were on the way. "We went out last night, but we forgot New York on Monday night is just like being in Indianapolis," he said. "We ended up in a restaurant eating chick-peas and talking. There's nothing in New York to do except *do* things. You can't go for one of those nice Sunday drives. You really have to split to get your relaxation around New York. In California, you can go to the beach, you can go to Big Sur, go to Santa Cruz, go to the mountains, go to Death Valley, go sailing in the bay." Barry was born in the Brighton Beach section of Brooklyn, but his family moved to California when he was a child. "I ran away from home in L.A. when I was sixteen," he said. "Came to New York and played guitar in Greenwich Village. It's a myth that you can earn a living there; I was in the process of starving. I slept in divey apartments and was taken care of by prostitutes and dope sellers—anyone who'd take care of me. It was, like, living on the seamy side of life. You really feel alone. I split back to L.A., finished high school, went to San Francisco State College, dropped out in the second week, and did the same thing I'd been doing in New York. But San Francisco was a warm scene. Everybody was, like, nice people. Warmer. You could stay with the Hare Krishna people one week, the beatniks the next, the Diggers the next. There was a definite community that sponsored free stores, free clothing, free medical service. I was playing music all this time, but a teen-age musician singing about the hard side of life doesn't really make it." Barry laughed, and turned to the subject of music. "Here's the trip: The music we're playing now is a collectivization of the music we played then. It used to be that the farthest-out thing you could hear was the Weavers, in work shirts, singing about the A.F.L.-C.I.O. But this country is so far out now. What are the Doors singing? 'We want the world, and we want it now!' Would anybody have liked to hear that five years ago? You want to say to Jim Morrison, the Doors' lead singer, 'Come on, man—five years ago you were a kook.' And now he's a rich man. This country is splitting into extremes. Our audience is a collectivization of all the disaffiliated people. We can play in Detroit to twenty thousand stoned people, and here in New York there's going to be a lot of people smoking joints. The only thing we can do is build up our corporation—make peace a nice, marketable product and sell it to the country. But once you're on TV they start censoring you like crazy. The government owns the tube, and it sells the products of the government. Our position is like the position of the labor unions in the thirties, competing with the Establishment and then synthesizing. In ten years, we'll be the Establishment."

David Cohen and his wife, Margi, came in. David is twenty-six; he has a mustache and wears granny glasses, and his expression in repose is somewhat grave.

"We try to support the underground press through our advertising," Barry went on. "We do a lot of free concerts and benefits. Our things are similar to political rallies. We yell 'LSD!' and they all light up joints. We yell four-letter words—they yell four-letter words. It gets all their energy out. Our trip now is we're in the business of propelling enough sound to fill a baseball field."

"We got new equipment a couple of weeks ago, with huge amplifiers that reach the sound levels of pain," Sandy said. "It gives me a headache, and it's affected my hearing. I had my ear up against one of the new amplifiers when David hit a full open chord on the organ. Whack! Chicken wears earplugs; the drums are right in front of the amplifiers. The threshold of pain is supposed to be a hundred and forty decibels, but Blue Cheer—the loudest group there is—has been measured at a hundred and fifty-four decibels at seventy feet. Blue Cheer uses twelve amplifiers and twenty-four speakers for only two men; their drummer goes through the p.-a. system."

"*Old* people have to get a hundred and ten players together to make an orchestra," Barry said. "We only need three. We'll control the world soon—you won't be able to hear anybody talk. We'll drown out the political speeches. But what's scary is that the music becomes total fantasy for the audience. Like, how can you have a tie with the audience in the Astrodome? You may feel something with the audience, but what they feel with you—that's another trip."

"In the past six or seven months, I've been removing myself from the audience entirely," David Cohen said. "I'm trying to get more and more into the music. It's been my salvation. I don't feel any contact with the audience. The people are really outrageous. They come up and scream. I don't like it. I feel very embarrassed. The audience has to be made aware of what it can do and can't do. A fan-club booklet was put out on us, with questions from our 'fans.' The questions were asinine. It was a rude awakening. Our real audience, I feel, is, like, a handful of friends who understand. We play for such enormously large audiences now; the music has, as a result, depreciated. I don't think it's serious anymore. It's for effect. The effect may be valid, but the music for itself has been sacrificed. We play the same thing over and over and over, until it's an act. Showmanship has taken over."

Margi said, "The other night, I saw you really into it."

"Sure," said David. "I *looked* like I was into it; it was an act. When we first started, we made beautiful music. Then we made pretty music. Now we play rock and soul music so we can make a lot of money. We can't perform 'Grace' anymore." "Grace" is a quiet, subtle, dreamy piece of music that runs seven minutes and includes the sound of raindrops. "We once performed 'Grace' and got a standing ovation. Now people fall asleep. We wrote it all, so we enjoy it, but there's something lost in 'making it.' "

Margi tried to cheer him up. "It's still out of sight, and you're getting better all the time," she said.

"I *know* all that," said David. "I know all these things I've gained. I've become a better musician. We've gained a lot of skill. But there's something lacking that we had when we started, something that was beautiful. The music we're writing now is very quiet; we might be getting back to that. We've gained so much, and we've lost a little. But we've lost what we had in the beginning."

Sandy picked up a copy of a paperback book called "Hard Rock" and handed it to Barry. Barry read the jacket blurb aloud ("Scorching novel . . . rock-and-roll star . . . success . . . sex, sex, sex!") and declared, "Out of sight! I want to buy thirty copies of this and send 'em to my friends and relatives!" Everybody laughed, and Sandy began ordering lunch, or breakfast, for himself and the others.

A large, genial man with a big mustache came in, and was introduced to us as Sam Charters, who used to play in a jug band and is now the producer of Country Joe albums for Vanguard Records. He was greeted with mock reverence: "Here's the pro*du*cer."

Charters reached into an ice bucket on the bureau, saying, "I'm going to produce the last beer." He pulled out a bottle of beer and examined it skeptically.

A phone call came from Chicken Hirsh, the drummer, who said that the Fish had been asked to perform at a benefit that night for Biafra. Their equipment was out at the airport and inaccessible, but they all agreed that it would be a good thing to do, if they could borrow some equipment.

Country Joe drifted into the room, his bare feet soundless on the rug. He is a short, quiet man of twenty-six with a rather appealing type of handsomeness; he looks like one of the pale-eyed Civil War officers who gaze out of Mathew Brady pictures. But he is not really bleak; he is an amused and benevolent presence. In concerts, one watches him more than the others, even though he moves less, sings more softly, and, on occasion, wears a blue baseball cap pulled down so far that it nearly hides his face. Joe stretched out on one of the beds, and the Fish began discussing their next album with Charters.

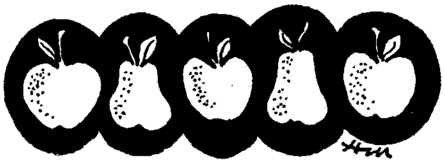
"I've written a really good song," said Barry, "and, like, next to it nothing stands up."

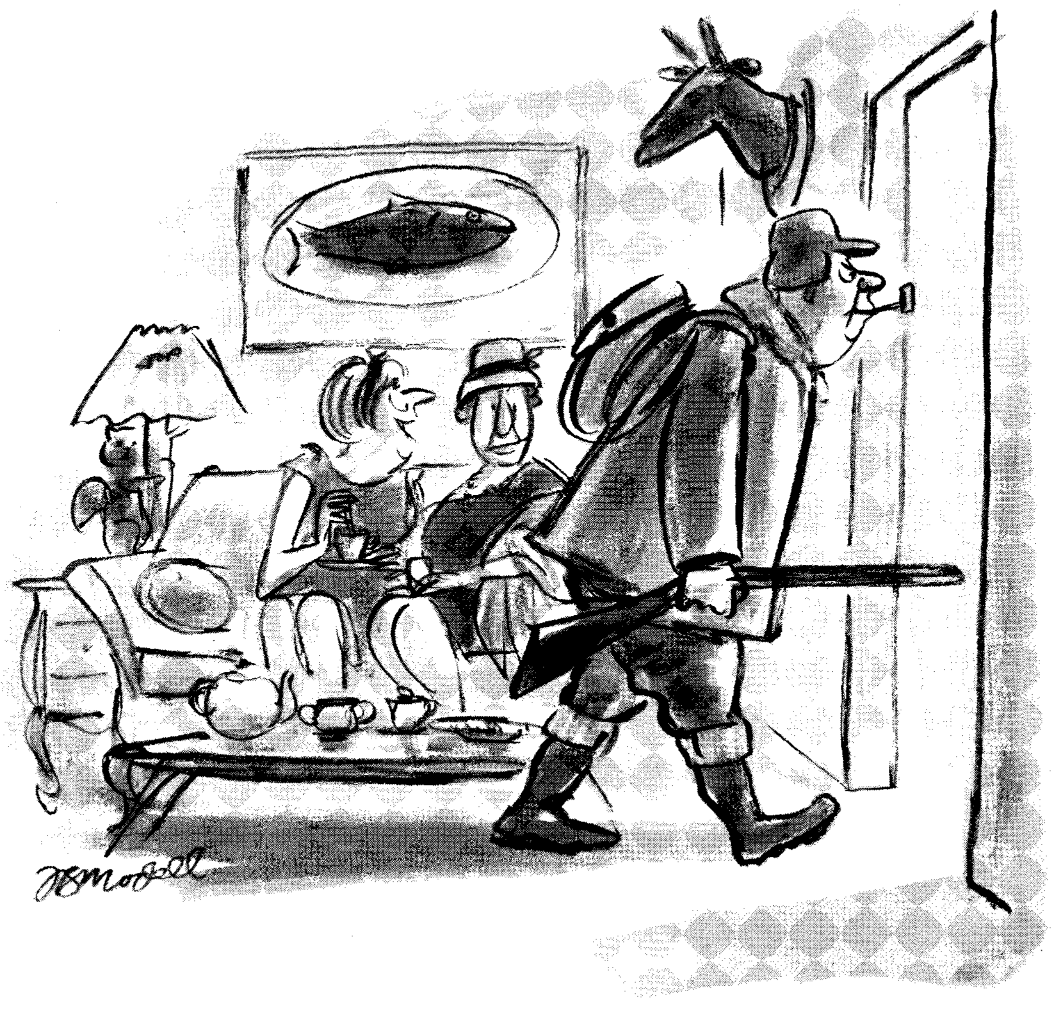
"It wipes out everything," Joe said genially, and he added, turning to Charters, "I plan four days of experimentation in the studio to check out the timbre of the instruments."

Charters said, "I thought I'd just sit in."

"Maybe you can play something," said Barry. "A jug."

They talked about music for a while, discussing some compositions by Satie, and then Joe spoke of his early musical education. "I had piano lessons off and on, and I played trombone from nine to fifteen. I used 'Arban's Famous Method for Slide and Valve Trombone,' and played all the standard orchestra music. I was the student director and president of the Arroyo High School band in El Monte, California. I also had a rock group called the Nomads—I played guitar, and was into folk music—and we worked up four numbers. In my senior year, I gave up music for journalism. I was sports editor of the Arroyo High School *Knights' Banner*, and I wrote high-school sports for the El Monte *Herald*. My style was superb—I captured it down pat—but I couldn't get the facts. I never really understood football and those sports, even though I played them and wrote about them. The school said I was very talented—could go far if I applied myself—but I never did want to do any of that. I was supposed to get a scholarship to U.S.C., but I got a job driving a tow truck for six months instead, and then I went into the Navy for three years. It was mainly a kind of growing-up thing I didn't like. The Navy is a Fascist trip. At the beginning, I really wanted to be a good sailor. I tried real hard, but the policy was: Keep your mouth shut and don't do a good job. I was always discussing things and trying to do a good job. I spent most of the time at Atsugi Naval Air Station, in Japan. It was very exciting being in Japan. I met no hostility from the young people, but they resented the military machine. I spent six months at a gunnery range near Mito, northeast of Tokyo. That was real nice. There were only twelve G.I.s, in a small country town. All that happened was two or three times a week these B-52s would come over. Those pilots—young kids with the power of a jet behind 'em—would dive the towers when we were in them. Then my buddies would get drunk and beat each other up. They were good friends of each other, but they'd beat each other up. It's real weird when you take a bunch of guys and make 'em live together without chicks. There's a lot of really sick stuff goes on. The last six months were incredibly traumatic for me. I fell in love with a Japanese girl, and I tried to marry her. I met a lot of stupid resistance from the Navy. I considered staying in Japan after I got out, but it was just impossible. I was twenty years old then, and I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when I got back to California. I had to go in the Navy and come back to El Monte to discover, for example, that there was hostility between Mexicans and whites; I never knew it when I lived there. When I got back, I was convinced I'd find a community of people seeking truth if I went to college, so I went to Pomona for a semester, but I didn't find it. And after getting drunk in Yokohama the fraternities and everything seemed rather bland, so I went on the road for three or four months, working as a migratory worker in central California and Washington, hitchhiking, playing the guitar and singing (I was like a Burl Ives then, and Harry Belafonte was a big influence), and working on a salmon boat off British Columbia (it was a fifty-foot





"He's not happy unless he's in the great outdoors killing something."

purse-seiner), and then went back to L.A. and got a job packaging breaded shrimp and scallops. I got fired, started taking guitar lessons, decided to get married, and did. I was lonesome at the time, and I thought it would be a solution to the problem. It wasn't. I went to L.A. State College for a while and worked as a movie usher. I got involved in civil-rights activities. The S.N.C.C. thing was going on, and everybody was going to Mississippi, so I decided to socialize and get involved. It was a natural thing. I discovered I could make up freedom songs and lead the singing, and I really liked it. I heard Bob Dylan, and thought: I can write songs like that. And I did. Then I stopped getting excited. The beginning of the existential dilemma. I just fell apart. My marks dropped. I would open a book and fall asleep looking at the words. I decided to go to San Francisco and become a folk singer. We piled everything in a trailer, got there with ninety dollars, and I went to radio station KPFA, where anyone who wanted to could sing late at night. I sang, and I decided that was what I wanted—and I just knew Berkeley was the place. It was real friendly and nice. I was a semipolitical college-dropout newlywed. ED Denson, who is our manager now, and I put out a small magazine called *Rag Baby*, and I got involved in the Berkeley folk-music scene, which consisted of about thirty people. I was in charge of the music for the March on Oakland on October 15th and 16th in 1965. I formed a jug band—the Berkeley String Quartet—and we played folk rock (it was pre-acid rock) at a place called the Drinking Gourd for four months, and at sit-ins, and Women Strike for Peace gatherings, and demonstrations."

"We found later we were in demonstrations together," said Barry. "It's almost as if there was a master plan. Our parents were from the progressive movement of the thirties."

"Barry's father came from Texas," Joe said, "and my father came from Oklahoma."

"Both came to the big city and married Communist chicks," Barry said. "Like Woody Guthrie did."

"My grandfather was a Presbyterian minister and a farmer in Oklahoma," Joe said.

"At Melton Rock, in Texas, where my grandfather lived," Barry continued, "there was a gathering of the Sacred Harp Singers every year—about sixty fiddlers, and guys who stood on their heads and played banjo, and guys who played two Jew's harps at once. They all converged on Melton Rock and played hymns like 'In the Sweet By and By.' My grandfather left me his 'Sacred Harp Songbook.' All those hymns later became labor songs—with new lyrics. Music has always been associated with the left wing."

They began to talk about how Country Joe and the Fish got started, in 1966. The group played at a place called the Jabberwock for a year ("the only place in Berkeley where you could play folk music"), participated in political and anti-war demonstrations at Berkeley, played free concerts all around San Francisco, and began to get bookings at the Fillmore Auditorium and the Avalon Ballroom.

"It was really happy music," said Joe.

"We never even thought about money," Barry said. "We really starved. But, actually, we made it pretty fast."

"It's still going," said Joe. "People wanted to hear the music we made."

"If you really want to do your thing, there's no middle ground," said Barry. "It's either ninety a week or nine hundred."

Chicken Hirsh came in. At twenty-eight, he is the oldest of the Fish; he is lean and holds himself well, moving with athletic grace. His features might be considered plain, but he has an expression of serenity and peaceful acceptance that makes him quite handsome. He picked up a room-service menu and looked at it. Barry began playing an acoustic guitar, and presently he was playing a soft, gentle version of "In the Sweet By and By." While Chicken studied the menu, Barry sang, " 'You shall eat/ By and by/ In the glorious land above the sky . . .' " Then he stopped singing, and for a while there was only the lovely sound of the old hymn as the others sat around the hotel room listening.

WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT?

"WOULD you like to tell our readers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce, the chief disadvantage of old age? Of your own remarkable age, for instance?" said the journalist, preparing a Sunday newspaper supplement on senility.

"I beg your pardon?" said Franklin Wilberforce, aged eighty-nine, writer, neurologist, mathematician, political pamphleteer, gazing at the lad with as much interest as he felt inclined to spend and reckoning him a pleasant enough boy, though oversolicitous about things he plainly didn't much care about, like a waiter.

"I was asking about the main disadvantage you find in growing old," shouted the newspaper interviewer, who was called Ben.

"Death," said Milly Wilberforce, aged eighty-six.

Ben heard "deaf." He nodded, feeling pity. Sorrow, possibly. Then he was revived by his usual impulse to explain others to themselves. It fitted him for his calling. "Infirmities while the brain is still in its prime," he said, with an eager sort of mournfulness.

Milly Wilberforce observed him, and saw his mistake, and let it all go. Interest fades, thank god, she thought. At our age. No; not true. But best behave as if it were. Even to Franklin. That most. Not to besiege. I will not remember his body. We have done quite well today, nearing the end of another afternoon pleasantly achieved; not half bad, no impossible demands of each other, though lord knows the old fancies are powerful enough. I will not think of the man he was. I will not see the skull inside his face. I shall try to cross my legs. Mrs. Wilberforce, as eminent a figure as her husband in her time, raised her right leg an inch or two and then lifted it far enough to cross it over her left kneecap, a feat not easy but still within the bounds.

Together, for over sixty years, they had belonged to the elect who locate and irritate the conscience of their country. Even now, some of the young had heard of them. To go back a week or two:

"Shall we get old Wilberforce to sign?" said an Oxford student of Modern Greats. He was sitting in a black-walled espresso café called the Dust and Ashes, where one climbed into a coffin to be served *cappuccino* by pretty waitresses dressed in clerical vestments. He was drafting a letter of protest to the *Times* about participatory democracy.

"*Wilberforce?*" said a student from the London School of Economics. "Good god."

"Good god? I thought you were a rationalist," said the Oxford man.

"Wilberforce was never a radical in any dialectic sense. He was just *liberal*. He was nearly as negligible as Schweitzer, revolutionarily speaking. He makes me despair."

"He makes me puke," another student said anxiously.

The Oxford man rose and threw down his black table napkin. The L.S.E. man smoked a joint and said, "If we're going to have *any* Wilberforce signing, I'd sooner have Mrs."

"Who's she? I've never heard of either of them," said a brave girl at the meeting.

"Mrs. Wilberforce is a nice old biddy," the L.S.E. man said. "Bright. Used to be pretty. I once heard her speak about Africa at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall."

"She's the rather interesting daughter of a barmaid," said the Oxford man. "Her background was probably a fairly useful antidote for him. For his thought. The upper class was frightfully cut off from life in those days."

A young man with a working-class accent listened to the languorous voice and held his tongue, as he had learned to do.

"Are they really as old as all that?" said a journalist who had lately got a job as a feature interviewer on a Sunday newspaper. "Are they really nearly ninety? I mean, do they still function?"

NO ELECTIONEERING BEYOND THIS POINT
B TOBEY

THE Wilberforces were sitting in their garden on a Georgian bench. Ben had just begun his interview. He decided to warm them up first, without using the tape recorder. He tried to think of something to say.

"Isn't it agreeable?"

said Franklin Wilberforce to his wife. "He doesn't want to ask us about participatory democracy."

"Thank heaven," Milly said.

There was another silence. Milly thought that the young man looked dashed, so she went on to say, "It would have been very natural, at your age. We're only thankful because we read too much about it in the newspapers."

"Oh, you read about the students?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You read about the students?" Ben raised his voice.

"I heard you perfectly well. I was just amazed at the question. One reads of nothing else."

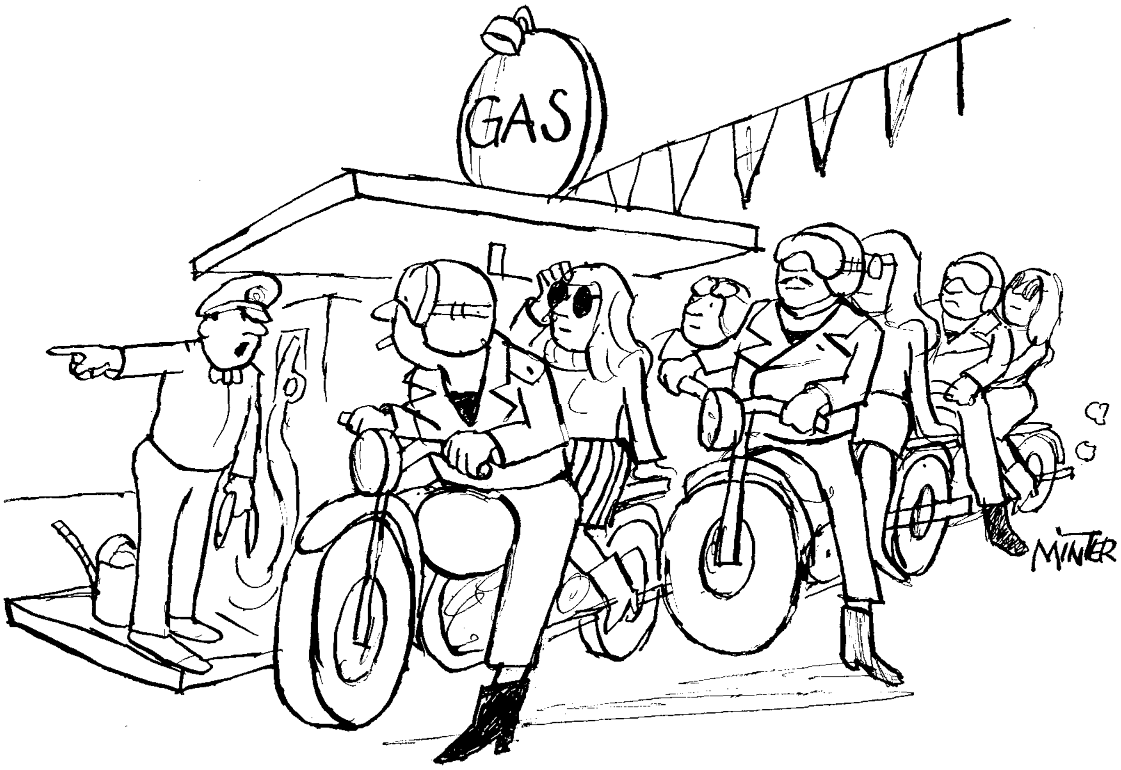
"That's rather impressive of you," Ben said. He laughed confidently, aware that he had bungled. "It would be so easy to retreat. To retire from modern life. At your great age."

"It's not a great age. We're just old," said Franklin.

Milly turned round to him and put her hand near him and said, "Dear, I want to ask our friend something that will bore you." She switched off his hearing aid and said to Ben, "What *is* participatory democracy?" She listened to his reply, not much satisfied, but let it pass. In the middle of the answer she pined suddenly for the return of her husband's mind to the situation, so she put on the deaf aid again, grinning at him and thanking him silently for his forbearance in boredom.

Ben's voice finished. They were left with the sound of cricket being played in the garden a little distance away; Ben thought it worth recording on tape for the sake of the privileged atmosphere it conferred, and he turned on the machine. It wouldn't work. Ben fiddled with it unsuccessfully. He was an arts student. After a time Franklin took it out of his hands. He dismantled the thing so as to understand it, unsettling Ben while it lay around the seat in pieces, and then mended it.

"Thank you very much indeed," Ben said, with more warmth than the style of his age group permitted, but the old boy had done him a good turn and one had to fall in.



"Roar down this road for half a mile, patch at the fork, and peel up a short hill on your left."

• •

"What do you want to ask us about?" said Franklin.

"Senility," said Ben, nerving himself to be crass. The tape recorder incident made it hard. In fact, he felt a boor, but he put the feeling down to shameful unprofessionalism at the job.

"What?" said Franklin.

"He said senility, my love," Milly replied. "He only means age." She saw that her husband's right thumb was rubbing against the arthritic knuckle of his right forefinger, which was a habit he had when he was angry. Speaking to Ben, she said, "You know, 'senility' isn't quite the word you should use. It has an overtone you don't mean, I daresay. We're not gaga. Mentally we see no change. It's just more difficult to get around. And so forth." She went on to think of sex and remembered with a considerable ache the last time Franklin had made love to her, in a V-2 raid in 1944.

"I didn't mean to be insulting," Ben said. "Far from it. Old age—" He floundered.

Immense pause. Milly went on thinking of bed, and also of the poor but achievable balm of cucumber sandwiches. She felt a fruitless excitement about Franklin that was hard to stand, so she smiled again at him and opened her bag for a spray of scent, which she had ordered on her account at Debenham & Freebody in some earlier assault of survivalism.

"What's the chief thing about being old?" Ben said.

"What's the what?" said Milly.

"Numbness. Therefore, immunity," Franklin said.

"Can you elaborate?"

"Terrible changes happen and you don't really care," Franklin said.

The reply distressed Milly so much by its remoteness from her own condition that she fixed her mind on making a chocolate cake. She started planning the strategy muscularly needed to get her to the kitchen.

"Public or private changes?" said Ben.

"For us they merge," Franklin said.

"No," said Milly.

"Oh, didn't you agree with that?" said Franklin, turning round to her.

"I believe I shall make us all a chocolate cake," said Milly.

The young man took her to be peeved not to have been much questioned. The atmosphere needed a bit of pacifying, he thought. Up to him. He leaned forward and saw that she had indeed once been very pretty. He said sympathetically, getting us back to where we started, though not necessarily to the same view of it: "Would you like to tell our readers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce, the chief disadvan-

DREAM OBJECTS

Strangest is their reality,
their three-dimensional workmanship:
veined pebbles that have an underside,
maps one could have studied minutes longer,
books we seem to read page after page.

If these are symbols cheaply coined
to buy the mind a momentary pardon,
whence this extravagance? Fine
as dandelion polls, they surface and explode
in the wind of the speed of our dreaming,

so that we awake with the sense
of having missed everything—tourists
hustled by bus through a land whose history
is our rich history, whose artifacts
were filed to perfection by beggars we fear.

—John Updike

• •

tage of old age? Of your own remarkable age, for instance?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Franklin.

"I was asking about the main disadvantage you find in growing old."

"Death," said Milly, as we saw, and Ben made his reply, hearing "deaf."

"She said 'death,'" said Franklin, and covered his face.

"I'm terribly sorry I misunderstood you," Ben said. "It was rather startling. I'll remember to tell the typists when they transcribe it. Not that you don't speak distinctly."

"She pays attention," Franklin said.

"You're making the job very easy for the secretaries, actually. For instance, you don't speak over each other like most couples. That's a great technical problem in joint interviews."

"She always paid heed," said Franklin. "I noticed it before we married."

Milly sat quietly, enjoying the sun and the passing joy of something restored. She had a flush of thinking that everything was all right. "I suddenly feel as if everything's going to be all right," she said out loud.

"It's going beautifully," Ben said.

"You must get your title straight," Franklin said. "It's muddle-minded. 'Senility' is quite misleading."

Ben turned off the tape recorder. "To tell you the background," he said, "the paper is considering *two* ideas. It depends what we all get out of talking together. One possibility is this feature on—and you're quite right, of course—old age. I think the form of it should be very free. Just voices, talking about what it's like to be aged. Out of nowhere. Done as a rather surreal dialogue. A sort of palimpsest."

"*What?*" Franklin said.

"Sh-h-h," Milly said to her husband, wishing only for peace.

"Palimpsest," Ben said more loudly.

Franklin was silent.

"Anything wrong?" Ben said.

"He can't be bothered to tell you what the word really means, that's all," said Milly. "One does that as one gets older, you know. One sees things that need to be put right and one simply leaves them." She lowered her voice. "He never used to do that. It's a sign." Listening to the cricket game again, she thought with grief of the decline and end of him that probably lay ahead of her to be borne. "It's a small matter."

"Our other thought was frankly more popular," Ben said. "Pop."

Franklin saw his wife starting to get up, and put his hand under her right elbow.

"Can I help?" said Ben. "The other approach—"

"If you would just hold my left hand steady on my cane. Thank you." Milly rose, with Franklin making the effort swift for her, as usual. "Isn't it a pretty cane?" she said, on her feet. "I believe the ivory came from South India. When the Duke of Wellington was a young officer, campaigning under the name of Wellesley. I fancy Franklin told me it actually came from Seringapatam. Wellesley fought a battle there, you know."

"You'll forgive us if we go slowly," Franklin said.

"I enjoy it," said Ben. "As I said, the other idea is more Pop, and in a way better journalism."

"You'll both sit in the drawing room while I whip up a chocolate cake," Milly said.

"Could it have icing?" said Franklin. "Butter icing? Is there time for you to make it and us to have it before Peter wolfs it?" He started to walk ahead of her.

"Peter is our great-grandson," said Milly.

Franklin said at the same time, not hearing her now, because he had gained on her by a step or two, "These are our lavender beds. They were planted in celebration of the end of the First World War."

"Peter is playing cricket down there," Milly said when he had finished, "and putting down rather a lot of whiskey from Franklin's hip flask. He's eleven. He's won a short-story prize and thinks that's what a successful writer should do. Get sloshed. He's been brought up as a bit of a toff. I hauled myself down there, old dot-and-carry-one, and he was as high as a kite. Staggering around. Nice boy. Not much cop as a writer, I shouldn't say. What's that insect?"

Franklin must have heard, for he turned round and said angrily, "It's the tape recorder going again. Switch it off, please."

"I was speaking privately," Milly said.

"Your slang interested me," said Ben.

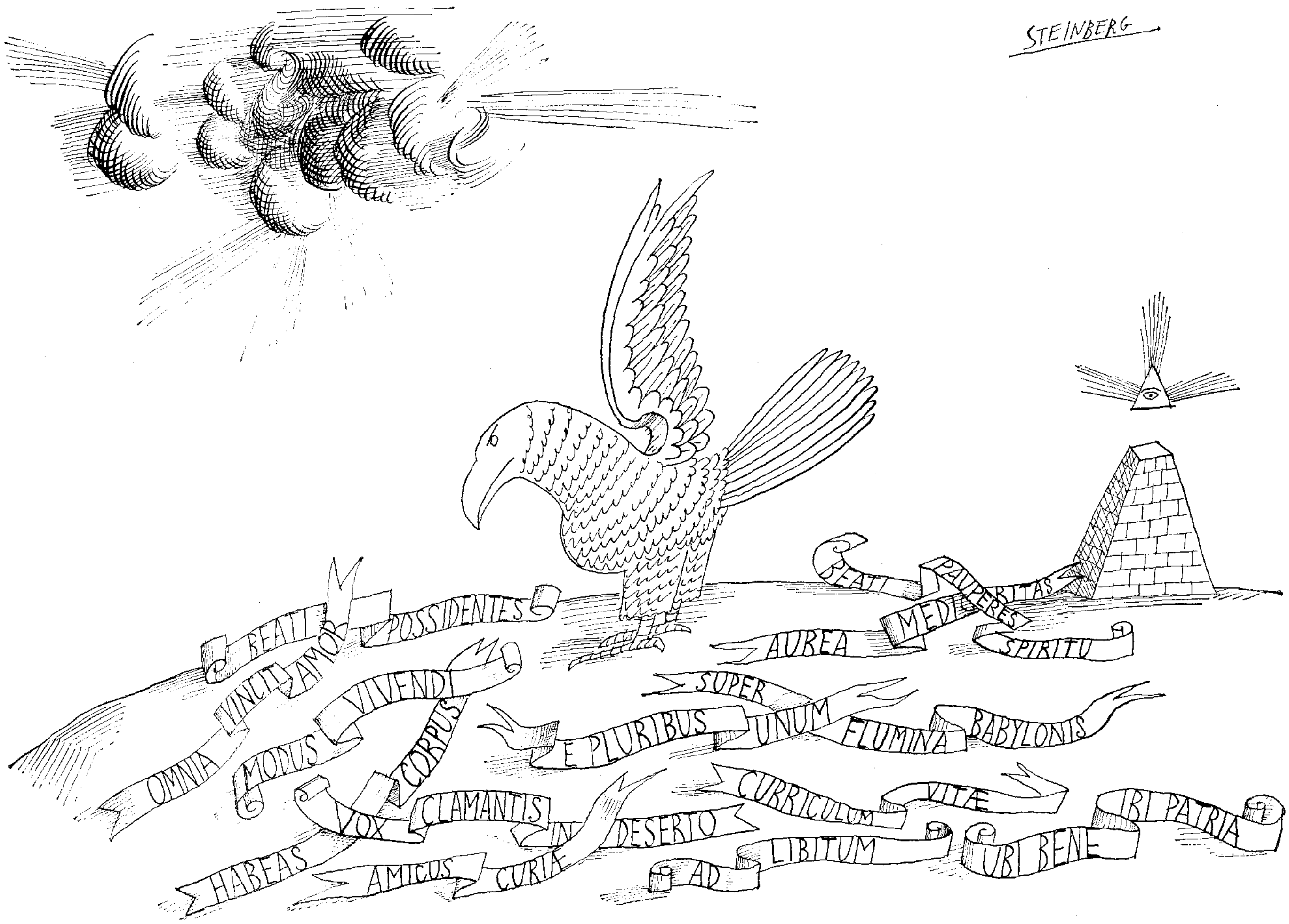
"Erase it at *once*," said Franklin. "It's disagreeable of you to lend yourself to your species. Reporters' hubris. Power of catching people off their guard. Phooey. Can't you see she's busy walking?"

"It's just that I found her idioms a fascinating mixture. Of class and period and so on."

"It's the way Mrs. Wilberforce speaks. Lately she's spent a great deal of time with me. Earlier in her life she spent a great deal of time with others."

Milly said, "We interrupted you about your other notion. Come. Turn back the tape, if you please."

Ben whirred the machine with a look of pretended mastery, though he was heavily aware that neither of the



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Wilberforces was someone to try to fox. He whistled a bit of Bob Dylan to recover his aplomb. "The other feature would be called 'Where Have They Got To?,' " he said.

"What do you mean? We're here," said Milly.

"I mean," Ben said, "the general public wonders where you are. They used to see reports of something you were doing every week or two, and now they don't know. They're not sure, I mean."

"We've been here all the time, working," Milly said. "People write to us constantly. I don't understand you."

"There's a great deal of wider interest," Ben said. "They wonder if you're abroad."

"You mean they wonder if we're dead. Well, we're not," said Milly.

"No, you're amazingly the same as ever," Ben said energetically. "You haven't changed at all from the two people we know from the clippings."

"You speak as if we're in pickle," Milly said.

Ben was suddenly irritated by them both. Respect for their sagacity vanished, and he hated them for their effect on him. "You make me feel old," he shouted.

Milly understood but denied him a response for the moment, mostly because there was nothing she could be troubled to say.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Granted," she said. Pause. She mustered something else for him. "I find detective stories helpful. To lift the weight, and so on. Do you feel it worse at night?"

"On consideration, I personally like the idea of 'Where Have They Got To?' the best," said Ben, to restore his stature.

Franklin, fallen level with them again, suspected something foolish to be buried in the buzz he could catch and said, "I beg your pardon?," damned if he would move sideways to hear the boy and stepping, in fact, a little farther away, leaning on a sundial and leaving his beautiful wife a yard from him. He watched her. She was standing still in her big straw hat.

"You have a small idea of what we amount to," she said to Ben, looking ahead at the house and speaking out of Franklin's hearing.

"You'll have to repeat what you said," Franklin murmured to Ben, beckoning to him.

"We were thinking of including you in a feature called 'Where Have They Got To?,' " Ben said.

Silence.

He went on. "The company would be absolutely dignified, of course."

"Oh," Franklin said in a disappointed voice. "Couldn't you get Deanna Durbin?"

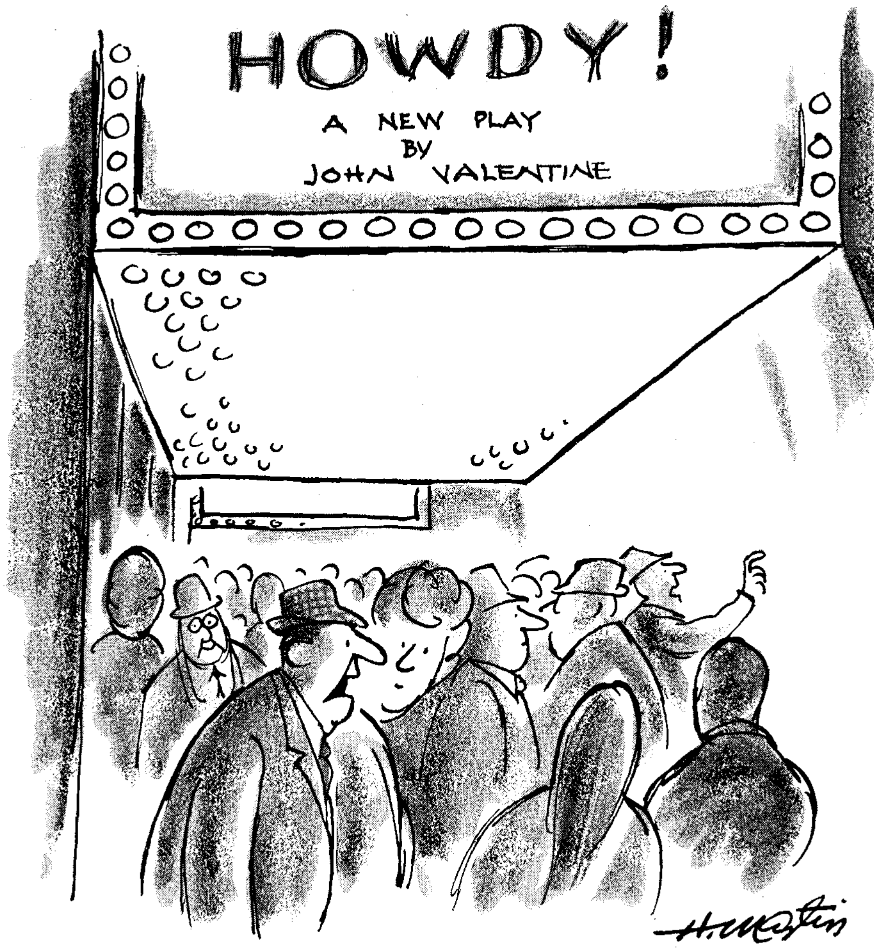
"I don't think Mrs. Wilberforce likes the title." Ben lowered his voice, trying to forge an accord. "Her answer was that you were here. Women can sometimes be rather literal, can't they?"

"You make them sound tedious. My wife is not especially literal and far from tedious. She is prone to quite violent attacks of excitement and despair. In extremes of melancholy she will lay about her with the drawing-room fire tongs. A Dresden cherub went. Unfortunately, it belonged to my family."

"I had it mended, you bastard," Milly said, hearing him as usual.

Ben jumped, and took her arm to hurry her away from the site of the remark. "Marriage!" he said, forcing a fraternal chuckle. "We all have fights."

"Franklin doesn't. Are you being patronizing? Stop here, please. Be good enough to take my other arm. Franklin moves a great deal more easily than I


HOWDY!
A NEW PLAY BY JOHN VALENTINE

"Whenever I see a handsomely mounted production with a sensitive performance turned in by a relative newcomer to the Broadway scene, such as the charming, yet quietly disarming, Miss Sandan, I wish I were a critic."

• •

do. They can't get me in the Daimler any longer. That's what I should most look forward to. If I could go out. One feels it when one sees the other one going out."

"You must have had to develop a philosophy," Ben said.

"When he's like this, I blow the housekeeping money on scent and order myself a great many books from Blackwell's. There's a stage in one's life when one deserves better than books from the public library. That's how it strikes me, now and then. Wretched of me. I know you mean well, but why do you ask such trite questions?"

"What you said was interesting."

"No, it wasn't. Not in the slightest."

"Anything else? This is just the sort of thing we want."

"Beg pardon?"

"What time do you get up?"

"Early. I'm not a bed layer."

"What time?"

"Five. Six. Why?"

"Does that give you enough sleep?"

"I don't much care for sleep now. I was never one for rests. It seems a danger when you're my age. I don't want to be caught on the hop. Franklin, look at the hydrangea."

"What?" said Franklin.

"Good hydrangea," she bellowed.

"Ah," he said. "What a bore it is. Being deaf."

"He's more deaf than I am," Milly said to Ben, "but he gets about better, as I said. My hands are easier. I can still play the piano, you know. He can't manage it. We used to play duets. It's a loss for him."

"You're slowing up," Franklin said.

"Last year we had an amazing display of hydrangea, but they seem to fall off every other year. Taking a breather, I suppose. That's the only bush that's up to much," Milly said to Ben, ignoring Franklin and trying to push ahead on her own with the help of her cane. They were halfway to the house. The journey would have taken a young man forty-five seconds.

"You're as deaf as I am," Franklin said suddenly, from farther behind. "Don't you need an arm? We've a long way to go."

"What?" she said, facing forward.

"You're as deaf as I am," he shouted.

She turned round and cackled. "Yes, darling," she said, "you're right. We're both as deaf as fish. What a joke. I think I'll have to have an arm, dear. I don't like to tire a stranger."

Franklin gave her an arm as if they were going in to dinner, and Ben fell behind. "You're very strong, Mr. Wilberforce," he said haplessly.

"Rubbish. I was never a sporting boy. I detested competitive games. Always a weedy specimen."

Milly stumbled over a stone.

"Didn't you see that?" Franklin said. "Can't you see it? Have you got the wrong glasses on?"

"No, dear, they're the usual ones for the garden."

"Well, then, you must be getting more longsighted than ever."

"I always was," she said, gratified. "Hide your face. Now take your glasses off and tell me what's in the morning-room window. I bet I can see better than you can."

"You take yours off, too. I suppose you've looked already."

"Of course I haven't."

"No, you wouldn't cheat. That's true. I can see your writing lamp, obviously, because I know it's there, and also a new vase of flowers."

"Well *done*," she said. "You saw it perfectly." She laughed, and they went on testing one another. Franklin grew petulant. Milly pushed him too far, and he suddenly switched off his hearing aid. When they reached the house, he prepared to sit down in the drawing room and Milly went slowly to see to the tea.

"Can I help?" Ben said, staying at Franklin's elbow and hovering.

Franklin ignored him and sat down on his own, gauging the *hiatus* when the movement would be out of his control and taken over by his falling weight. He hissed with fury as it happened. Then he arranged himself and saw Ben's lips moving again. He turned on the hearing aid, for there seemed little call to be churlish. He was a rational man.

"You must have been much oppressed by the news this year," Ben said. "What's your opinion of the British immigration policy?"

"A sellout."

"Uh?"

"Sellout."

"Sorry. . . . A lot of people have had nervous breakdowns this year because of the news, you know. I can imagine that even with your perspective it must have been the worst of all years to live through. For mankind, so to speak.”

“I don’t much notice the decline, if it’s as you say,” Franklin said. “I read a great many books of history. I don’t find myself especially depressed by events.” He paused. “I cultivate cynicism and callousness.”

Ben laughed, but Franklin’s face made this seem a blunder. “Not happiness?” Ben asked.

“Happiness would be to be left alone in peace and to eat very little. It’s such a bore, moving your jaws. Woman goes on nibbling to the bitter end. Born gluttonous. For nervous reasons, I believe. Historically observable. Victorian ladies turning away supper with an attack of the vapors when they were secretly ravenous, and then stealing down the back stairs in the middle of the night for a leg of chicken.”

“You seem particularly . . . skillful . . . in having come to terms with your physical difficulties. I’m very struck by it. For a man of your powers. I expected you to be aggravated.”

“Well, it just gets more difficult, that’s all. Next year’s going to be harder than this one, and this one was no peach compared to the last. That’s all there is to it. Life’s only intolerable when seen from this side, isn’t it? I don’t especially care for the look of the immediate future but it won’t matter any more than an unfortunate Christmas once it’s done.” He looked round him, moving his whole body to turn his head. “Where’s my wife?”

“I think she must still be making tea.”

“Milly!” Franklin shouted. “Milly! I’m bored!”

“When you said ‘from this side,’ ” Ben went on, “it surprised me. I thought you were an atheist. You believe in an afterlife?”

“I didn’t intend to imply that there was a second side. Only the one we have.”

“Would you like to give us any thoughts on the lack of young men of your calibre in politics now? Of idealists, I mean?”

“Poor word. However, I imagine there’s little to attract an interesting young man now to the existing possibilities of English politics. The craven record of the Labour Party has been no encouragement lately. There is more energy politically in a good many of the quarters referred to as disaffected. With a few exceptions, Labour Members of the Commons are no longer temperamentally distinguishable from Tories.” He paused, and seemed to be forgetting what he was saying.

“From the Tories . . . ?” Ben prompted him, and the old man shook his head impatiently.

“You still seem to think I’m senile,” Franklin said. “Can’t you grasp that I stopped because I was boring myself?”

Pause.

Ben faked an affirmation to get things moving, though he was dismayed by the sound of it. “All the same, sir, I for one still believe in the radical options of the Labour Party.”

“Are you a radical?” said Franklin.

“I’d like to think so.”

“Well, there you are. You’re not in politics, are you? Presumably it’s because you feel you can do more where you are.” Franklin stopped for ten or twelve seconds. “Your paper is rather a good one. I also like the wireless, though one has to take the B.B.C. with a grain of salt. Some of its news presentation has a very right-wing bias.”

Pause. Franklin longed for a pipe, and measured the distance to his desk, where the tobacco was stored.

“Can I get you something?” Ben said.

“My tobacco, if you would be so kind. In the second drawer of my desk on the right-hand side. Thank you.” He filled the pipe. “English politics now appear to me to appeal to the sort of young man fit to be a tax inspector or a visionary of the coming thing in launderette chains. What in Christ’s name is Milly doing?”

“Shall I go and help her?”

“There’s a girl to carry the tray.”

Ben started for the door in any case, feeling that the conversation was without a rudder in Milly’s absence and that he had failed to engage the great old mind.

“Don’t leave me,” Franklin said. “You’re not pushing off, are you? Not without tea.”

“I thought perhaps you were tired.”

Franklin puffed on his pipe and mysteriously chuckled.

“I meant bored, I suppose,” Ben said. “With me.”

“I don’t get tired, you know. I may suddenly conk out for an hour or two, but then I wake up as bright as a cricket.” There was a pause like a gap in an electrical circuit before he spoke again. “You’re not boring.”

Ben understood that this was as far as the compliment would go, and found the kindness plenty. He could feel his blood thinning in the old people’s company. “Little starts being enough,” he said to himself, feeling that he might have had some insight into their situation. He switched off the tape recorder to celebrate, fed up with being its servant.

THERE isn’t enough, Milly thought, about her life. She stood on the back terrace. *I shall never get used to it. I haven’t any obligation to get used to it.* She suddenly sat down and hit the nerve under her kneecap with the edge of her palm, to see if her leg would jump in the old way, and it did, though nothing else of her was up to the form laid down by her earlier life, apart from this

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PORGES

rage for more, which seemed to have strengthened of late. There were moments when she managed to see herself mechanistically, and therefore comically, as a human frame that was being broken in on a perfectly stationary bench, like a car. Getting through millions of theoretical miles in a position totally fixed, with the accelerator holding and everything else slowly wearing out. She tried some jokes to energize herself and decided to play the piano instead of pouring tea for Franklin. He could get his own slice of cake. The young man would have to cope. She told their daily help what to do with the tray and walked back into the drawing room with her mind on generating something gay for herself. Franklin was asking Ben questions about Oxford. He wanted to know which of the streets were now one-way. Ben thought that the changes might be painful for the old Oxford don to hear about. "I'm afraid it must all sound quite different," he said, with some hesitation.

"I just want to get it straight in my head," said Franklin. "You've explained it very well. I believe I could bicycle it now without arousing wrath in the constabulary."

The topic pained Milly, because she had once lectured in a prison not so far back—ten years, fifteen—when the long-sentence prisoners had questioned her urgently about the same thing. She heard Franklin's voice more clearly than the boy's and went to the piano to get away from it.

"You're very strong," Ben said.

"Hard."

"I did mean strong."

"Aging is bound either to soften a man or to stiffen him. I'm like my father. Hard man. You've got your machine on again. This isn't very interesting, is it?"

"I wanted to ask you something about sexuality."

"Going to ask if it dies out in age, are you?" He considered the point as if it had nothing to do with him. "Well, now. There's a very pathetic question, only it doesn't do to let it become pathetic."

"Could you expand that a bit?"

"I don't suppose so." The recording tape turned for a time. Franklin spoke again. "I've seen men perfectly contented either way. I had a patient once who had twins at seventy-eight." He paused. "Not out of the blue, you understand."

Ben listened with one ear to Milly, who was playing Scarlatti. He believed, wrongly, that it must be impossible for her to hear them. He thought it might be distressing. Franklin was talking like a doctor about a condition—as if he weren't a man himself, or old, or living with a woman. There were suddenly a few more sentences about the patient who had had the twins. "The chap said to me once, when we were talking about this, 'Some do, some don't. Some can, some can't. I'm a can and do.' "

"Ah," said Ben.

"And I thought, that's all there is to it. Interesting man. He was a friend, as time went on. There was a mind to him, no doubt of it. A great skeptic, and fun, lots of energy. Not often you find a skeptic with go. He used to shake the tree and down came the almonds every time I saw him." Franklin stopped. Listening to Milly, to some extent.

"Talk more about the—difficulties. Of age," said Ben.

"Money, of course. It doesn't come in any longer. That's the main thing. I have an academic pension. She still has her royalties, now and then. My wife. She worries too much about money. The truth is, we're quite fortunately placed. I wish she wouldn't stint. She uses margarine instead of butter. I can taste it in everything. This cake's no good, is it? She used to make fine cakes. With butter." He seemed to go to sleep for a few minutes, and Milly thanked heaven for an end to hearing any more of causing him that particular disappointment. Then he woke again, and she couldn't for the life of her screen out his voice, however loudly she played, for he was sitting on her good side and her hearing had been alerted to him for sixty-three years. So she struggled up and walked into the dining room for a piece of crystallized ginger.

"Friendship," Franklin said as he surfaced. "You'd better mention that. Milly depended very much on friendship. Not so much of it for her now. Your children aren't your friends, are they? She doesn't complain. When she gets down in the mouth she goes and plays the piano. I can generally tell. We don't speak of it. She said something the other day to herself. It struck me. She was talking to herself and didn't think I had the aid turned on.

‘You can make new friends,’ she said. ‘It’s the old friends you can’t make when you’re this age.’ ”

“Where were you?” asked Ben, trying to picture it. “In the garden?”

“In bed.”

“THEY’RE not like men, you know,” Franklin said, after another gap. “Not at all. Men are often better off when they’re on their own. Tendency to hermits. You don’t find it much in women.” Ben thought of the only girl friend whom he had ever much cared for, who had left him suddenly one night shrieking that she didn’t want to get involved. But he didn’t like to contradict when the old man’s engine was going.

“Woman is a very troubled species physiologically. All to pot. You’ve noticed, of course. Every possible weakness. No muscle, for instance. No aspiration to move, in the masculine sense. *Ergo*, no apparatus for it, and so she’s a writeoff from this point of view by the time she’s twenty-three. Which is particularly hard on her, don’t you see, because she’s going to live longer than we do. People say that and it’s statistically true. What’s misleading is that it makes women sound stronger. Better equipped. Whereas their equipment is ridiculous. Backache from pregnancy because they should be on all fours, hot flushes at a hard point, melancholia every month, all the rest of it. Well, it’s a sorry problem. Hardly been gone into. It keeps the beautifying business ticking over and that’s all, because medically it’s not a question of much interest. It never engaged me as a doctor. Nothing to be done for them but listen, you see. Women falling into decay like rotten fruit, from the inside, and all the bee’s glands they put on their faces don’t touch the matter at all. It’s not a doctor’s problem, is it? Fruit rot. Is it? You just throw the thing away and eat a sound one. Trouble is, women start thinking about having to throw themselves away and they don’t want to. They don’t have any fun declining. It’s like genteel poverty, the kind when you feel you have to keep up appearances and can’t even afford to get drunk on the sly. Man can let himself go, have a binge. . . . Worst fact about woman is that she cries so easily. There’s a vicious trick of the ducts for you. One blow in the places she minds about—loyalty, keeping things going, all that—and the waterworks start and she’s cooked her own goose, for there’s not a man who can forgive a woman for crying.” He paused. “I’m not talking about my wife, you understand. Milly has a mind. Seldom cries. She used to, a bit, but she’s grown out of it.”

Milly stood in the dining room, benefitting from the strength of the ginger and saving herself the trouble of sitting down. The wasted endeavor of the chocolate cake had lowered her stamina for the moment, not to speak of the effect on her spirits, and she ran off half a dozen obscenities in the interest of summoning up a little backbone. The mixture of ginger and swearing made her feel festive and she went back into the drawing room to play some loud pub songs on the piano.

“I didn’t expect you to be able to play like that,” Ben said.

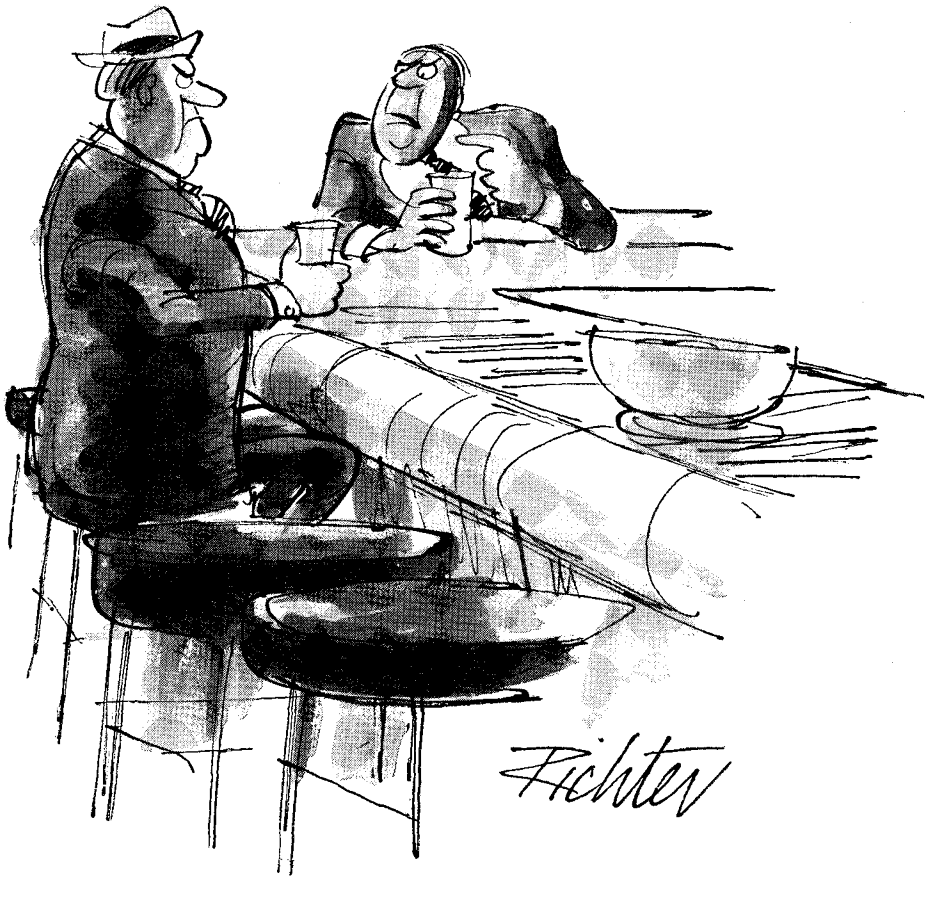
Milly cast a grin at Franklin, who grinned back, and the ancient alliance was fortified again.

“When I was in business,” she said, using a phrase of her mother’s that Franklin hadn’t heard for forty years, “I worked as a barmaid. Didn’t you know that? Then I played the piano. I was the first woman in London to play the piano in a public house without lowering myself. That was what my father called it. Then I started getting interested in the suffragette movement, and then Franklin courted me. He had such a brain that my family thought there was something wrong with him. They called him a nancy boy. So I never saw them again.”

“Didn’t you miss them?” Ben said. “I mean, the class of people you knew?”

“I suppose you could say so. But in those days a girl who married out of her class always married a foreigner, and packed her bags and learnt a new language without giving much thought to herself. You hear more about class now than you did then, even though they say it’s dying out.” She looked at Franklin, who was sitting still with his eyes open, looking at a wall. “He wants a hot-water bottle,” she said. She got it herself, brooking no help and taking with her a book of science fiction to read while the kettle was boiling. The trip took her ten minutes. She gave the hot-water bottle to Franklin and he nodded affectionately and lay down on the double bed, which was made up for them in this room to save them the effort of the stairs. He kept the bottle on his chest and stared up at the ceiling for a long time, starkly awake, with an expression of peculiar sweetness on his alarming profile.

He looked to Milly like something in Westminster Abbey: like the carved replica of a famous man on his own medieval tomb. This was one of the



“I agree with some of what you say, but you’re oversimplifying when you trace all our ills back to our failure to elect Alf Landon.”

many thoughts that she found it essential to banish and replace. She asked Ben about science fiction.

"Is he all right?" Ben said, when she had been talking for a time. The old man was still awake.

"He's doing sums in his head, I expect. You know he was a mathematician."

"I've read his books. I don't understand a word of them, do you?" Ben assumed that no woman could do maths.

"Most of them," she said. "He taught me calculus when we were engaged."

"You make calculus sound romantic," Ben said gaily, floundering in a little further.

"I can't have done, my dear. It wasn't at all. You meant getting married? He simply said, 'Do you think you'd better come to live in my flat?' And I chanced it and said I would. We seemed to have the same views on things. I'd always wanted an interesting mind to live with. When I was a girl, my father was forever telling me I had a very slow brain. It seems to have sharpened up with the years. I daresay it's due to Franklin, but I might have managed it on my own." She sneezed into a lace handkerchief and said, "I should use Kleenex. The linen makes so much laundry. You mistake us entirely if you fancy there was anything sentimental about the way we got married." She paused. "He never said he wanted to, for instance."

"Excuse me, but did you mind that?"

"Well, you get used to somebody's ways, don't you?" She had spoken in another accent without thinking about it, and looked taken aback. "My family used to say that. Like they'd say, 'You don't miss what you've never had.' All lies, sayings like those, aren't they? One never gets entirely used to anyone else, and everybody misses what they haven't had. Oh dear, you do look down in the mouth. Are you being mawkish?"

"Your husband said he was a hard man. Is that right?"

She shook her head. "Not altogether. You have got the machine off, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I don't particularly mind you asking, so long as it's private. I suppose journalists can't help sounding like marriage counsellors. Franklin doesn't show much. But if you know him at all, it's not true that he's a hard man." She sneezed again. "I never get colds. I daresay it's the tobacco. He leaves you alone, of course, if that's what you mean. He believes in that."

"How did you feel when he went to prison?"

"How did *I* feel? I don't remember. When he came out, he said they'd been perfectly good to him. They were kinder in those days about crimes of conscience. I believe the police are sometimes brutal now to the youngsters who are sentenced for pacifism. I read bad stories about the civil-disobedience children. Oh dear. And LeRoi Jones, and so on." She paused. "When Franklin came out, he spoke of it quite calmly. They'd let him read and write. The only thing that made him shake with anger was a story he told me about some bad fish. They'd made him eat bad fish."

She played another song, and sang it, and then said, "I kept thinking about that. He seemed to mind more about that than anything, as far as even I could see. But of course that can't have been so."

THE three of them had a drink together when Franklin woke up, and then their great-grandchild came in from the garden with two friends, all steaming like horses and pounding through the place for food. The small Wilberforce boy looked definitely drunk, as his great-grandmother had suggested he would, and on the brink of a giant hangover, though he had the appetite to stave it off with immense numbers of chocolate biscuits and Chelsea buns. In the middle of his sixth bun and an attack of the giggles he put his head politely out of the

AUTUMNTOWN

a door slammed shut and far behind
swinging in the stormy night
his echo lost its silvered breath
to restless stars and evening sky
his feet traced prints on dusty rugs
up wormy hollow wooden stairs
his door creaked lightly in the night
lit by autumn's brooding sky
eight years rested in the dark
eight more windy reasons why

a boy slept soundly wrapped in time
breathing in the leaf-filled night
he breathed no dream of twining roots
inside his dying house of pine
his bone-dry house that swayed and shook
with every autumn tree that whined
he breathed a dream of empty skies
and reddish leaves within the air
he stole a dream a swaying tree
with arms of wood and leaves of hair

light broke early on the town
as eyelids swung across a room
from windowpanes of watered glass
to sparkling dew along the lawn
from sidewalk's parched and cracked cement
up to his porch where sunlight shone
shaped like twigs of summertime
with windows on the riverside
and a roof of damp and rotten tar
to capture autumn's rainy eyes

saturday morning clad in sun
with dogs and birds and morning breeze
a boy sat still for breakfast time
his mother by the windowed sink
tinkling dishes in the sun
shining through the windowpane
and mower sounds from far away
where nighttime's grass had touched
the rain

what should be explored today
up the tracks past dutchtown bridge
through the woods down grassy hills
to spencer's creek on river's edge
with a broken empty fallen house
beside the flowing mossy stream
from up the hill down to the creek
by rooted brown and mossy green
two boys a dog and hide-and-seek
two trees a bird and rushing stream

into the sun the children played
over hills and up and down
on blades of grass and rotting wood
scraped and torn and muddy brown
five more children from the hill
brought afternoon within their eyes
a boy fell dead on golden leaves
and once again it's dinnertime
and far across the hillside's green
sing the silent dinner chimes

—CHRISTOPHER GEOFFREY

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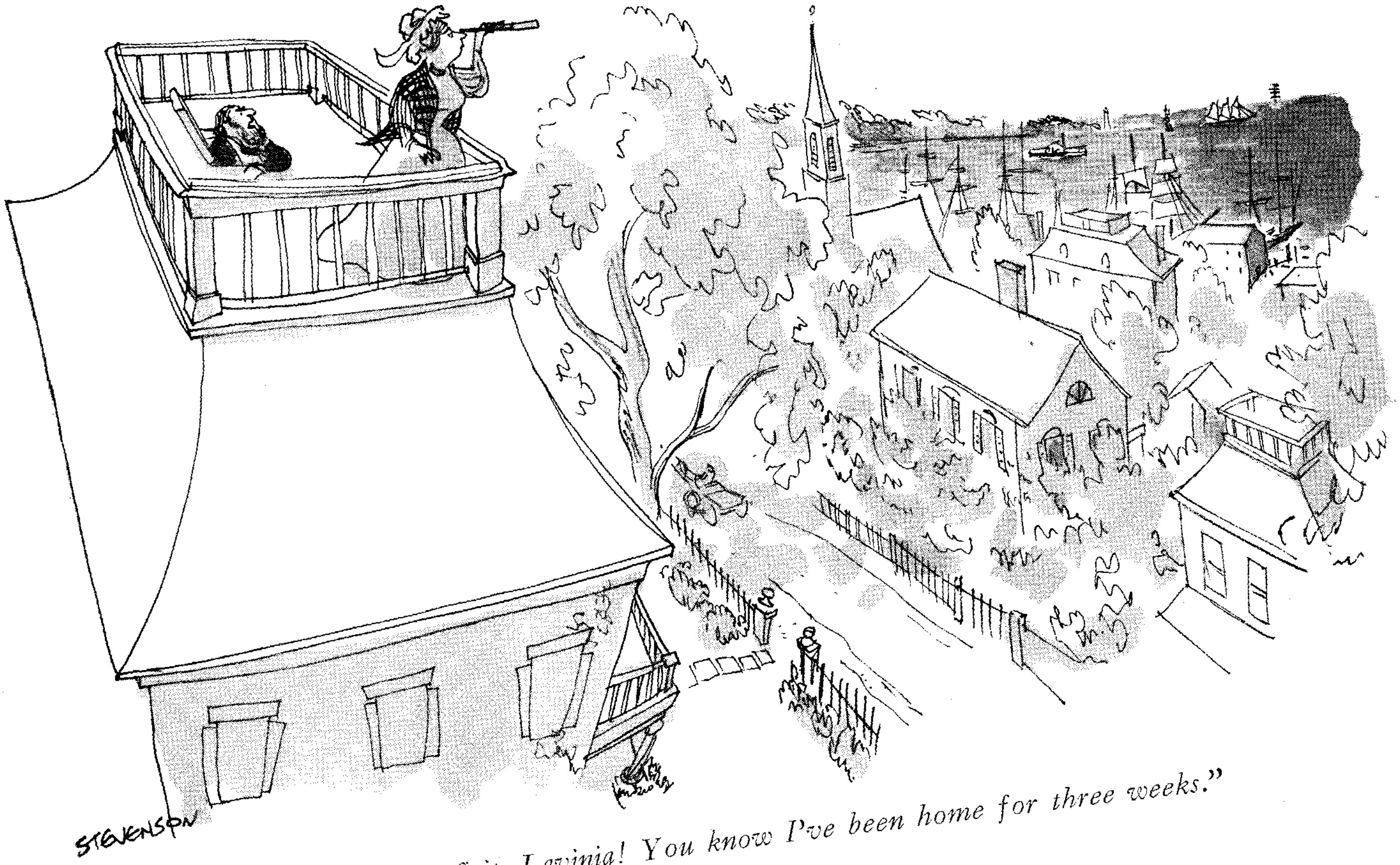

"Oh, come off it, Lavinia! You know I've been home for three weeks."

drawing-room window and admitted, when pressed, that he had been sick ("Not on the lupins"), and now felt better. Then he had some more buns. He and his friends were physically quite small, none of them more than ten or eleven years old, but their effort to adjust to the old people and not to knock over the furniture made them seem unhousable. They ate silently after the sobering at the window and then exploded into the kitchen to consume a lot more, alternately yelling and saying "Sh-h-h!" Then the Wilberforces played a mental word game with them that was beyond Ben, and the children left for the Green Line bus.

Franklin unexpectedly asked Ben to spend the night.

"You can sleep upstairs," Milly said. "Go and report. We haven't been up there for a year or two."

"I believe our bed's still made up," said Franklin, and Ben saw Milly's face warmed by something that he assumed to be housewifery.

He was deaf as a post to the pent-up intimacy alive between them, and when they had all gone to bed—at half past nine—he found the stagnant atmosphere infuriating. Admiration for the old had turned into annoyance in him as fast as it did in the Wilberforces' own children, who came to see their parents no more than once a year. At eleven o'clock, incapable of sleeping so early and hellbent on truancy, Ben quit lying on the bed and started to creep around the house looking for a telephone. He found one in the pantry, eventually. It was hung high up on the wall beside a list of shop numbers. It was obviously not for chatting. He made a date with his London girl friend and met her in a hotel on the road.

"Weren't they interesting?" she said.

"Sterile," he said.

She had a qualm about his loftiness, but changed her mind and called it indifference, an attitude currently in high regard. Ben had a dream of himself in a wheelchair, and shook it off by waking up the girl in the middle of the night and driving her pointlessly to Maidenhead very fast. They had bacon and eggs at London Airport at four in the morning, and then motored back to his flat and went to bed again. Speed, food, freedom, a car under his foot, a girl under his thumb; the hell with the Wilberforces and auguries of less. He thought of trading in his present car for a new Mercedes souped up to do a hundred and twenty. The girl could stay for the moment.

AT the Wilberforces', Milly lay awake from two-thirty onward, savoring more hunger for Franklin than she could handle in the end without dispersing it by making some physical effort. She planned to get up, rehearsing the movements, and decided to try the stairs. She wanted to see their old bedroom. She had heard the boy creep about and drive away. She did not find it hard to understand why. The afflicted are scarcely unaware of their effect. She rose from the bed. Left foot. Right foot. Cane. Bedside table, chair back, desk, doorjamb. Near the foot of the stairs she tripped. She fell on her knees, as bullocks do, and then on her face. *I shall never get used to it*, she thought, word by word into the carpet. *I have no obligation to get used to it.*

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

[*Letter an advertising man received from the National Retail Hardware Association*]

Dear Mr. W——

Sometimes nostalgia unstilts me, and I wallow like a languid loon, in the neon of past, smash issues—I'ma-rememba-lasta-Septemba. Saaaay.....you talk about a "coming forth"—THAT was some great emanate—THAT was our shining Show issue (comma) in the hands of clamoring dealers far and wide (dash) just like we promised (dash) on the first of Sept.

Man (exclamation) they could mull it near a month 'fore show-time....

COT NO. 11

THERE were twenty-two cots, eleven on each side of the ward. Boys, small boys, inhabited them. They could be asleep. Over one cot a leg hung suspended in traction. On another a hump hid a plaster leg.

A Spanish face, an Oriental face, a Negro face; the others were the pale faces of the hospitalized.

"Number Eleven refused lunch," the white-capped nurse said to the volunteer as she left the room. The door closed hard behind her.

The volunteer went to the desk and looked for other notes of warning. No. 19 had a slight temperature. No. 8 needed watching. They all lay with one eye open.

A sigh of ice breaking. Mice ran under the sheets—the room was suddenly possessed by the itch, or a jungle drum had jumped into its inhabitants' heartbeats; turned on, they were, these prisoners of accident or destiny, actors in pain or dream. A ball sailed across the room, a boy threw off his bedclothes and crawled on two arms and one leg after it. Three, four, nine boys were out of their beds, hobbling, limping.

"Take me, take me to the toilet!"

"Me too, me too! Please, Misana."

"Give us a ride—oh, give us a ride!"

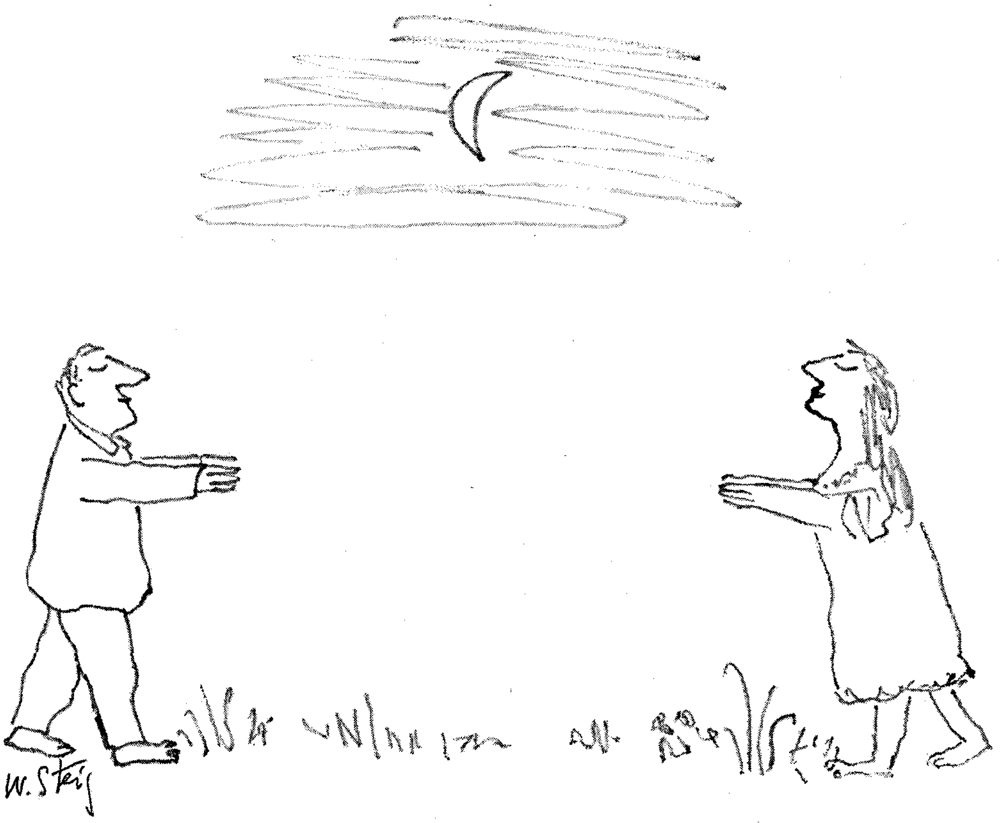
"Michael first," she said.

Michael plunged, pulling his crutches from under the bed and sliding to the floor. Then, hopping on one leg and beating them together over his head, he made his way to the wheelchair. He looked warily around and handed one crutch to the volunteer and fitted the other under his armpit. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. Trrrrrrrrruuuuuuuummmm-mmmmmmmmmmmmm! A machine-gunner. Three or four boys swarmed over him. "You gotta kill me first," he said.

The volunteer handed her crutch to No. 8. "Gene," she said. "Quick! Help Michael defend our rear!" Off they all went.

Back from the toilet. "All out!" They hobbled or hopped off. Another group was waiting. The boy with the plaster leg put one tight fist into hers. "My ticket for the next ride," he said. No. 3, the colored boy, was already there, crouching on the step of the chair. "Gimme his leg, I'll hold it up. C'mon you, Jimmy." The toy Japanese boy needed no more room than a grasshopper. Grasshoppers—that is what they were. All the sheets were off. The lame, the broken, the twisted spines, the half paralyzed, the iron supports were leaping, flying from bed to bed. A string of firecrackers.

The volunteer took care not to notice. She loaded her car again, and back they went, laughing and shrilling to the toilet. There, neatly aligned on the floor, were caps of Coca-Cola bottles. It was an accuracy game.



She remembered that No. 19 had a little temperature. Picking up a thermometer she looked for him. He was sitting on the bed where the traction leg hung. They were playing the old game: stone, paper, scissors.

Bumpa fa alla la.

When No. 19 saw the thermometer, he turned an angelic face to the volunteer. "No," he said, lifting a warning finger. "No, no!" And moved his finger back and forth like an old man.

When she asked where they had learned the game, the boy in traction said, "His name's really Giovanni."

"No, it's Joe," No. 19 said.

"He says his penis is bigger than mine." They both looked at her in expectation.

"What do you mean, 'he says'? Don't you both know?" She had them trapped.

"Say, Misana, will you answer me a question? What we got inside us?"

"Oh, you know, hearts and livers and things."

"Naw," No. 19 said, shaking his head and grinning at her. "Mud. You seen somebody dead?"

A morgue. In the dark a perspective of aligned bodies, and bending over them, a match cupped in their hands, the living. Yes, she had seen somebody dead. She nodded.

"Well, what's it look like?"

"Like someone smaller asleep."

"Naw," he said again, "like a dead cat."

"Misana! Misana!" called a tall pallid boy, his scarecrow pajamas hanging on him. "Come on over here. We're goin' to have a play!" A crowd had gathered around the chair, now a throne. The scarecrow boy, a newspaper crown on his head, was explaining. Some were listening.

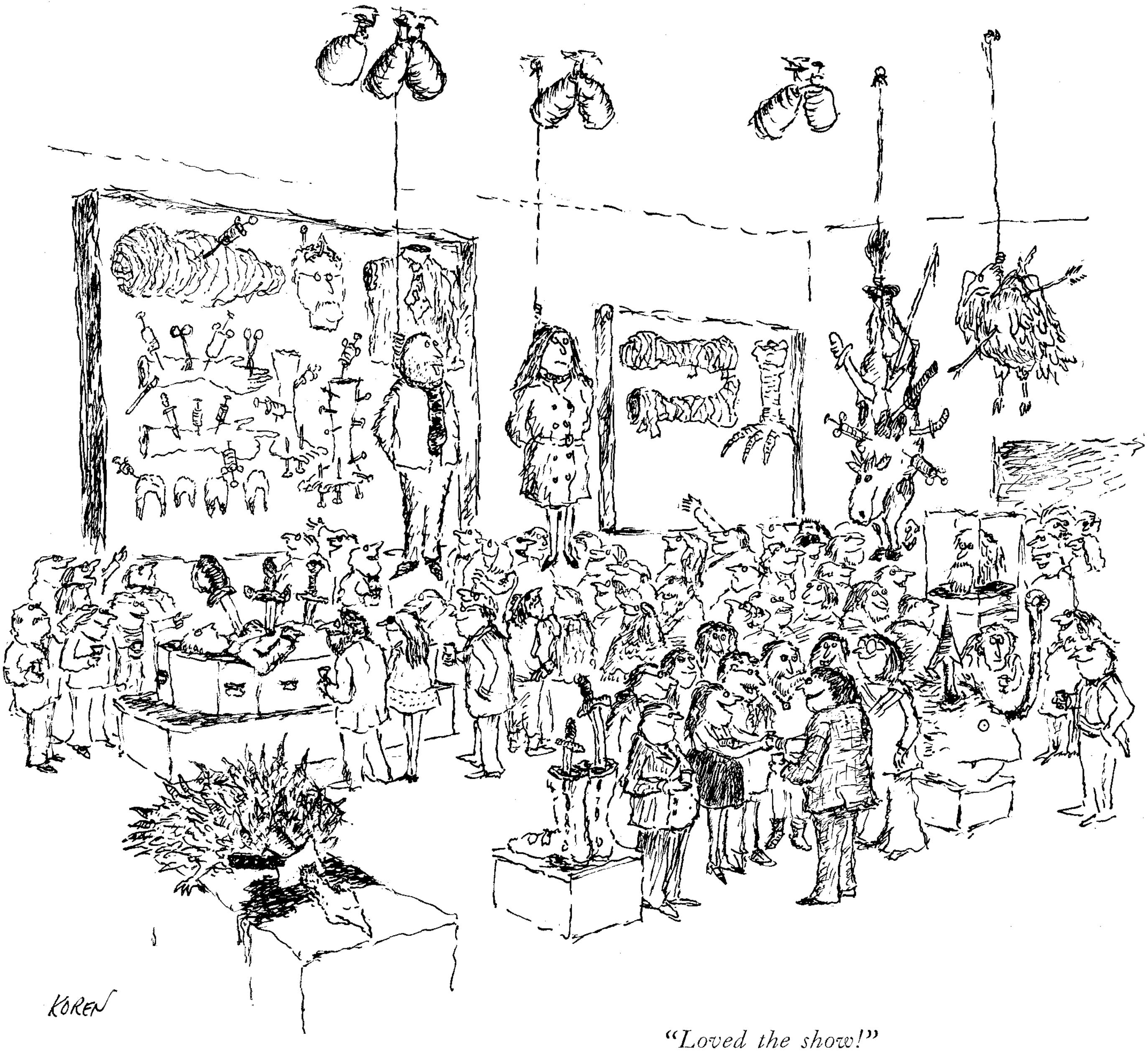
But the volunteer remembered that No. 11 had refused lunch. That would be the last cot on the left side. As soon as she turned her back to them, it seemed that she had a long way to go, passing one white emptiness after another, a long street, and the sounds of wood falling, the falsetto high voices, the straining, dimmed and were lost.

Then she came to the cot of No. 11.

The child sitting up in bed was absolutely still. The eyes, wide open, were fixed upon her. Afterward she could not remember their color. The hands. They were the hands the primitive painters gave to infants. The long fingers' position on the blanket was of abandon and design.

The volunteer was trembling.

How long did she stand there? Transfixed. Can one fall into a



"Loved the show!"

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world—be magnetized out of a world—by the look? Hypnotized. An old history of love. A life of it. They had been in each other's memories for ten thousand years.

There had been some animal in a cage, in Paris, in a park, in summer, and the smells of violets and mimosa were in the air. Or had it been a statue?

She knelt down by the bed and put her hands on the rail. At the foot of the cot was a card: "No. 11." No name.

"I love you," she said. "I will take you away. I will steal you. Do you hear me? Do you *hear* me?" And then, as there was no sign, she spoke in French: "*Tu m'appartiens. Dis, dis que tu m'entends.*"

Now from far down the room acrobat and clown sounds broke through the violets, the mimosa. And she saw on the bedside table the abandoned tray; on a thick white plate a mound of gray spinach, cold from the can.

"Misana! Misana! Come! Watch us—we're playing Chris' crucify!"

On the floor the colored boy was laid out on two crutches. His feet locked, his naked arms stretched, eyes closed, he was groaning and chanting to himself; the others walking around him in a procession, sheets draped around them, trailing on the floor.

"I thought of it first" (No. 9's voice), "but he said whyfor never no black Chris' crucify?"

"I'm dyin' on your cross
Jesus
But I'm goin' to fly across, soon
Yes I am.
Up, up with the atom bomb!
Jesus! Hurray!"

They were walking in their crazy way—looking for applause or disapproval, chanting, "Chris' crucify! Chris' crucify! Atom bomb come by."

She had disappointed them.

A MOAN broke out from one of the little boys. They were tired; the play was over. They limped or crawled back to their hiding places, dragging their sheets. She helped this one and that one to climb up. She fixed their pillows, said yes, I will get you some orange juice; yes, I will put ice in your water; yes, yes, I will take you to the toilet; yes, I will come back again. Yes. Yes. —EYRE DE LANUX

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The biggest dispute in the conference concerned a House attempt to scrap a provision of the college student loan program which forgave a student 50 percent of his loan if he thought for five years. —*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

After that he can relax.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE AIR ALIVE WITH WORDS

ON my last trip to Czechoslovakia, I arrived in Prague just after the publication, on August 4th, of the Bratislava Statement. This masterpiece of diplomatic ambiguity—in which the Communist leaders of the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and four other Eastern European states were pledged to "firmly and resolutely counterpose their unbreakable solidarity" and at the same time expressed their determination to do everything possible "toward the preservation of national sovereignty and independence"—had been signed in the Bratislava Hall of Mirrors, where, after Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz in 1805, Talleyrand had signed the Peace of Pressburg with Emperor Franz I of Austria. It was a short-lived peace, as an old Czech friend, whom I shall call by the initial J., reminded me gloomily. I heard a good deal of speculation about what the Bratislava Statement actually meant, but nobody I talked with in Prague felt that it had settled the country's difficulties with its Communist neighbors by any means. J. said that a step backward was to be expected after "the great experiment" of the "Prague spring," which had started in January. "God knows how it's going to end, but it was worth living through," he said, betraying his pessimism by the use of the past tense. The beerhouse statesmen at U Fleků, a famous old tavern, were claiming that the trouble all began at the Grenoble Winter Olympics in February, when the Czechoslovak ice-hockey team beat the Russians, 5–4. Actually, it all began on January 6th, when a group of reformers under Alexander Dubček ousted the conservative regime of Antonín Novotný, an unreconstructed Stalinist. The reformers—writers, students, scientists, economists, and other intellectuals—were faithful Communists, but they wanted to make Communism more human, combining Eastern-style Socialism with Western-style democracy. The desire for such a change had been in the air for a long time, but when the change finally came it seemed almost too good to be true. A. J. Liehm, a prominent journalist, called it "the beautiful dream of freedom from which we never want to wake up."

I was in Czechoslovakia several times during that unforgettable spring. It is native ground for me; I lived there the first thirty-two years of my life. In spite of war and several political purges, some of my old friends were still around, and we spent much time together, reminiscing and talking about the future. Suddenly, it seemed, Czechoslovakia was finding its national identity. The Czechs and Slovaks, who speak different languages and are known frequently to quarrel, had been subject peoples of the Hapsburg Empire for centuries when the Republic was established at the end of the First World War. After two decades of freedom from alien rule, they were taken over by the Nazis, and then, in 1948, the Communist coup ended a second attempt at independence. But last spring the memory of the Hussite movement—the greatest era in Czechoslovakian history—sprang to life in everybody's mind. Dubček was often compared to Jan Hus: neither man wanted to leave his church, people said, but only to reform it. When Dubček became First Secretary of the Party, there was freedom of the press, freedom to travel, freedom from fear of the police. A sense of emancipation amounting to euphoria spread through the country. There was danger in all this, of course, but people didn't want to think about that.

On June 27th, one day after the National Assembly had abolished censorship, *Literární Listy*, the official weekly of the Writers' Union, published "Two Thousand Words," an appeal addressed to "workers, farmers, artists, scientists, technicians, and everyone." Among the signers was Ludvík Vaculík, who also wrote the text—a condemnation of "selfish and domineering people, shameful cowards, and people of bad conscience." Some of the sentences were bound to shock orthodox Communists:

> As nothing more can be expected from the present central political organs, more should be achieved on the district and community levels. Let us request the departure of people who misused their power, damaged public property, behaved dishonestly or cruelly. We have to find means of forcing them to resign; e.g., by public criticism, resolutions, demonstrations, picketing, collections for contributions toward their retirement, strikes, and boycotts.

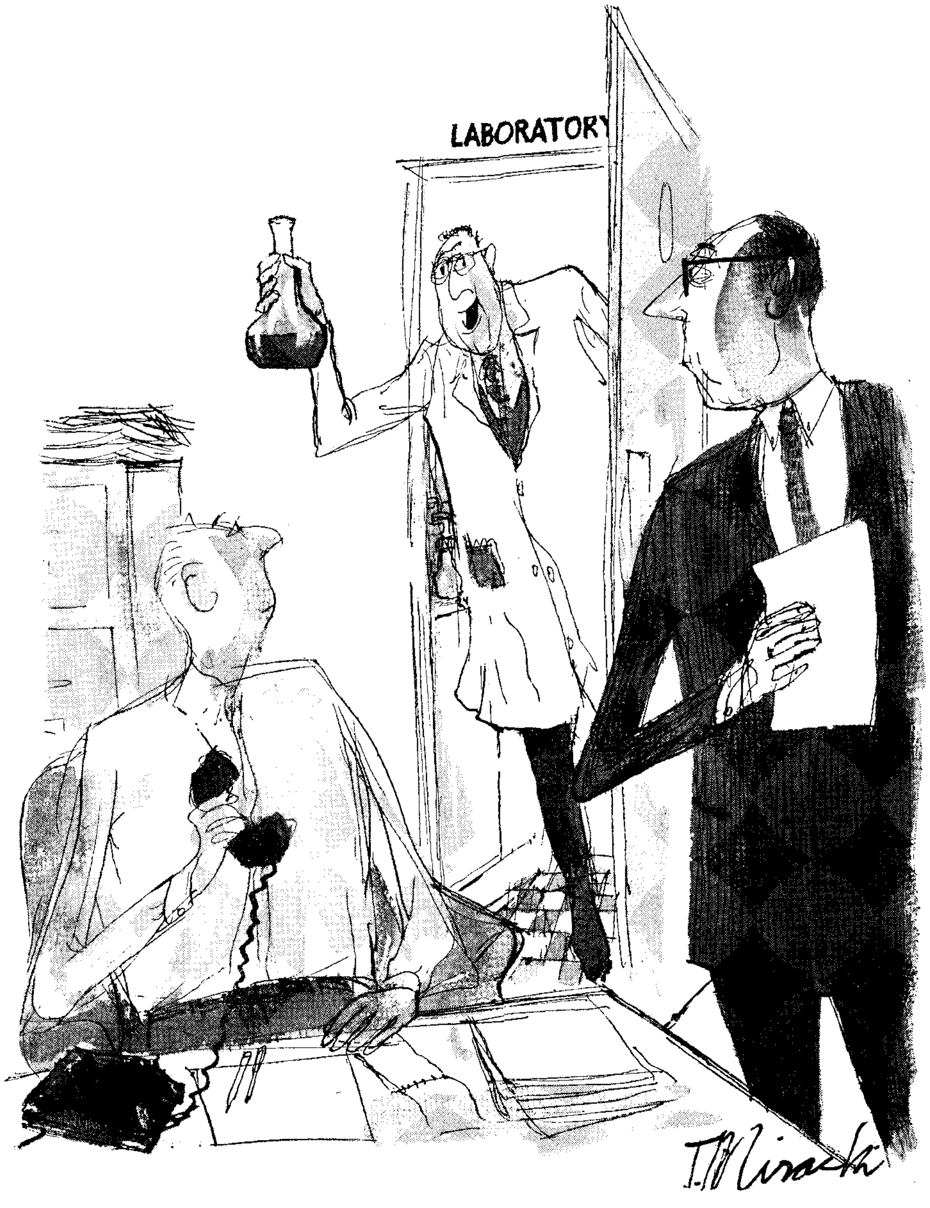
For the first time, some of the reformers seemed unnerved. Josef Smrkovský, the president of the National Assembly, called the appeal "a mistake." Dubček said that the Party did not go along with the proclamation. The enthusiasm of the reform movement, it appeared, had gone too far. It was rumored that Dubček had lost his majority in the Presidium and that the conservatives were getting ready to take over the mass media. On the other hand, the radio and television and nearly all of the newspapers—*Rudé Právo*, the Party organ, was one exception—supported "Two Thousand Words" and called the official criticism "a tragic misunderstanding." Premier Oldřich Černík tried to smooth things over by saying in a speech before Parliament that the proclamation was certainly not an expression of counter-revolution but only the opinion of one segment of the Party. Nevertheless, Chairman Walter Ulbricht of East Germany and Wladyslaw Gomulka, the Party leader of Poland, accused the Prague reformers of "endangering the future of Socialism," and a meeting of Communist leaders was called to discuss the Czechoslovak situation in Warsaw in mid-July. The Czechoslovak leaders were not invited.

Late in July, the people of Czechoslovakia watched, with a terrifying sense of *déjà vu*, the buildup of a colossal psychological-warfare campaign. Well-publicized Soviet troop movements started from the western Ukraine and from Poland. Forces were massed along the Hungarian border with Slovakia, and long columns of Red Army tanks and armored vehicles travelled along East Germany's Autobahns at night, with dimmed lights. At about this point, Soviet General Sergei M. Shtemenko, one of Stalin's trusted advisers and East Germany's former military overlord, replaced General Mikhail Kazakov as chief of staff of the Warsaw Pact forces. The West German military authorities, showing both bad timing and bad judgment, announced that in September they would hold maneuvers along Czechoslovakia's western borders, where, thirty years earlier, Hitler had massed the Wehrmacht before meeting with Neville Chamberlain in Munich. By the end of July, some twenty-eight Soviet divisions, supported by other Warsaw Pact forces, had completely surrounded the "fraternal" Socialist Republic of Czechoslovakia. One day during this time, I asked a Czech colonel, a former school classmate of mine, whether the Czechoslovak Army (a hundred and seventy-five thousand men) would fight the Soviet Army. He threw up his hands as if to indicate that he found my question impossible to answer. "The Poles have fought against the Russians for centuries, and the East Germans and quite a number of Hungarians fought against them during the Second World War," he said. "But many of our senior officers fought on the side of the Soviet Army, and we have close friends among the Soviet officers. It would be a terrible dilemma for us personally, as well as a national disaster."

The strategy of terror became evident in other ways, too. Soviet tourists were not permitted to travel to Prague, but Russian visitors began turning up all over the country—mostly strong young men, who looked nothing like tourists. They came in gray buses or in Volga cars equipped with two-way radios. An "American" arms cache was "discovered" in Sokolov, only a few miles from both the West German and the East German borders. "All they neglected to include was a card—'From the C.I.A., with compliments to A. Dubček for twenty years of faithful service,' " a Czech told me. An East Berlin radio station announced, in Czech, that Prague stores were being plundered and that Dubček had lost control of the country. The situation in Czechoslovakia was described as "threatening." ("Threatening whom?" some of my friends asked sarcastically.) In spite of all this, there was no hoarding of foodstuffs in Czechoslovakia, and the banks reported no unusual withdrawals of money. Some people argued that the American-Soviet détente would keep the Russians from any rash action. ("During the 'Prague spring,' we were like people in love, ready to believe *anything*," J. said later.)

On the afternoon of July 25th, Pavel Kohout, a well-known Communist writer, was talking with a group of friends in the editorial offices of *Literární Listy* about a meeting of Czechoslovak and Soviet leaders that was scheduled to take place in a few days at Čierná. (The meeting at Bratislava, in which other Warsaw Pact powers were to be included, had not yet been announced.) Somebody suggested printing an appeal to the country's leaders to remain firm at Čierná. Vaculík, the author of "Two Thousand Words," was asked to write it, but he said he didn't want to become an appeal specialist. ("I suppose Vaculík was reluctant to start the Third World War," Kohout said later.) So Kohout himself wrote "An Appeal to the Party Presidium," which appeared the next evening in a special edition of *Literární Listy*. On the paper's front page were a well-known photograph titled "Burial of a Red Army Soldier, 1945," a poem by Jaroslav Seifert, and Kohout's message to the Czechoslovak leaders:

> Once again our homeland has become the cradle of hope, and not for us alone.... We can bring evidence that Socialism is not just an emergency solution for the developing countries but the only genuine way of life for the whole of civilization. We hoped that this fact would be welcomed by the Socialist camp. Instead, we are being accused of treason ... of crimes that we did not commit.... Comrades, it is your historic duty to



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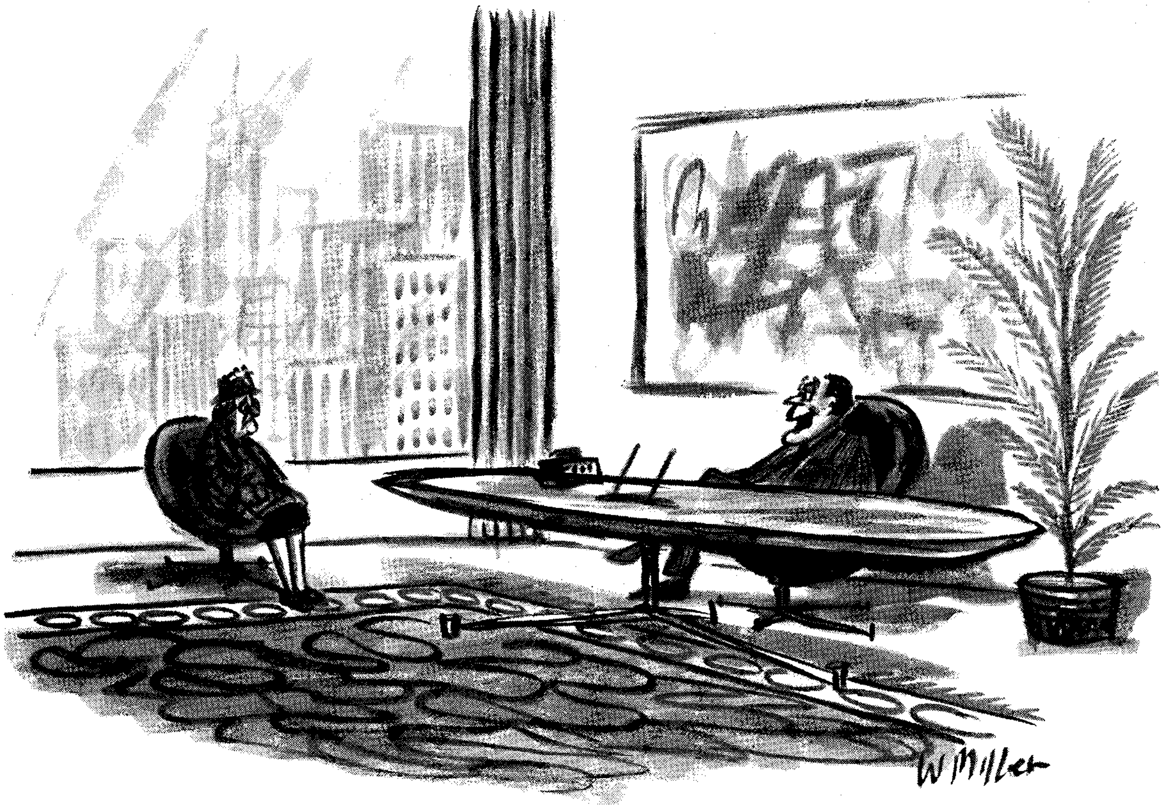


"Shucks, Ma, you've got it all wrong. No drawers in a desk means a fella's got a very, very responsible position."

• •

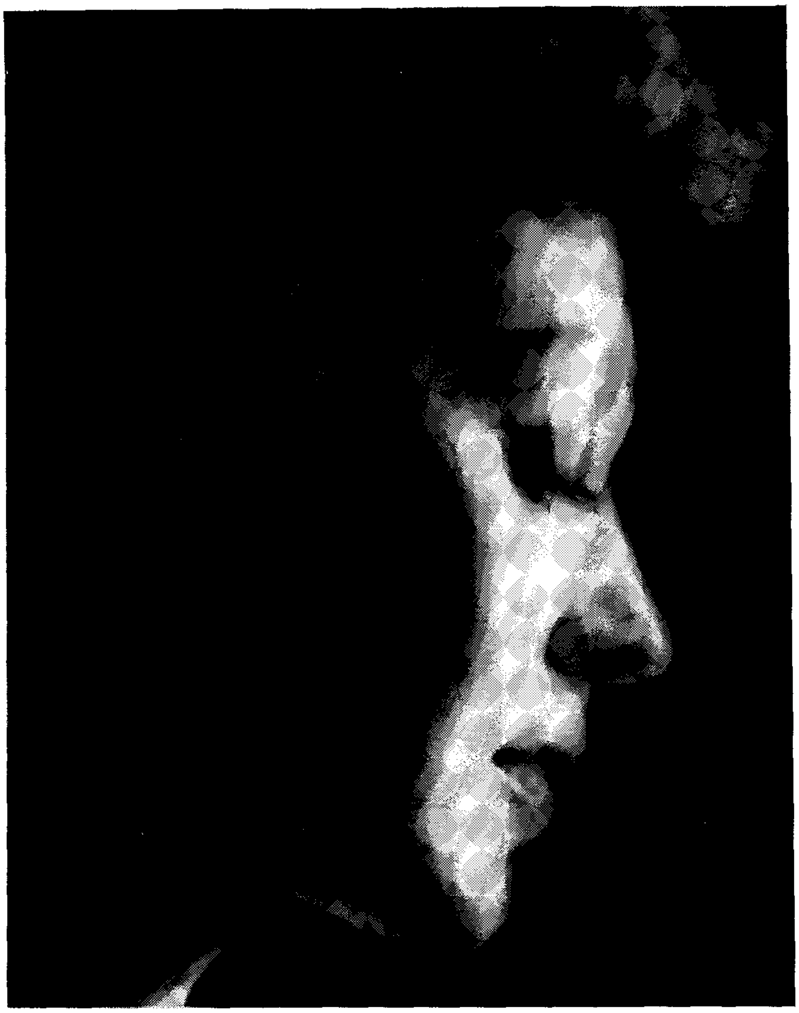
> forestall this danger. . . . All that we are striving for can be summed up in four words: Socialism! Alliance! Sovereignty! Freedom!

(In Czech, these last four words all begin with "S": "*Socialismus! Spojenectví! Suverenita! Svoboda!*")

All over the country, people queued up to sign the "Appeal," putting down not only their names but their addresses, in the full knowledge that they might be signing up for a trip to jail. Signing the "Appeal" became a demonstration of national unity—"the spontaneous expression of people with different beliefs, acting from different viewpoints, supporting the leadership for the same purpose," as Premier Černík later put it. On Sunday morning, July 28th, an acquaintance of mine drove through a small village in southern Bohemia whose streets were deserted. Most of the men were at home, and most of the women were at Mass. As he reached the village square, he saw an old peasant and his two sons carry a table out of a house, set it up on the sidewalk, and lay a stack of white paper on it. Suddenly the village square filled with men. They came from everywhere, formed a line, and began signing their names to the "Appeal." The old peasant asked them to write legibly, so there would be no *švindl*—that is to say, no charges of misrepresentation. When Mass was over, the women came and signed up, too. They reported that the priest had asked the congregation to pray with him for Comrade Dubček. The village must have had its feuds and jealousies, but that morning its people were united. The same thing happened all over the country: Czechs and Moravians and Slovaks signed. Almost two million signatures were collected. East German tourists in Prague asked to be permitted to sign; some were interviewed by Prague television reporters, standing right next to their cars with the East German license plates visible. On Můstek Street, close to Wenceslas Square, a large sign was put up: "Viva Dubček and His Boys!" A Fund of the Republic was established, to which everyone was invited to contribute. I know a dear old lady who had "never liked those Communists," but now she, too, queued up, "to give some gold for Dubček." In its first week, the Fund accumulated three million dollars.

On July 27th, two days before Dubček left for his meeting with Soviet leaders at Čierná, he made a short speech on television. He was convinced, he said, that "our friends will realize, though not necessarily at once, that our renascent Socialist process is no threat to the Communist countries," and he thanked the people for their "confidence." He promised not to retreat a single step, and said that the objective of the present government was "to endow Socialism with the human face which rightly belongs to it." After he finished his speech, some students handed him a sheaf of papers bearing signatures, and Dubček laughed. All of this was televised. An American who has lived in Prague for a long time told me, "There was a look in people's eyes that I've never seen before. These sober, realistic Czechs had suddenly become romantic idealists. They knew the risks and didn't give a damn. It was crazy. It was wonderful!"

Even now, few people except those who attended the Čierná meeting know what happened there, and they won't talk. It was rumored in Prague that P. Y. Shelest, the boss of the Ukrainian Communist Party and a well-known hawk in the Politburo, viciously attacked Dubček, and that one of the Soviet leaders—either Brezhnev or Kosygin—referred contemptuously to František Kriegel, an important political associate of Dubček's, as "that Galician Jew." Twice, it was said, the meeting was saved by President Ludvík Svoboda, who refused to accede to a Soviet demand that Soviet troops be stationed in Czechoslovakia, insisted on respect for his country's sovereignty, and told the Politburo that the Communist Party was firmly in control of Czechoslovakia. Brezhnev was said to have embraced Svoboda, but at another point, according to the story, Brezhnev got so furious at Dubček that he had to lie down. Some people in Prague said, perhaps hopefully, that Brezhnev suffered a slight heart attack. The meeting produced a laconic communiqué that revealed nothing about what had happened, and there was nothing for the people to do but go on guessing what the Soviets were up to when the Bratislava meeting was announced for August 3rd. There were optimists who said that the meeting was an elaborate face-saving device, to help the Soviet



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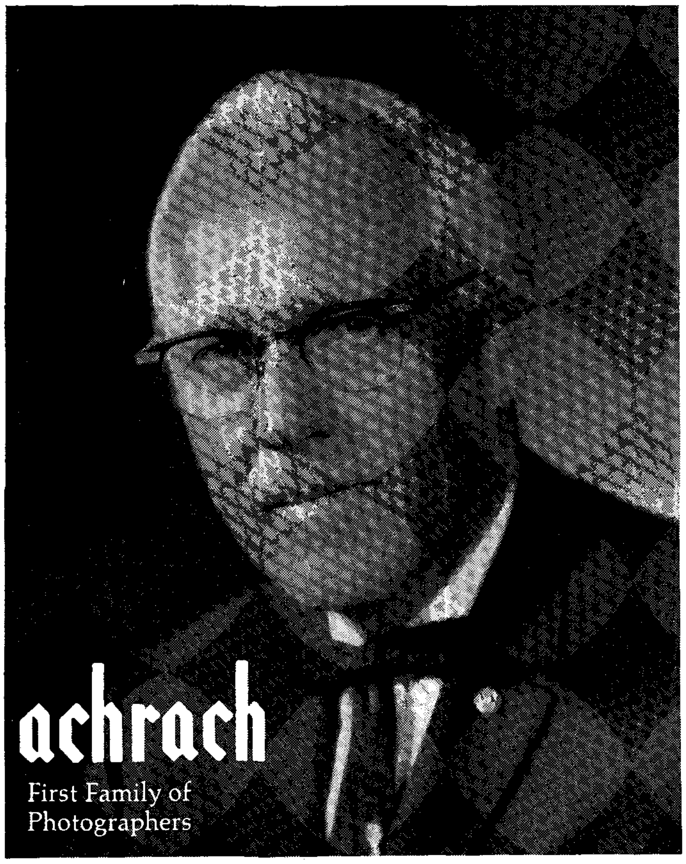
Politburo vis-à-vis its Warsaw Pact partners, and the optimists were encouraged by a television broadcast showing the Communist leaders at a wreath-laying ceremony where they looked solemn but brotherly and there was no doubt that the softhearted Comrade Brezhnev was crying.

The Bratislava Statement gave rise to some worry among the people of Prague, not about what it said but about what it did not say. But when I left the city, a few days later, everybody seemed to be sitting back and relaxing, for the first time in weeks. My friend J. said he was going to Paris with his wife on a vacation, which they had twice postponed for political reasons. He thought nothing "serious" would happen now. Comrade Brezhnev had gone to the Black Sea. Llewellyn Thompson, the American ambassador in Moscow, had gone to Italy. Willy Brandt was fishing in Norway. And General Lyman Lemnitzer, the NATO military commander, was going to Greece. "*He* must know something, if anyone does," J. said as he bought his ticket for Paris. I went back to my home in Vienna.

AT 6 A.M. on Wednesday, August 21st, I turned on the radio on my bedside table, as I often do when I am waking up. I was still half asleep. There was a weather forecast, and then the announcer said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "At eleven o'clock last night, troops of five Warsaw Pact nations invaded Czechoslovakia." I was no longer asleep. At seven o'clock, I heard that tanks were said to be approaching the center of Prague. Radio Austria said it had tried, and failed, to reach its correspondents in Prague; at 4:05 A.M. the electric current had been turned off in the Interhotels of Prague, where most correspondents live, so there was no Telex service. Radio Belgrade reported "vast armies moving into Czechoslovakia from all directions." Radio Moscow broadcast its regular Austrian program—Viennese waltzes and morning exercises—but at seven-forty-five Tass finally reported "fraternal-aid measures" in Czechoslovakia. I couldn't get the regular Prague station until almost eight o'clock. Then I heard a woman announcer saying that the troops had surrounded the radio station. Her voice was well controlled, yet there was an undertone of deep emotion. "They are going to silence our voices, but they cannot silence our hearts," she said, with great emphasis. She added that everyone was "*za Dubčekem*" ("be-



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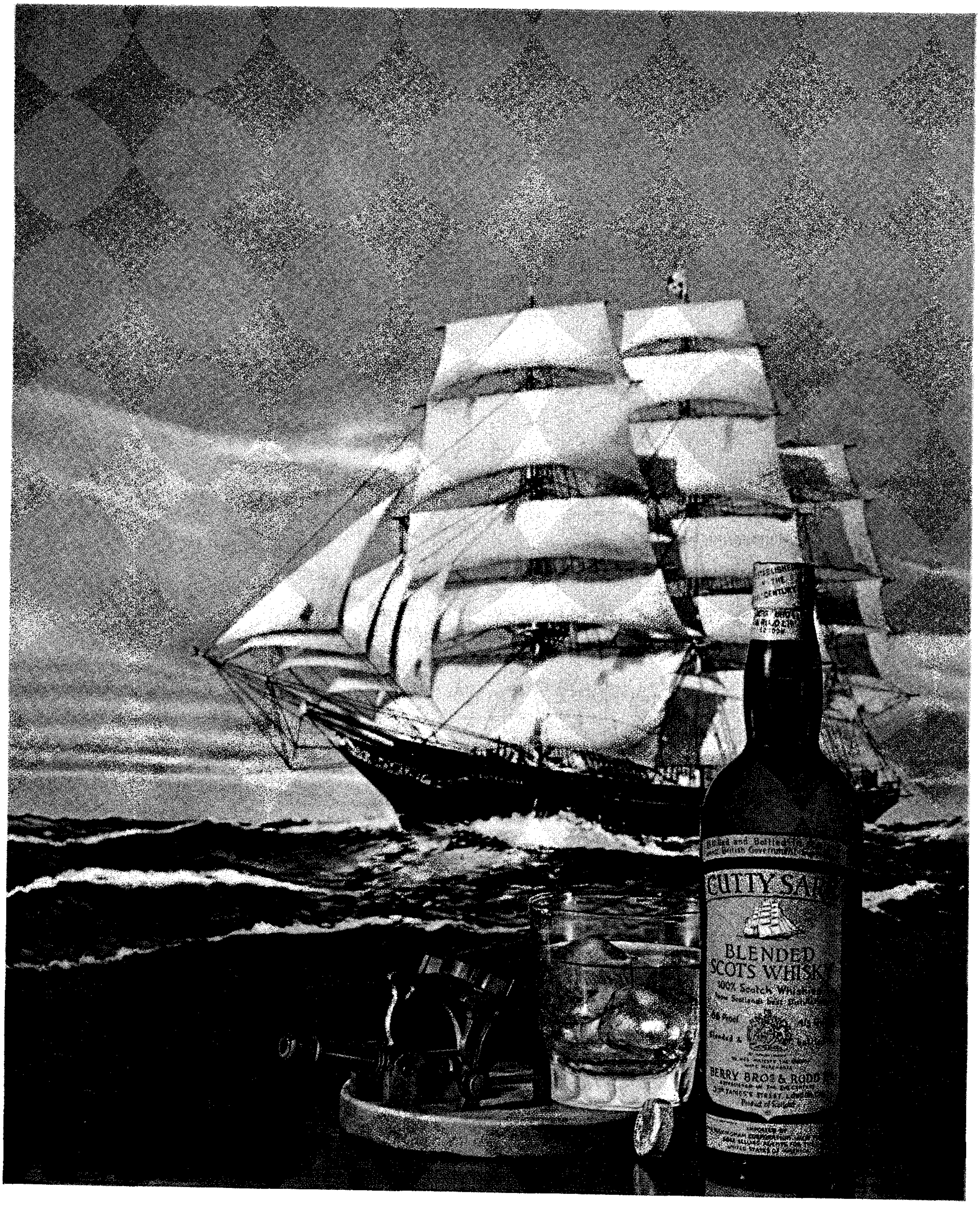
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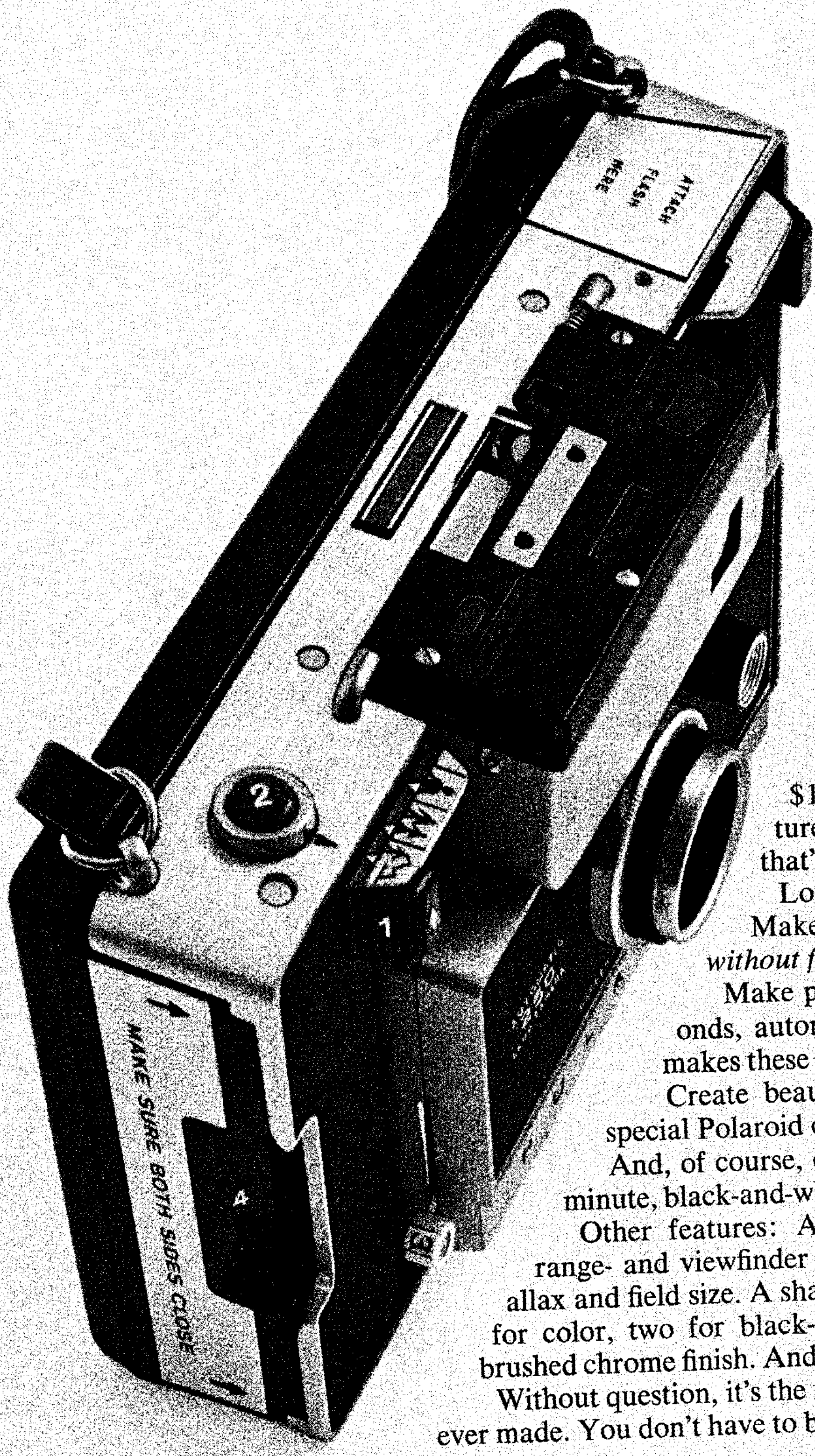

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hind Dubček"). Another woman's voice called for "*klid a odvaha*" ("calm and courage"). A man shouted, "They've surrounded the building! They're already *in* the courtyard! Listen!" He must have held a microphone near an open window, because there was the sound of machine-gun fire, and it seemed very close. Only a few days earlier, I had agreed when an American diplomat in Prague said that an intervention was definitely possible (the American had been ridiculed as an alarmist by many of his diplomatic colleagues in the city), but it is one thing to discuss the possibility of an invasion and quite another to hear the shooting over the radio.

The invading troops were using fairly heavy guns, to judge by what I could hear, and there were also sounds of great confusion, amid which the woman announcer said slowly, emphasizing every syllable, "They have entered the building, but we are still here, and we will be with you as long as we can hold out. . . . We are behind Dubček, and we will never give up, *never*." Another woman was sobbing. Suddenly there was silence, and then I heard the sad and beautiful Czechoslovak national anthem, "Kde Domov Muj?" ("Where Is My Homeland?"). The windows of my living room, where I was sitting by this time, face east. The air was very clear, already somewhat autumnal, and I could see the faint line of faraway hills beyond the Danube. Behind them was the land that had been my home, too. I thought of the people there who were now listening to the anthem, like me, and weeping.

The phone rang. An Austrian friend was calling to express his sympathy. "I feel just the way I felt when Chancellor Schuschnigg came on the radio on March 11, 1938, to say that Hitler's troops were about to invade Austria," he told me. "Schuschnigg said, 'God save Austria!,' and they played the anthem, and that was the end." It occurred to me that no one in Prague had said, "God save Czechoslovakia!" The realistic Czechs presumably felt that no one was going to help them save their country.

After a minute or so of silence, the Prague station was on the air again with its regular theme song, the harp melody that is the beginning of Smetana's "My Country." Then there was the sound of many voices and the woman announcer was back, introducing Alois Poledňák, a member of the National Assembly. Poledňák made a short speech, comparing this day to

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March 15, 1939, when the Nazi troops moved in, and asking the people to remain calm. There was more shooting, and people booing and shouting. (At that time, we learned later, the Soviet troops were meeting their first opposition—some girls in miniskirts and long-haired boys in blue jeans who had formed a barricade in front of the radio building and sat down in the street as Soviet tanks advanced. This improbable defensive force held firm, and the tanks came to a stop. Bulldozers, bakers' delivery trucks, and streetcars had formed another barricade at the corner of Vinohradská and Italská Streets.)

A few minutes later, a man's voice from Gottwaldov (the former town of Zlín, where the headquarters of the Svit shoe factories are) said, "We, too, may be silenced soon. People have just phoned that a tank column is moving up here. Friends, let's all stick together from now on. This time, there must be no collaborators, no meanness, no opportunism, no stupidity." The Gottwaldov announcer went on to warn against provocateurs, and he asked people to phone 65-51 in Gottwaldov if they saw any troop movements. "Make banners and posters in Cyrillic letters," he said. "Tell the Russians to go home, because they are uninvited guests. Keep away from them. Friends, to oppose them by force would be stupid suicide. Our only weapon now is absolute, complete passive resistance. I was in Prague when the Nazis came in 1939, and I cried, but today I am too deeply hurt, too angry to cry. This morning, our so-called friends are shooting at our people. No fatalism, friends, no capitulation—but no idiocy, either. I have just heard that there will be a two-minute silence at noon. Not more than two minutes, and discipline, please."

Later in the day, an announcer said, "This is the free, legitimate [*svobodné, legální*] Czechoslovak radio." It was the first indication that a clandestine network had been set up. Another voice came on: "In the next few days, we will have to show political maturity and national strength. The whole world must know that our people are united as never before. Our actions must be dignified, never primitive." A woman said that the young children in Pioneer summer camps were all right and that parents shouldn't worry. She stammered a little as she spoke, and apologized for it. "It's not easy to speak when you know that the whole country is listening," she said. "Please phone us exact news. Be specific. Give exact data—names,

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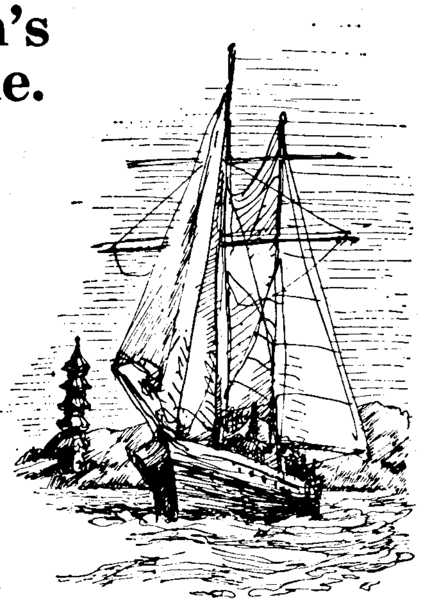

places. . . . We have tried to get in touch with Prague, but it does not answer. Remember, friends—we are with you; be with us!" This last exhortation ("*Jsme s vámi; buďte s námi!*") had apparently been adopted already as the slogan of the clandestine network.

After a while, a man said that those in the station had had a great many calls and were happy to be in touch with their listeners. He asked people to tell the students not to do anything foolish. "We hear that lists of signatures are being prepared demanding the instantaneous departure of the occupiers—" Somebody interrupted him, shouting, "We've got Prague!" And then a woman said, "This is the free, legitimate Czechoslovak radio in Prague."

DURING much of the following week, I stayed close to my radio day and night, monitoring the story of the Czechoslovak reaction to the Soviet invasion. I didn't get the complete story, of course. It would have taken several people and better equipment than I had to follow all the transmissions of the clandestine network as it switched frequencies and as its stations moved from one place to another. In the beginning, the voices on the air simply tried to give people moral support, but gradually they came to direct resistance activities, and finally they took over the job of running a country that had no government for a whole week. The studios of all the official stations were soon occupied. The last one to be taken over was Radio České Budějovice, which reported at 5:04 A.M. on August 23rd that it was being surrounded. By that time, the new network was functioning all over the country, from the Bohemian Forest, along the Bavarian border, to the lonely mountains in eastern Slovakia, near the Soviet frontier. There were well-known radio voices and also voices that one had never heard before. The microphones picked up strange background noises—creaking doors (attic? cellar? stable?), people carrying on discussions in nearby rooms, somebody shouting a warning or asking for coffee. Even under normal conditions, radio stations in Czechoslovakia had not always been models of efficiency. There had often been sudden breakdowns, followed by embarrassed explanations. Yet now the technicians managed to put together an entire new network of stations under the most difficult conditions, surrounded by half a million soldiers, many of whom were looking for them. Usually,

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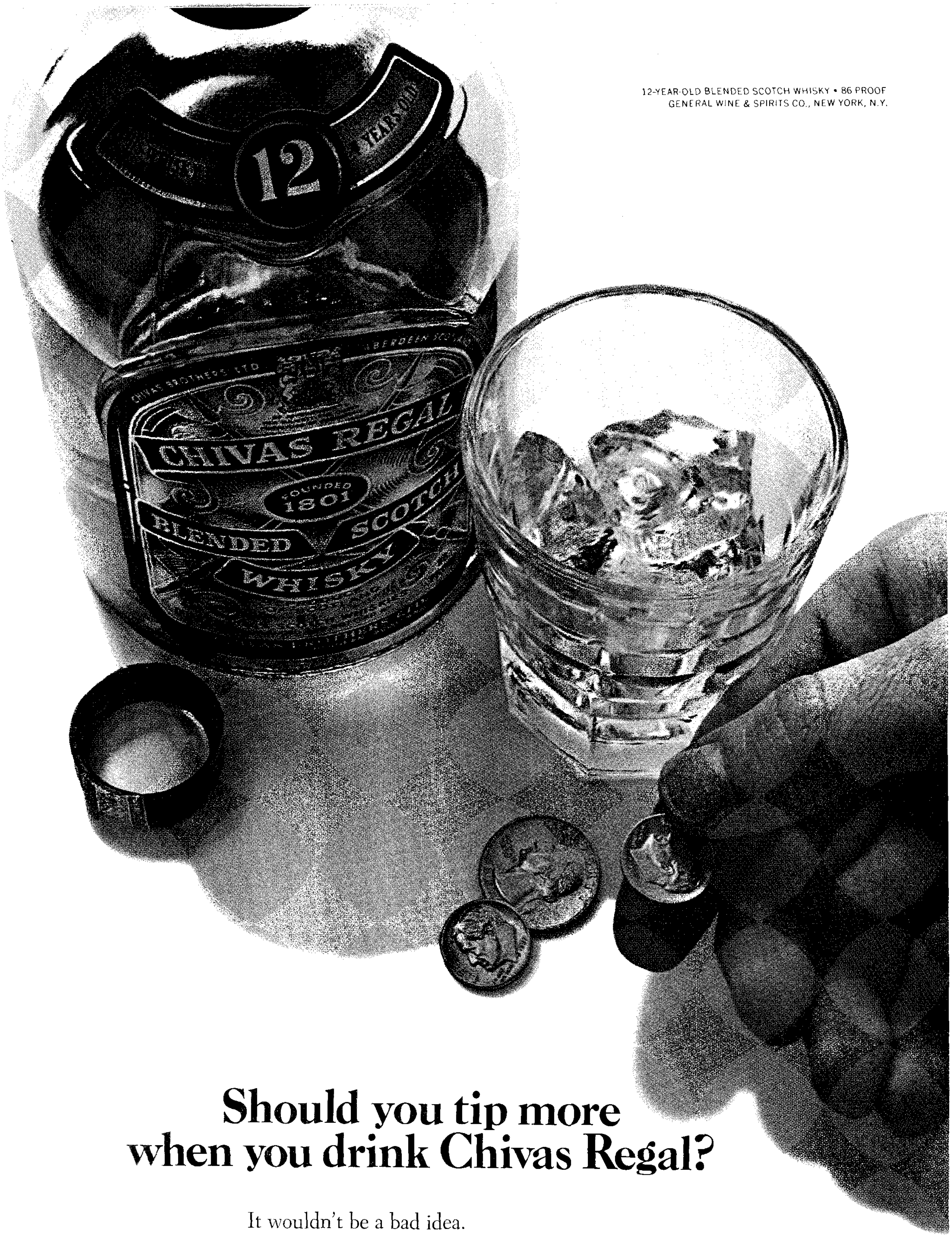
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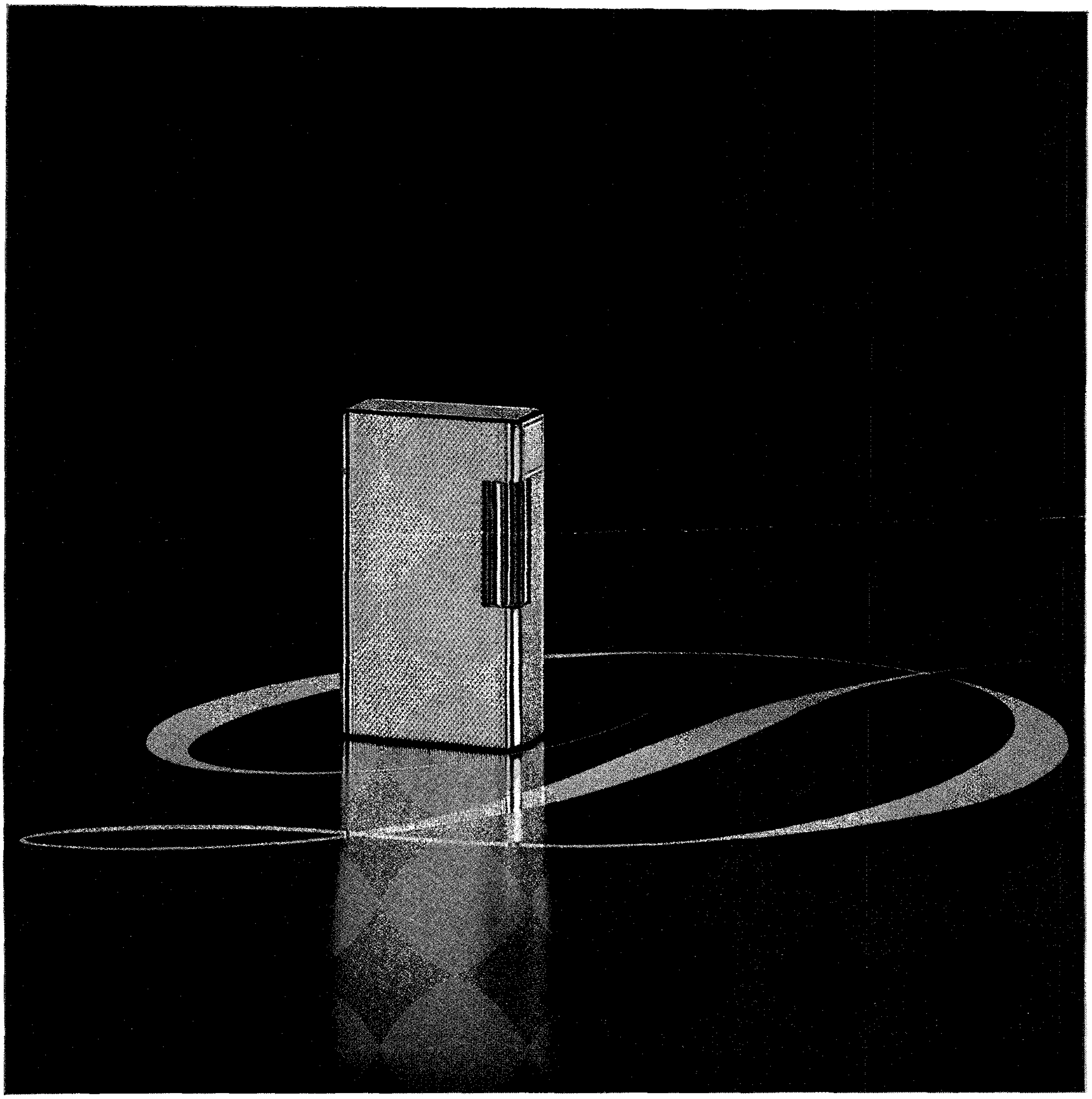

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each station broadcast its own local news and commentary on its own wavelength, but sometimes I heard as many as nineteen stations operating from the same spot on the dial in a kind of relay program. A local station would be allotted a certain number of minutes, and a central station, probably near Prague, would regulate the flow of news and occasionally interrupt with important bulletins ("Friends in České Budějovice, take your belongings and run—they're coming!"). The central station would organize the sequence, giving priority to stations with emergency status. Now and then, one would complain that it was not being well treated, and then a voice from Prague would tell it to be reasonable and remind it that the national interest was more important than any regional one. Gradually, the Slovak stations gained equal time and status with those in Bohemia and Moravia, and it became clear that the Slovaks would not break away, as many people had feared. In the hour of crisis, the Slovaks reaffirmed their common destiny with the Czechs, putting aside all past resentments. Every few minutes, an announcer would repeat that his station was a "free, legitimate" station, to make it clear to people who had just tuned in that it was not run by the Russians. The network broadcast on a twenty-four-hour schedule, and sometimes the voices I heard grew hoarse with fatigue. A station might disappear, but then two new ones would join the chorus.

The Soviets destroyed some transmitters and cut some cables, yet the voices were still there, talking without hatred but sometimes with biting irony. The Soviet-controlled Vltava station was quickly discredited by the underground stations, which broadcast Vltava's wavelength and told people to listen to it for amusement. "It's interesting to hear them talk about how they are protecting our Socialism and giving us fraternal help while a tank is driving up in front of your house and shooting your windows out," a man said. I heard a Vltava announcer call the occupiers "our united armies," and say that they were "taking protective measures" and "waging a peace offensive" against "counter-revolution."

In the clandestine network, there were stations that stayed in one place and also mobile ones—many, it seemed, under the control of the Czechoslovak Army. Transmitters belonging to big industrial plants—the Tesla plants, which manufacture electronic equip-

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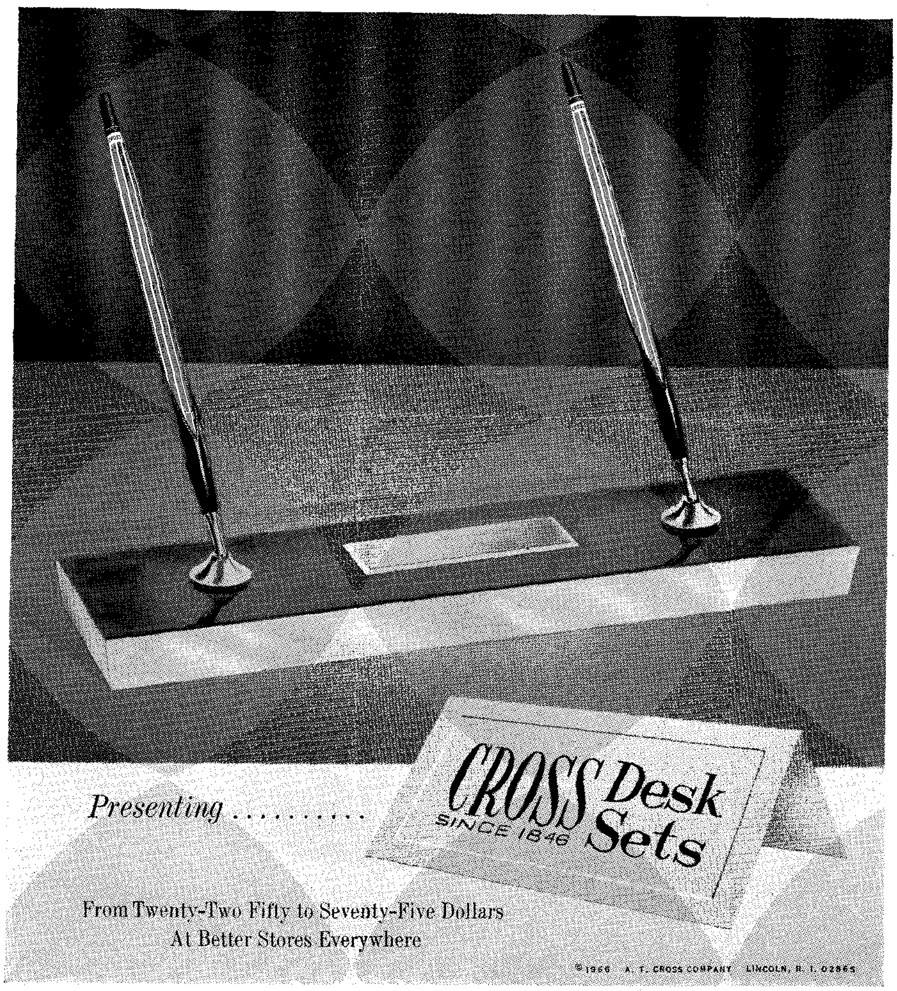

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ment; the Česká Loděnice shipyards, which have been working on contracts for the Soviet Union; Českomoravska-Kolben-Danek, a large machine factory; and quite a few others—were used by the technicians of the clandestine network. Thus, the destruction of many transmitters could not disrupt the network. Heinrich Böll, the West German novelist, who happened to be in Prague at the time of the invasion, was asked by Czech writer friends to make a statement for the free radio. "We went to a nearby apartment, I spoke into the phone, and a little later they heard me all over the country," he said. A broadcasting executive who got to Vienna after Soviet General Ivan G. Pavlovsky threatened to "level the city" if the infernal broadcasts weren't stopped told a friend, "The Soviets often drove past our emergency studios, but they couldn't find us. While we were on the air the first day, our technicians built three provisional studios out of the equipment of one small station. At one point, our studio was in an office, and from there we went to a factory. After ten minutes on the air, we would go off for five minutes to work on the latest news. We slept little, every night in a different place—in the homes of friends or of people we'd never known before. The network operated so beautifully because it was supported by fourteen million friends."

By noon on the day of the invasion, the "free, legitimate" station in Prague was broadcasting reports from all over the country and was also giving instructions in how to confuse the occupiers. "Switch around street signs and highway markers. Paste arrows with the word 'Moscow' over road signs. Write the words '*Eto naše dielo*' ['This is our affair'] on banners and hang them everywhere." The last was a reference to Brezhnev's words "Comrades, this is your affair," spoken when he was in Prague shortly before the ouster of Novotný and was asked to mediate. Trenčín, in Slovakia, reported that Dubček's mother was worried about her son—if anyone had news, would he please get in touch with her? (The Soviets, who had news, didn't tell her that her son had been handcuffed and taken off to Moscow like a criminal.) The newly elected delegates of the Fourteenth Party Congress were told to go to Prague at once. The Congress had originally been called for September 9th, to elect a new Central Committee, which everyone expected to be overwhelmingly pro-Dubček, and many people in

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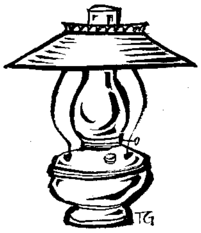
Prague believe that the Soviets decided to intervene in order to forestall preparations for the Party Congress. The delegates were told to go to Party district offices or large factories for instructions. It was reported later that some delegates went by bicycle and others were hidden in delivery trucks or factory ambulances, to fool the Soviet soldiers, who were checking all the roads to Prague.

There were many appeals to keep calm. Late in the afternoon of the first day, a spokesman for the Writers' Union asked people to "use the weapons of the mind." There must be no desperate fighting, as there had been in Budapest in 1956, he said—that was just what "they" wanted. A voice interrupted, warning people to leave the streets around the Radio Prague building in the Vinohrady district immediately, because Soviet tank guns were firing there. "We beg you all to get off the streets," a woman said. (In critical moments, it seemed, women announcers were used, perhaps on the theory that their emotional impact was stronger than men's.) Other appeals were made to the world at large. Spokesmen for Czechoslovakia's doctors, writers, engineers, and artists asked their colleagues in other countries to "help them in their fight for humanity and freedom." A man spoke in Russian to the Soviet soldiers:

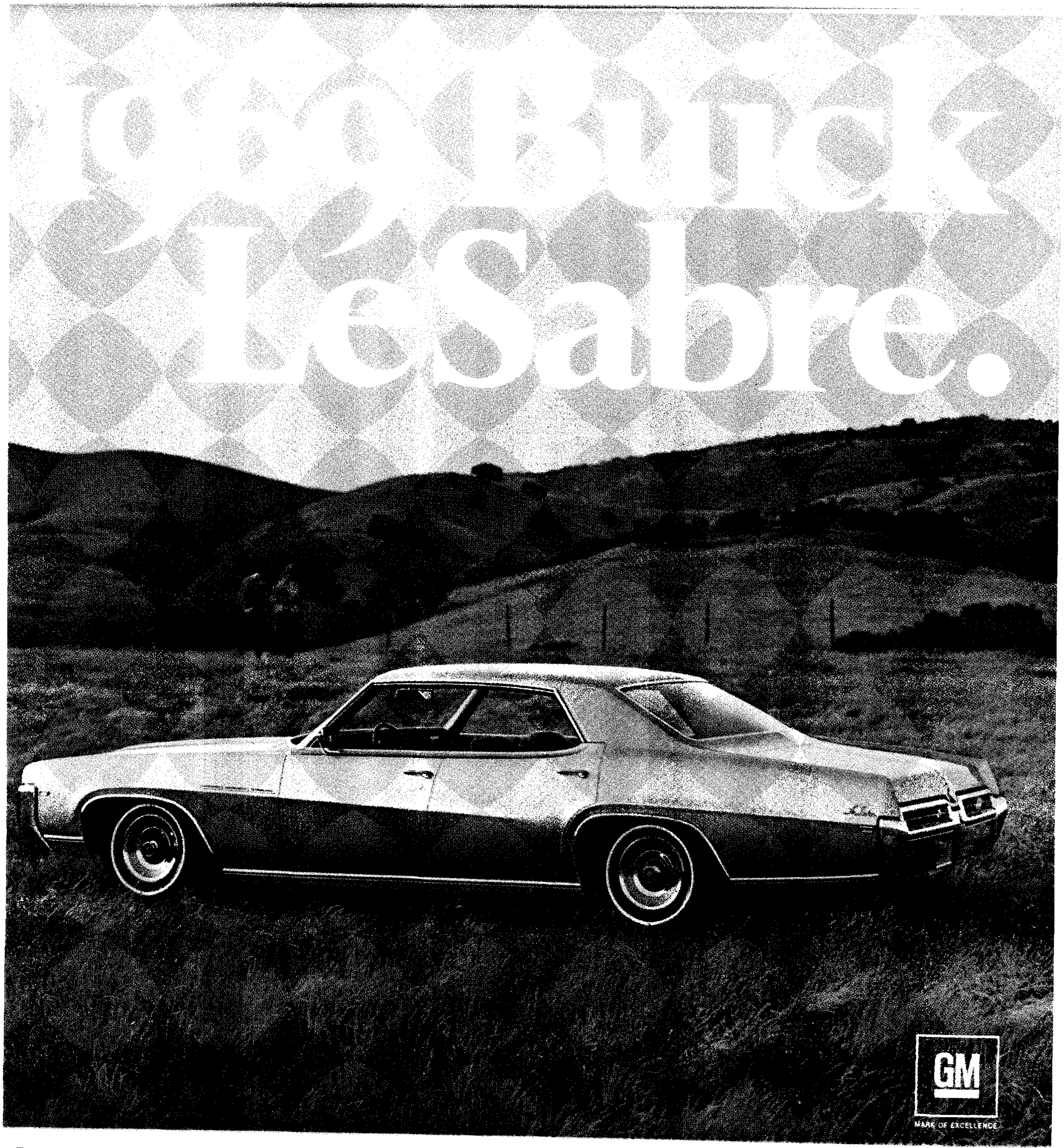
> Friends (if I may still call you that), in this country there are no counterrevolutionaries. Socialism is not endangered. You've seen our beautiful country.... How would you feel if occupying troops suddenly came into your country?... Please go home before it is too late.

There were reports that Czechoslovak boys and girls had held their transistor radios up to the tanks so that the Soviets could hear that broadcast. "We must not blame the soldiers," one commentator said later. "They have their orders. Explain the situation to them, simply and clearly. Explain what Dubček has done to make the Communist Party truly representative of the nation."

Bad news: Čestmír Císař, a Party secretary and Chairman of the Czech National Council, whom the ideologists of Moscow's *Pravda* had called a heretic, had been seen being taken into Prague police headquarters, on Bartolomějská Street. In the Vinohrady district, Russian tanks had brutally smashed parked automobiles and knocked down some beautiful old trees. They had also ruined the pavement of Nerudova Street leading up to Hradčany Castle, the official residence of the President. "Many of them are old T-34 tanks that were in Prague during the Liberation, in May, 1945. What irony!" I heard. At Hradčany Castle, the government was in session, "attended by all ministers able to get there." Another appeal in Russian was read to the Soviet soldiers, reminding them of June 22, 1941, when Hitler's Wehrmacht had suddenly invaded the Soviet Union, in violation of the Russian-German non-aggression pact: "Those among your officers old enough to remember can imagine how we feel today.... It would be a tragic mistake if your brutal intervention should end forever our twenty-three-year-old friendship."



Listeners were told that in the early-morning hours the Soviets had surrounded the Central Committee building, overlooking the Vltava, and had arrested several Presidium members right in Dubček's office. Hradčany Castle, Černín Palace—which housed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and from which Jan Masaryk had mysteriously fallen to his death in 1948—and the Ministry of the Interior were completely surrounded by Soviet tanks. An investigation into the circumstances of Masaryk's death, which had started months before and had been scheduled to continue until the end of the year, was at a halt. And a recording that had been prepared in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Republic, on October 28th, and that featured a speech by Thomas Masaryk, its first President, would not be issued. A woman announcer, her voice trembling, reported that Soviet soldiers had killed four workers in Prague. Some streetcars were running, but all the city's railroad stations were occupied and no trains had moved in or out of them for hours. Nevertheless, many delegates to the Party Congress "had reached their destination." (Later, it was revealed that the Congress took place in the Českomoravska-Kolben-Danek machine factory in Prague. Many delegates had been smuggled in wearing workers' overalls and carrying workers' identification cards. Three "simulated" Congresses were held elsewhere to confuse the Soviets, and they succeeded so well that the Soviets were totally unable to find a meeting that was attended by almost eleven hundred



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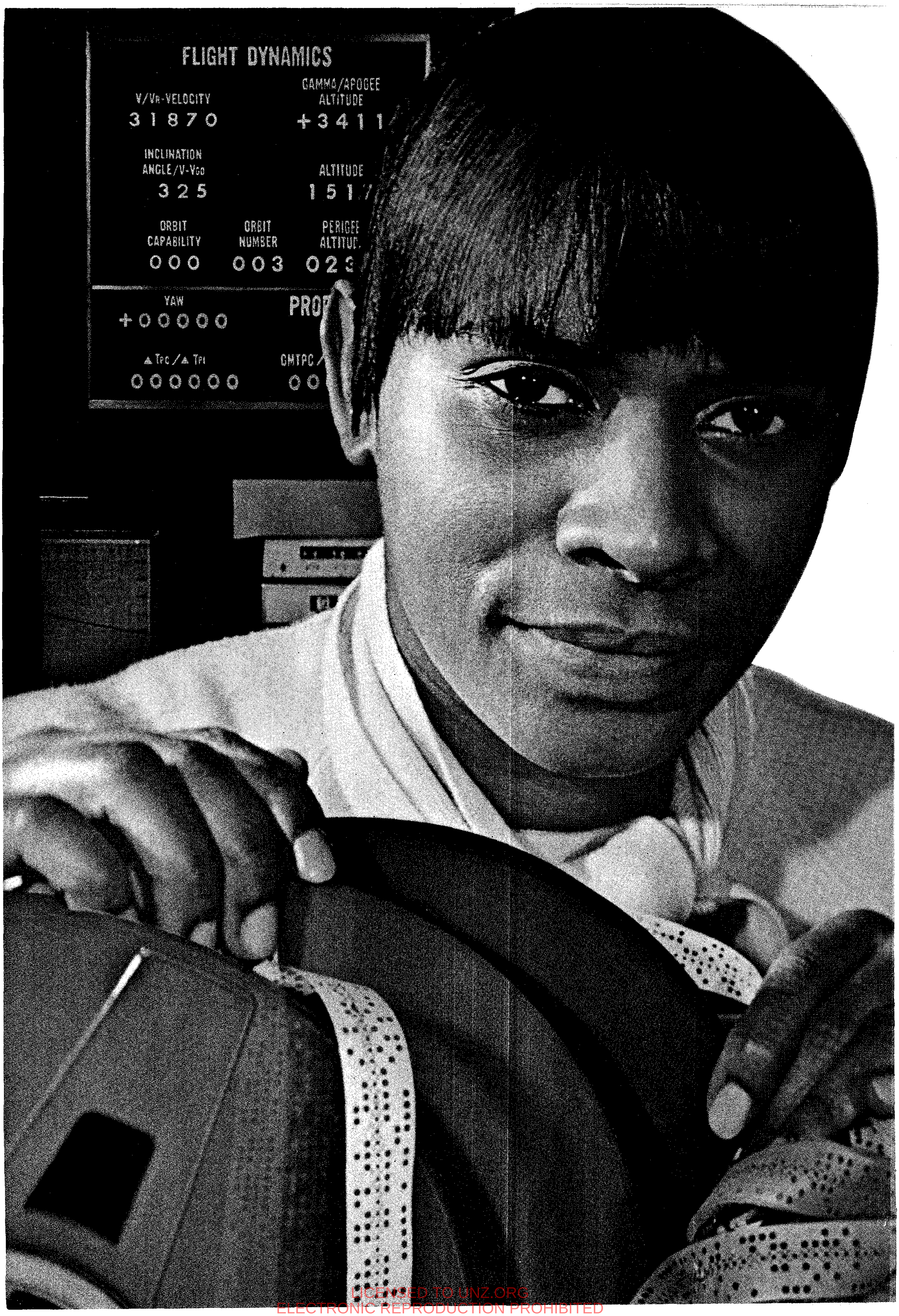
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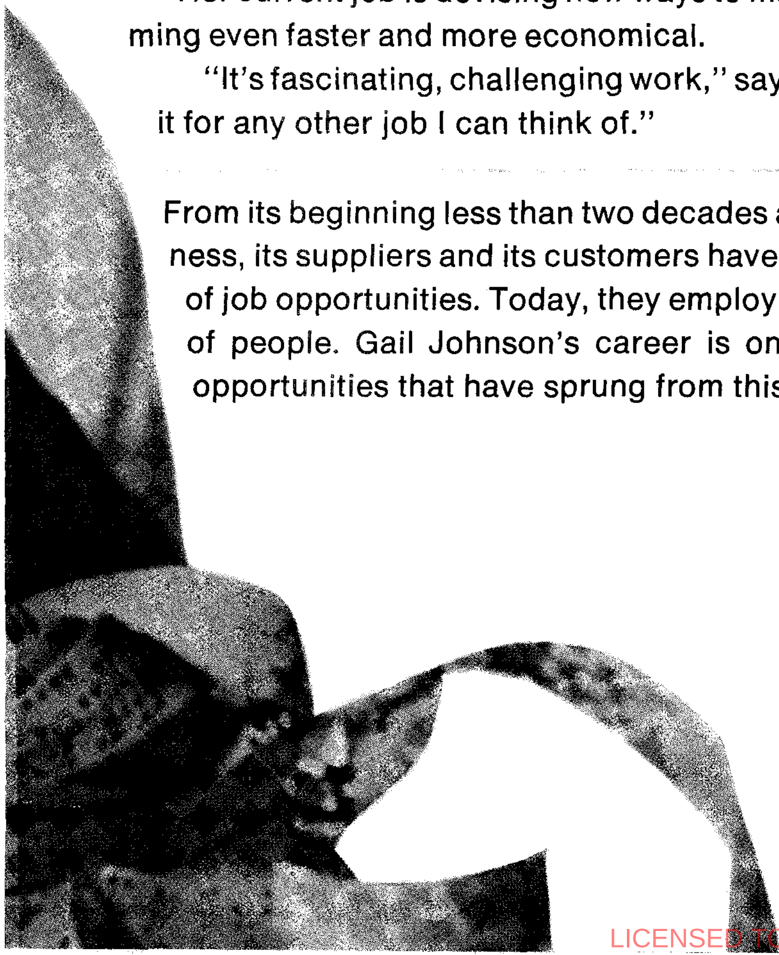

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out of fifteen hundred elected delegates.)

Radio Gottwaldov came on the air, and the Communist Party district leader said that Gottwaldov had become "a dead city." "Ignore them," he said. "Keep your doors and windows closed. . . . We must make a distinction between the Soviet leadership and the Russian people. A Russian girl who works here will speak to you now." The girl, speaking in a soft voice, said that she was terrified, and also that she was sure most soldiers didn't know where they were or why they were there. She went on:

> I was so happy when I saw Comrades Brezhnev and Dubček on television embracing each other. . . . I hope with all my heart that someday you will forget what happened here, but I am afraid—yes, I know—that the feeling between our two nations will never be what it was before.

The National Assembly, which was in permanent session in its temporary headquarters on Jindřišská Street, issued a proclamation that was broadcast all over Czechoslovakia. The invasion had grossly violated international law, it said; all interned Czechoslovak leaders must be released at once, and all occupation troops must leave instantly. Citizens were asked not to provoke the invaders; if necessary, the last means of resistance would be a general strike. It was the strongest statement issued so far, although the deputies in the Assembly meeting were virtual prisoners, surrounded by Soviet tanks.

Just before the Writers' Union building on Národní třída (National Avenue) was occupied, a man there said:

> This is our last message to you, friends. Remember, we are all together now; there are no differences of origin language, religion, race. More than ever we are aware of our historic mission in the fight for truth and freedom. . . . Keep up the fight. Don't ever give in. Do only what has to be done. Help us to protect the sovereignty of our country.

The editors of *Literární Listy* greeted the Czechoslovak people "in this hour of our worst ordeal" and announced that a special edition was now being distributed. They asked everybody to join them "in the fight for the truth to the bitter end." The national lawyers' association appealed to jurists all over the world "to help in this struggle for legality, humanity, freedom." A woman announcer said that the network was getting so many messages that it was impossible to broadcast all of them. Prague switched to

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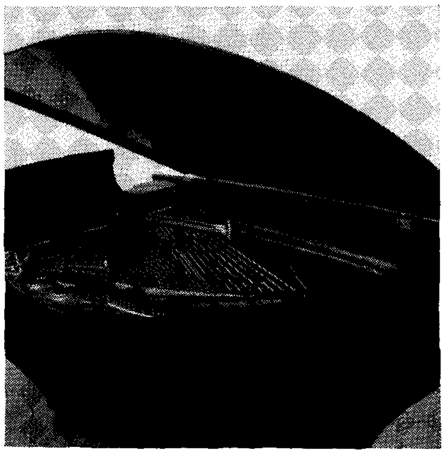

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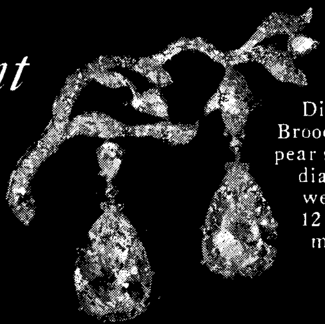
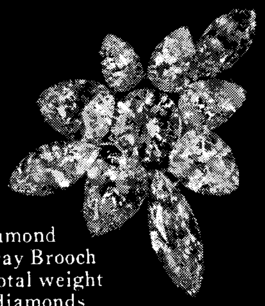


Diamond Brooch, two pear shaped diamonds weighing 12 carats, made by Julius Cohen



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Plzeň, where a local Party official reported on his delegation's negotiations with the local Soviet commander:

> The general said it was all a misunderstanding, which would soon be cleared up. We asked him why his government sent troops to the workers' city of Plzeň. He said they were here to protect us against imminent danger from the West German Bundeswehr. That left us speechless. The general looked confused himself and said he hoped to have more information later on. We demanded that normal conditions be guaranteed in Plzeň, and that communications be kept functioning, and we said that we would not tolerate more than a minimum movement of troops. He said he would comply, provided there were no incidents. We emphatically repeated that there was no reason Soviet troops should interfere.

Some baroque music (Vivaldi, I think) was played. A man asked people to "stay at home during this long, hard night." Jiří Dienstbier, a well-known commentator, warned against rumors. "We are not in touch with our government leaders, but we want to make it absolutely clear that no one asked these troops to come here," he said. "This isn't Budapest. A delegation of our deputies went to the Soviet Embassy to demand the withdrawal of the troops. The delegation has not returned."

Another commentator said:

> In this country, we have had a long experience of occupiers. We have been occupied for centuries. Friends, this time we're going to need all our experience. Yesterday's brothers have become today's enemies. They don't understand what they are doing here. Will anyone be willing to form an occupation regime? So far they have been unable to find such people. They badly misjudged the situation. They may say, '*Veni, vidi,*' but not '*vici.*' . . . I do hope that no traitor, collaborationist, or careerist will betray Dubček.

Then Jiří Hejzlar, director of the Czechoslovak radio, was introduced (he has since been dismissed at the insistence of the Soviets), and he said:

> Dear friends, our history is a history of unhappiness. This is one of the saddest days of all. . . . Friends, our weapon is our dignity. Outside, it's getting dark, but the tragic day isn't over yet. We cannot answer all questions and messages, but do trust us. We stand firm behind Dubček and Svoboda. We shall be on the air all night long, and if they silence us we'll broadcast from elsewhere. Beware of provocateurs and adventurers trying to spread poison and panic. Be careful and be watchful. . . . We are with you; be with us!

An announcer said, "The free, legitimate Czechoslovak radio is now broadcasting over three medium wavelengths—233 metres, 428 metres, 492

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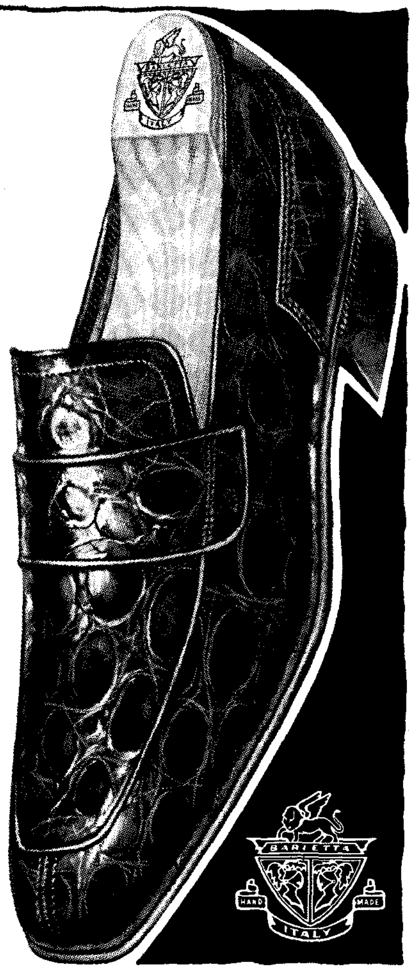

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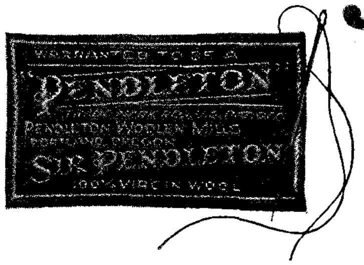
metres—and over longwave at 1103 metres."

PEOPLE who had tape recorders were asked on Friday morning to record an important speech that would soon be broadcast, "because we must destroy our own material." A Czechoslovak Army colonel asked all citizens to avoid incidents but to give "our former allies" no help whatsoever. In Brno, people were urged to leave the streets immediately and go home. "This is the free, legitimate radio, citizens," a woman announcer said. "It is no trick. Go home, please, and the tanks will move out of the center of the city." Later in the day, she thanked the listeners for their expressions of support and sympathy. "We don't feel heroic at all—just a little tired," she said. "We are doing our job. Don't feel sorry for us. Once more, please go home, especially you people standing around in Náměstí svobody [Freedom Square]." She turned away from the microphone and talked to a man in what was apparently a private conversation. He said that he had brought her a message, and that he was glad to meet her in person, after hearing her on the air. She laughed. He said, "You are too young to remember what happened in 1939. I didn't realize you would be so young. And so pretty." Somebody in the background shouted something, and the announcer drew in her breath. "Goodness, I didn't know we were on the air," she said, and she began to read the message aloud in a very official-sounding voice. České Budějovice was on. The father of two boys asked them to come home, and an announcer added, "Yes, parents, tell all your boys and girls not to run around near the tanks. It's dangerous." All over the country, people were worrying about their children in summer camps, and were being assured by the radio that the kids were all right. The station in Prague, "operating from a new spot," offered a report on life in the capital under occupation. People read the underground newspapers and passed them on to strangers, we were told; everybody was talking to the fellow next to him; and everywhere there was "a wonderful new feeling of belonging together." The Soviet soldiers sitting in their tanks read their own papers and were "plainly bewildered by the peaceful aspects of the dangerous counter-revolution." Some overhead wires for streetcars had been damaged by the tanks but were now being repaired, and a few bus lines were operating. The National

Luxury. Look who's got it all sewed up.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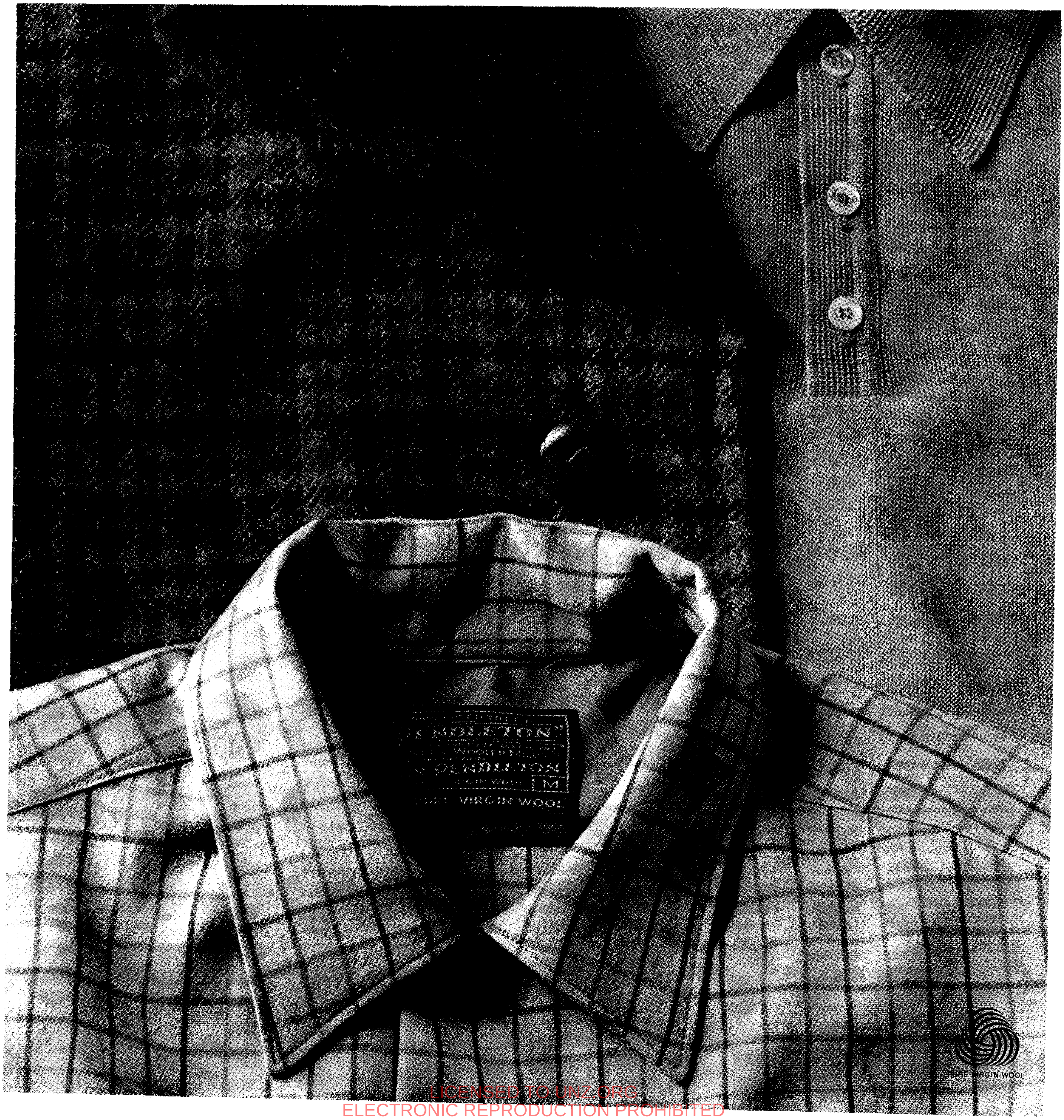
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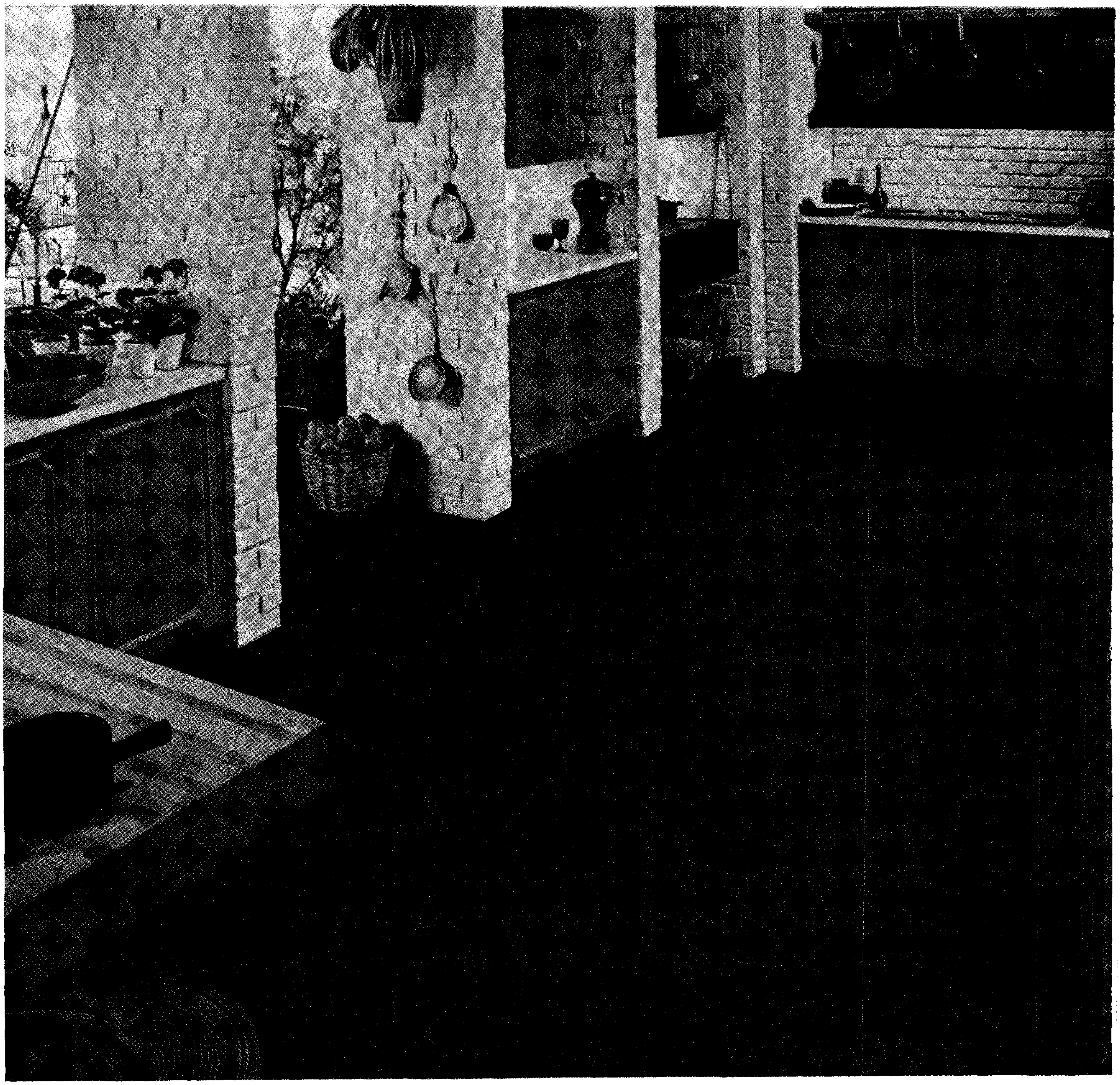

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Assembly remained in session; the deputies had slept in the building, each having been given one blanket. The reporter said, "This morning, I am proud of my fellow-citizens." It was announced that two hundred members of the K.G.B. had been flown in from Russia. "They didn't bring along their own lists of people to be arrested, so they'll probably start with the people who signed 'Two Thousand Words,'" the announcer said. Traitors were warned to think of the future: "Don't do anything now that you may be ashamed of one day. Our people will never forget. They don't want new concentration camps." At nine-ten on that Friday morning, there was a speech by President Svoboda, which had been recorded earlier. He said he had asked for a meeting in Moscow "to carry on negotiations for an honorable solution."

A little later, Professor František Šorm, chairman of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences and a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, said there was not a single collaborator among Czechoslovakia's scientists. A voice interrupted him to ask everybody to watch out for automobiles with the license plates AE 4001, ABA 7119, and AL 4816. "These cars carry people trying to arrest our citizens. They must be stopped." (Minutes later, youngsters painted the numbers on walls all over Prague.) Brno reported on a meeting of local Party officials with a Soviet general who complained about "provocations of the secret radio stations, which don't tell the truth." A man who had been present at the meeting laughed and said, "We called the Soviets occupiers, and he said they came to liberate us. 'Liberate from whom?' we asked. 'From ourselves, maybe?' He didn't think that was funny, and threatened drastic measures. On that cheerful note, the meeting ended."

A voice from Prague warned people to be careful about making accusations. "Yesterday, a certain Rychl was called a collaborator, and now a friend has come forward and said that it was a mistake, that Rychl is an honorable man. We must not commit character assassination, friends, even under such difficult conditions." (The mistake was later explained: the collaborator's name was Richel.) České Budějovice was on the air with a report by a delegate who had just returned from the secret Party Congress in Prague. "We discussed the basic things," he said. "There was complete, spontaneous unity. We didn't have much time. We had to finish before the 9 P.M. cur-

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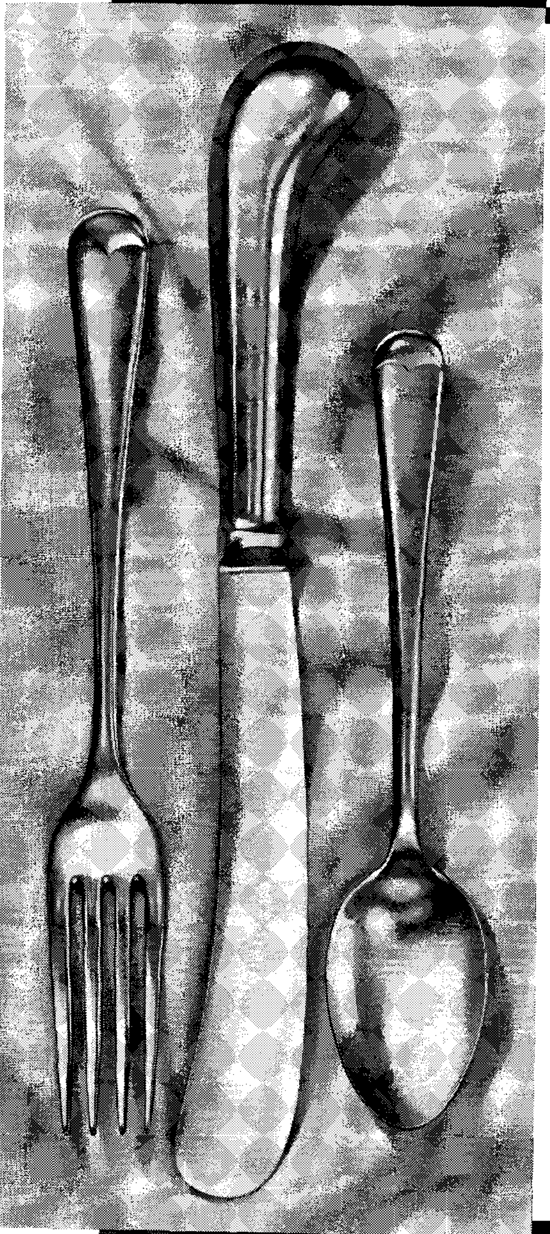

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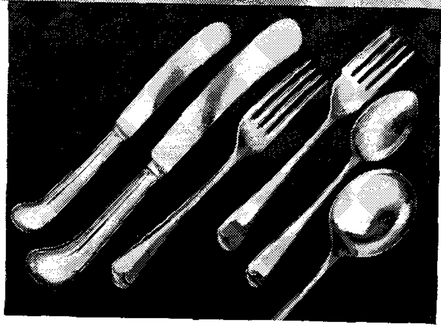

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few. A good thing—it meant there was no time for useless oratory. There were Soviet tanks all around the building, but no one was afraid. It was a fine, proud meeting and gave us strength to carry on." The delegates, as expected, had elected a pro-Dubček Central Committee. They had also formally demanded the release of all officials being detained by the invaders, the restoration of civil rights, and the immediate withdrawal of all occupation forces.

From Jihlava, I heard an appeal that Czechoslovakia should become a neutral country. Similar appeals came from other parts of the nation, but some commentators said that such demands were unrealistic and would only play into the hands of the Soviets. All newspaper dealers were warned to destroy their lists of subscribers to *Literární Listy* and *Reportér*. "Burn them at once. The Russians want the names." (The last issue I had seen of *Reportér*, the official weekly of the Journalists' Union, had contained an editorial reading, "For the first time in thirty years, for the first time in the life of a generation, we are again proud to be Czechs and Slovaks. . . . Those of us who are members of the Communist Party can after a long time again walk upright and look people in the eye. We are no longer prison guards and are again citizens. . . . Our friends abroad should tell us whether they want to remain our friends or become our prison guards. We've had enough guards by now but never enough friends.")

A woman reporter who had just returned from a walk through Prague said the Czechoslovak Army barracks in the suburb of Smíchov were surrounded by Soviet tanks. "Our soldiers looked out of their windows directly into the barrels of their 'allies' ' tanks," she said. "I wondered how they felt about it. It seemed straight out of Karel Čapek—or maybe Kafka." She had met a young American student, who had said to her, "Prague is so beautiful, even this morning." As she was speaking, there were shouts in the studio, and then the radio went dead. It was 1:34 P.M. Another station cut in, saying, "We have an urgent message for Czechoslovakia No. 1. Please answer, No. 1. Calling No. 1." But No. 1, which I took to be the station in Prague, didn't answer. During the next three minutes—they seemed endless—there was nothing but an ominous drone at that point on the dial. Then Brno was on the air, urging people not to let the Russians see their transistor radios. The Russians were taking them away, and

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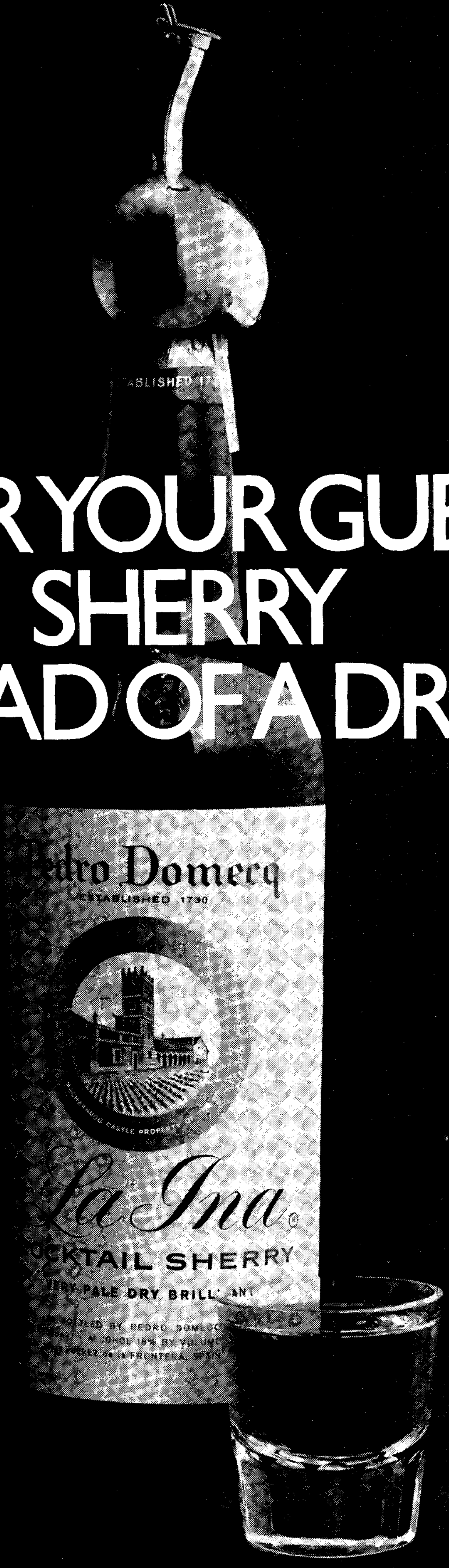
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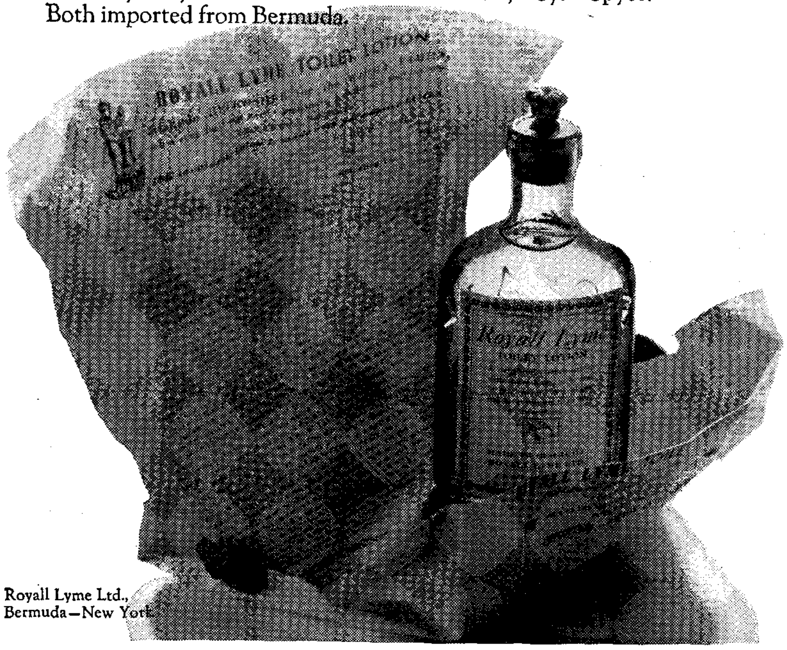

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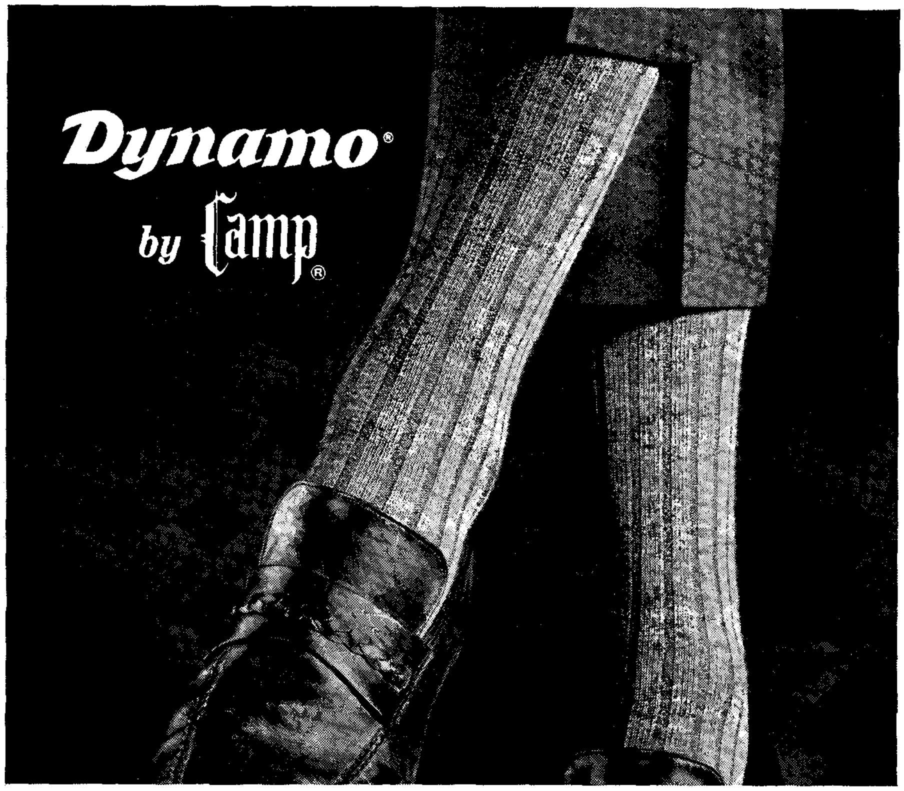

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had even taken a small box from an East German tourist because they believed it to be a radio. After that, Brno said, “We are still waiting to hear from Prague. . . . We now connect you. . . .” But there was only silence. After a while, Brno said that all Czechoslovak Army installations in Olomouc, Moravia, had been surrounded. The garrison in Trenčín, Slovakia, was “occupied but not yet disarmed.” Suddenly Prague was back, with no explanation. Somebody there read an open letter to U Thant, who had cancelled arrangements to visit Prague—“for reasons known to him, we suppose, since *we* wanted very much to see him here.”

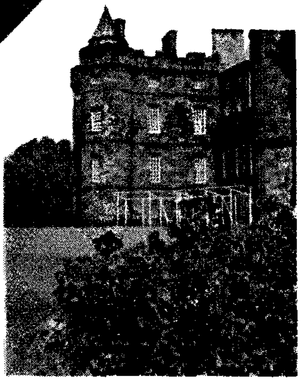
A new station, Radio na Dunaji (Radio on the Danube), joined the network on Friday afternoon with an impassioned speech for unity written and delivered by a Slovak writer:

> Slovaks, don’t believe provocateurs that there’s going to be an independent Slovakia. For my part, I should like to add that in our darkest moments the Czechs and we have always been together, hand in hand, and that’s the way we are now. United we shall survive. Our enemies know this well and try to divide us.

There was good news at 2:10 P.M. Čestmír Císař had escaped from police headquarters in Prague and was safe with friends, who were looking after him. (Pro-Dubček secret police had managed to get Císař away from the Soviet secret police. Later, several members of the Prague secret police were arrested by their colleagues of the K.G.B.) Císař sent “a fighting salute” from his hideout and promised to join the new Central Committee “as soon as possible.” The news of Císař’s escape seemed to encourage boldness. A man said that Prague must become “a sea of resistance slogans.” The captains of all Czechoslovak ships were urged to keep out of the harbors of the German Democratic Republic and go to Hamburg or a Yugoslav port instead. Railroad workers were asked to stop a certain Soviet train, which was carrying electronic equipment to help the invaders locate secret radio transmitters. (For a time, the train was “lost,” on a siding in Česká Třebová, and then its electric locomotive was put out of commission when an extra-strong current was shot through the overhead wire. The train arrived at its destination several days late.)

Toward the end of the afternoon, the voices grew tired. The men and women speaking over the air made mistakes, and had to clear their throats often. But there was no pause in the broad-

The Return of the Aged Inch



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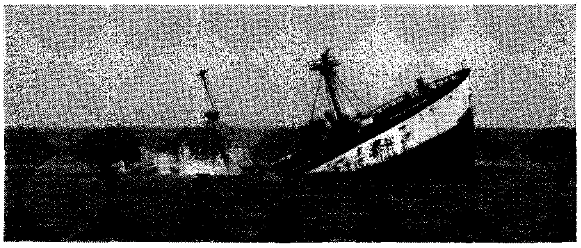
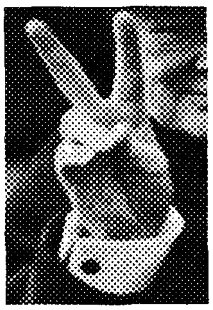
But first, let us go back to the 1930's. Then Haig & Haig could promise that every drop of Pinch was 12 years old and older. Every year the very best of 12 year old Scotch whisky was brought together for the blending. Stocks were accumulated. And year after year, Pinch was shipped across the sea to America, never varying its justly famous quality.



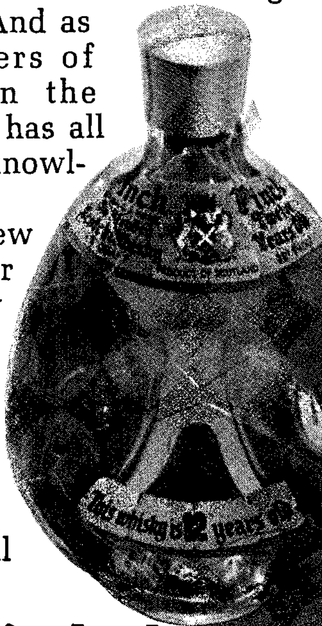
Then World War II interrupted all this. Shipments stopped in 1939. For the duration of the war, the distilling of Scotch was well-nigh brought to a halt. And after the war, the lengthy, laborious process of building up stocks of Scotch whisky had to begin all over again.

The Pinch that Haig & Haig shipped to our country was the finest of quality, regardless of age. But now, and only now, after many years has the supply been slowly built up until an uninterrupted continuity can be promised. Only now will "12 years old" be once more applied to the label of the Pinch bottle.



Promising not just age. Like some. For this is not a difficult promise to make. But promising that this Scotch has the much prized quality for which Pinch has always been famous.

For those who know their Scotch, this will come as the most welcome of news. For age alone has never been an assurance of great Scotch. There are distillers and there are distillers. But the selection and blending are all important. And as the oldest distillers of Scotch whisky in the world, Haig & Haig has all that much needed knowledge and ability.



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Now watch what she does. She'll wash off a patch of your skin, gently, down to the jaw-line. Study it. Pick a numbered bottle. Shake it. Stir it. And hand you the little stirring stick.

Touch that stick. Then your face.

From here on, we think you'll be astonished. By how much that one finger-touch covers. By the way it seems to slip itself over your face.

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At this point, we think you'll want to claim your own bottle at once, take off the rest of your makeup, and do your whole face over right, then and there.

But if you're not quite sure, just very tempted, wait. Look again hours later. See if you still feel you can afford to live without this lovely stuff.

We'll take that chance. After all, even if you never buy it, all we'll have lost is some time and a smidge of our makeup.

But, if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Countess Isserlyn
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casts, and more stations were coming on the air all the time. Prague expected a wave of arrests during the night, and gave instructions: "When the black automobiles drive up, neighbors should give the alarm. Take house numbers off." The Plzeň station addressed a special message to young people: "You've learned Russian in school, but now, if soldiers ask you anything, pretend you don't understand them. Just shake your head and play dumb. Tomorrow is Saturday, and you would like to go swimming or pick berries in the woods. But tomorrow you must stay at home and not run around." A professor at Brno University, "answering many questions that have been raised," said that neutrality could not be established by a unilateral declaration. It would require guarantees from the big powers, "and you well know that such guarantees will not be given." A Czech journalist who had been on a trip to Luxembourg was asked why the small Communist Party there supported the Russians. He laughed. "The Party has about a dozen members, and they were all bought by the Soviets. All intellectuals are on our side. Don't worry, friends—the entire decent world is on our side." In Prague, a woman announcer said she was signing off so that she could catch a few hours' sleep. She added, "I hope we'll all be back tomorrow."

IN Vienna that Friday evening, the weekend traffic was even worse than usual, and everywhere you looked there were small cars with "CS" plates from Czechoslovakia. You would see three or four of them at a time, travelling in small convoys; the drivers didn't know their way and went slowly. For the first time in many years, Czechoslovaks had been spending their vacations abroad—in Yugoslavia or in Western Europe. Until last April, travel abroad was an extremely difficult matter for the average citizen. But then the Party's new Action Program had called for greater freedom to travel and even to emigrate. (Moreover, people who had left the country for political reasons before 1968, and had been considered "criminals" by the Novotný regime, were expected to be permitted to return.) Just about anybody, except a criminal or a young man subject to military service, could leave the country. There was almost no red tape. The West German Permit Office in Prague issued up to eight hundred visas a day, and the Austrian Legation up to sixteen hundred. Many people who for years had been unable to visit

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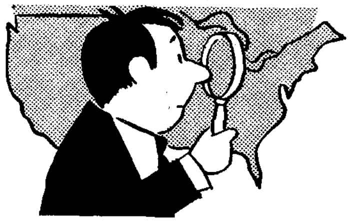
friends or relatives in other countries decided that this was the time to go. There were said to be almost fifty thousand Czechoslovaks travelling abroad, and a great many of them seemed to be in Vienna that Friday evening. On some streets, one heard more Czech than German spoken. The travellers were not refugees—at least, not yet—and they were very different from the Hungarians who escaped to Vienna after the uprising in October, 1956. The Hungarians had been in a state of shock and exhaustion, and had come with no belongings except the clothes they were wearing. In contrast, the Czechoslovak vacationers were suntanned and had lots of luggage with them. Yet they looked more worried than the Hungarians had. The Hungarians had been happy to be safe, and no one had dreamed of going back. The Czechoslovaks faced a terrible dilemma: should they go back to an uncertain future, or should they go into exile? Vienna was full of rumors. First it was said that people with valid passports were still being permitted to leave Czechoslovakia, and then it was said that all holders of exit visas had been stopped. Many of the travellers said that they would probably go back, unless things got much worse. The problem was less acute for people who had not taken an active part in politics than for those who had supported Dubček's reform movement. Was there any sense in going back only to be arrested by the K.G.B.?

Vienna was hospitable to the visitors. The Ministry of the Interior permitted them all to stay in Austria for the time being, and they were put up in schools, students' dormitories, and government buildings. The WÖK restaurant chain was offering each Czechoslovak one free meal a day. People with automobiles were given free gasoline. Vienna's doctors, lawyers, and hairdressers offered their services free of charge. Most surprising, Vienna's traffic police looked the other way when a "CS" automobile was left in a no-parking zone. (Viennese motorists began saying they wished *they* had a "CS" plate.) Many Czechoslovaks, while they were making up their minds about what to do, got jobs. They were said to be hardworking, and a number of Austrian firms let it be known that more of them would be welcome. The stranded Czechoslovaks quickly set up an aid organization of their own, distributing money, food tickets, and small German-Czech dictionaries. "We are experienced," one man told



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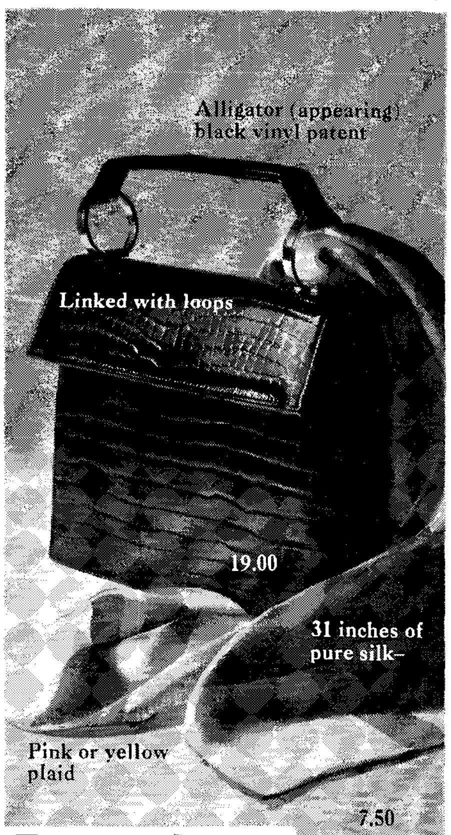

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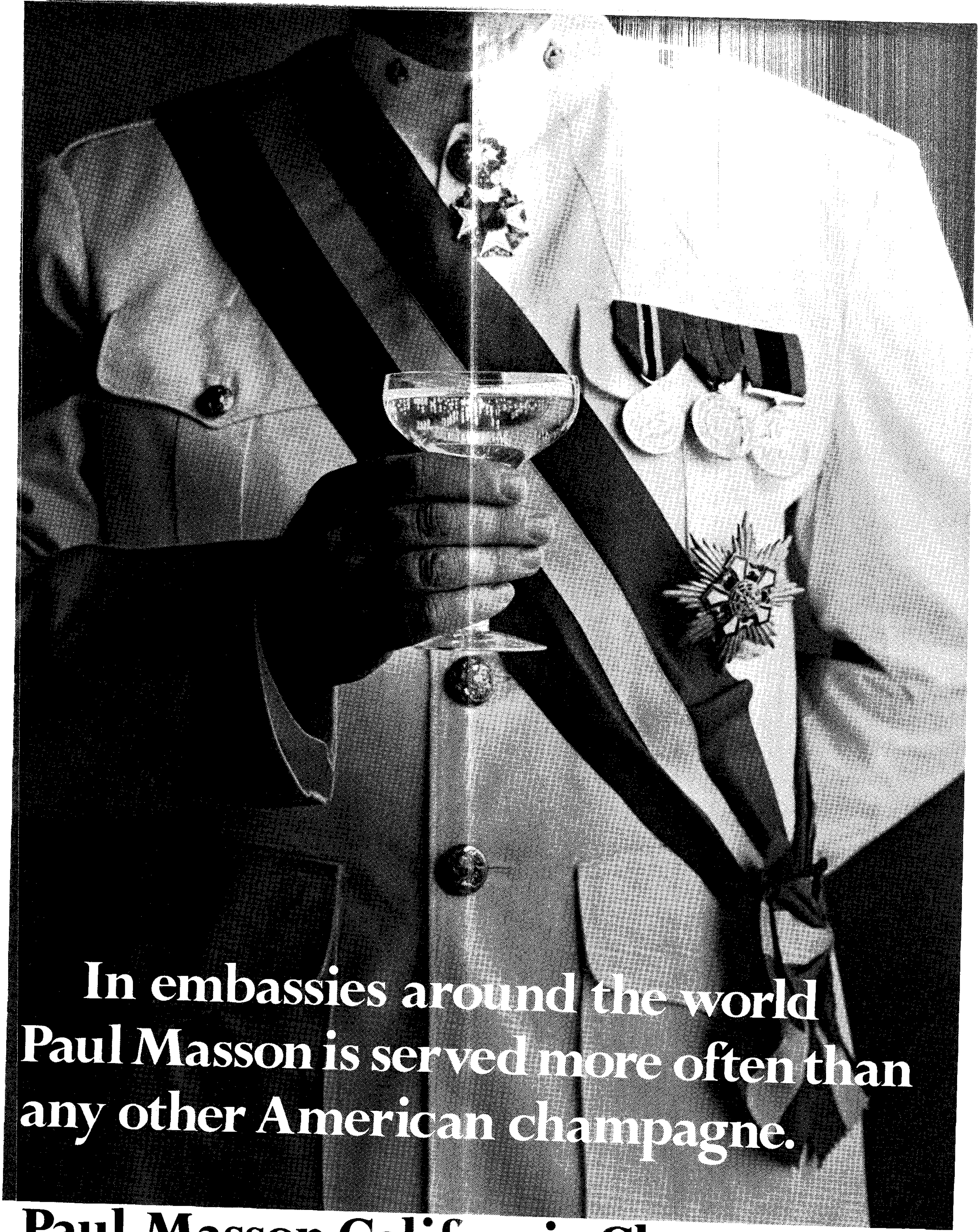
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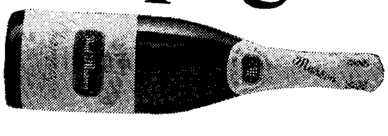
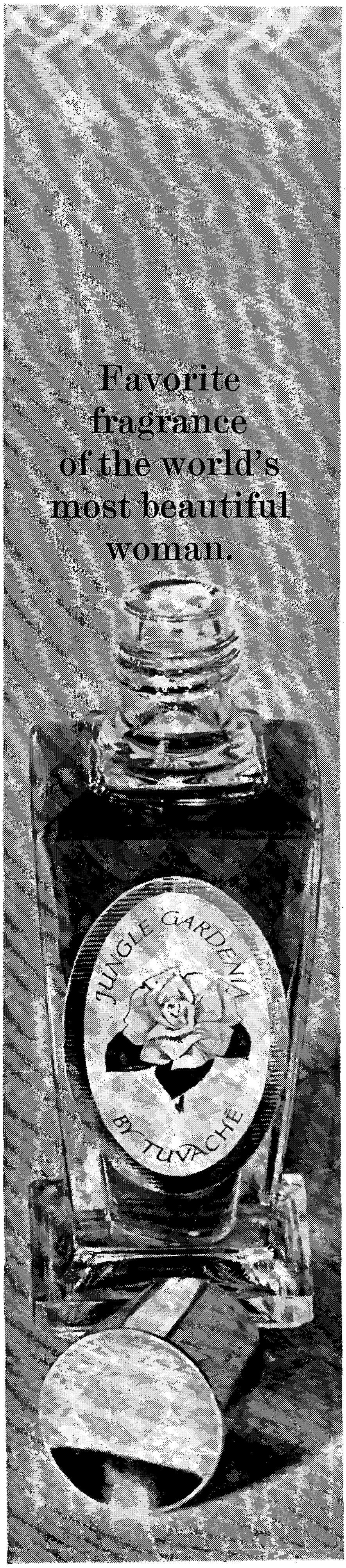


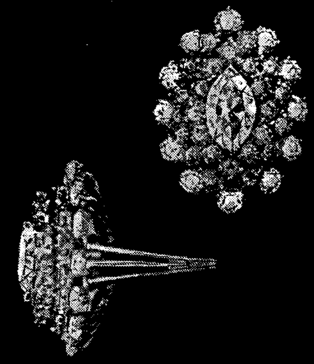
me. "This is my third emigration."

There were some Austrians—but they were a small minority—who said that all this fussing about the Czechoslovaks might provoke the Russians, and a few Sudeten Germans who, recalling their own expulsion by the Czechoslovaks in 1945, said that it served them right. (They didn't mention what some of *them* had done to the Czechoslovaks during the Nazi occupation.) The Swiss, the West Germans, the English, the Canadians, and the Australians offered aid, visas, and, in some instances, transportation for Czechoslovaks who wished to emigrate permanently. Surprisingly few of the travellers who had decided not to return home were thinking of emigrating to the United States. "Many of us have lost confidence in America," a well-known Czech writer told me, with obvious reluctance. The Swiss were issuing several hundred visas a day, and long columns formed at dawn under the arcades of the Swiss Embassy, on Prinz Eugen Street.

On Friday evening, Austrian television showed the arrival of President Svoboda in Moscow. It was well known in Vienna that the Russians had treated the Czechoslovak leaders with calculated brutality, so the welcoming ceremony, in bright sunshine, at the Vnukovo Airport, with embraces, brotherly kisses, flowers, and flags, seemed exceptionally ironic. The first pictures from occupied Prague were also shown—rather murky silent films, taken by courageous cameramen at considerable personal risk. They showed burning tanks in front of the Radio Prague station, the statue of St. Wenceslas covered with posters, and, everywhere, the bewildered yet clearly unafraid faces of young boys and girls. There was the sidewalk in front of the Jalta Hotel, where I had walked only a few days before to the Main Station, which used to be called Wilson Station, in honor of the American President. I had been there late in the afternoon, and the sidewalks had been crowded with people going home from work, doing a little shopping. Now, in the film, two tanks stood there, surrounded by young people arguing with Soviet soldiers.

SATURDAY, August 24th, began rather grimly. All the "free, legitimate" stations warned of impending arrests. It wasn't clear whether the Russian secret police or local collaborators were responsible, or both. People were also warned to be careful about stopping "suspicious" cars; in Prague, a

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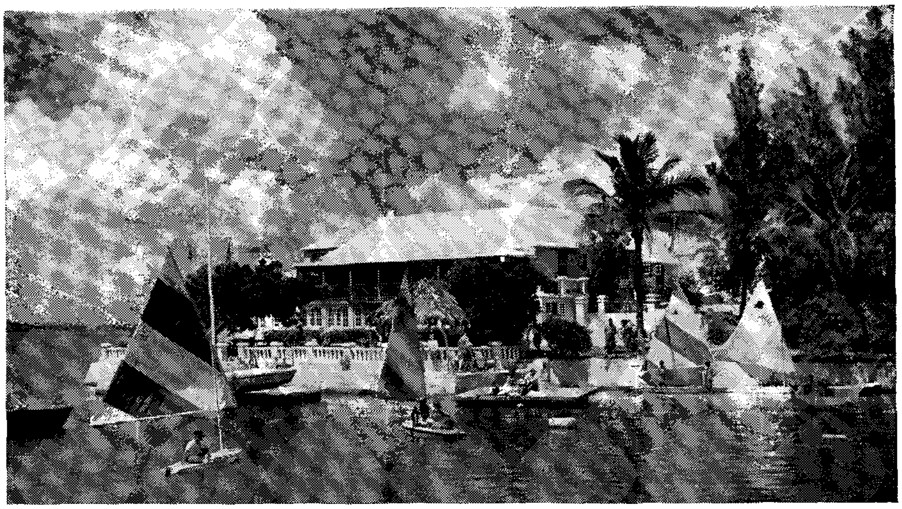
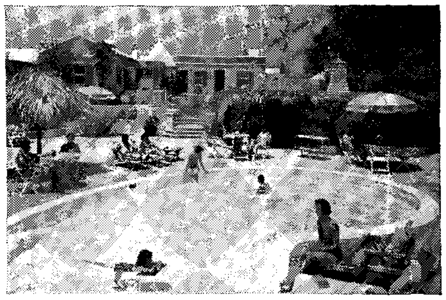
man had been pulled out of a black Tatra and beaten because somebody said he was a traitor, when actually he had been on an errand for the clandestine radio network. Then Ostrava came on to report that the people of Vítkovice (where the large Vítkovice Ironworks are) had changed the name of Russian Street to Dubček Street. (Later, some towns renamed *all* their streets and squares for Dubček, which confused the Russians a good deal.) The Ostrava announcer thanked his local listeners for the flowers and jars of preserves that some people had brought to the secret studio. He asked the people not to print rude or obscene words on posters, because "such undignified measures might be used by the Soviets to discredit our 'counter-revolution.' " The Czechoslovak Youth League appealed to young people everywhere to break off relations with all youth groups of the five occupying countries. The workers in some uranium mines whose entire production was normally exported to the Soviet Union promised to produce "not one gram of uranium" but to stay on the job in order to protect the mines against the invaders.

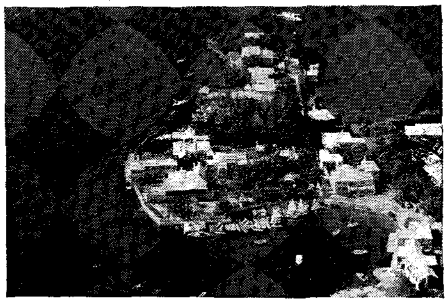
The Prague station reported that it was getting many calls about the Moscow negotiations. "We are just as impatient as you are," a woman announcer said, sighing. She warned people driving into Prague that the Soviets were now taking away not only transistor radios but food. There were personal messages: "Jan, the car from Karlovy Vary is on its way," and "Jiří, don't give tape recordings to anyone you don't know." At 10:35 A.M., a man introduced as a close friend of Dubček's said:

> I've heard some people ask whether Dubček hasn't betrayed the nation. Friends, whatever the verdict of history may be about Dubček, one thing is certain: he hasn't betrayed anyone. He just isn't the type. He was never out for power—the sort of man who may become a traitor. I've been asked why he kept some people in high places who have now turned against him. I think it was because he didn't want to force the issue; he knew what he was up against. Friends, we must expect terrible months and years to come, but, no matter what happens, don't forget that Dubček tried to give us Socialism *and* freedom—things that many people now say cannot be combined. They may arrest us. They may try to silence the élite of the nation. But, no matter how much we lose, we must never lose ourselves. We may face collective death, but we must never accept national shame.

By Saturday morning—the fourth since the invasion—all the Communist







Glencoe. Sailboats at the front door. Breakfast on your terrace overlooking lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine at the free-form pool. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this charming, informal waterside inn. Reggie Cooper, owner-manager. Hetland & Stevens, Inc., Representative, 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.

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Lantana Colony Club. Beautiful cottages and clubhouse, on the Great Sound at Somerset Bridge. Choice cuisine. Pool, private beach, sailing, all water sports. New tennis courts. Golf nearby. Manager, John Young. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Pink Beach Club & Cottages. On its own south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages with patios. Gourmet fare. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Manager, Sig Wollmann. Representative, Leonard P. Brickett, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

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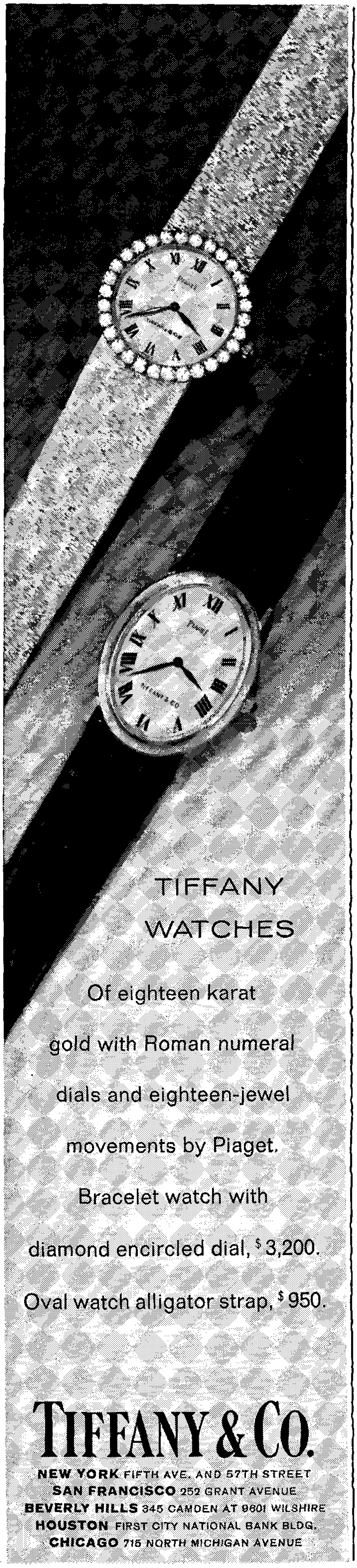

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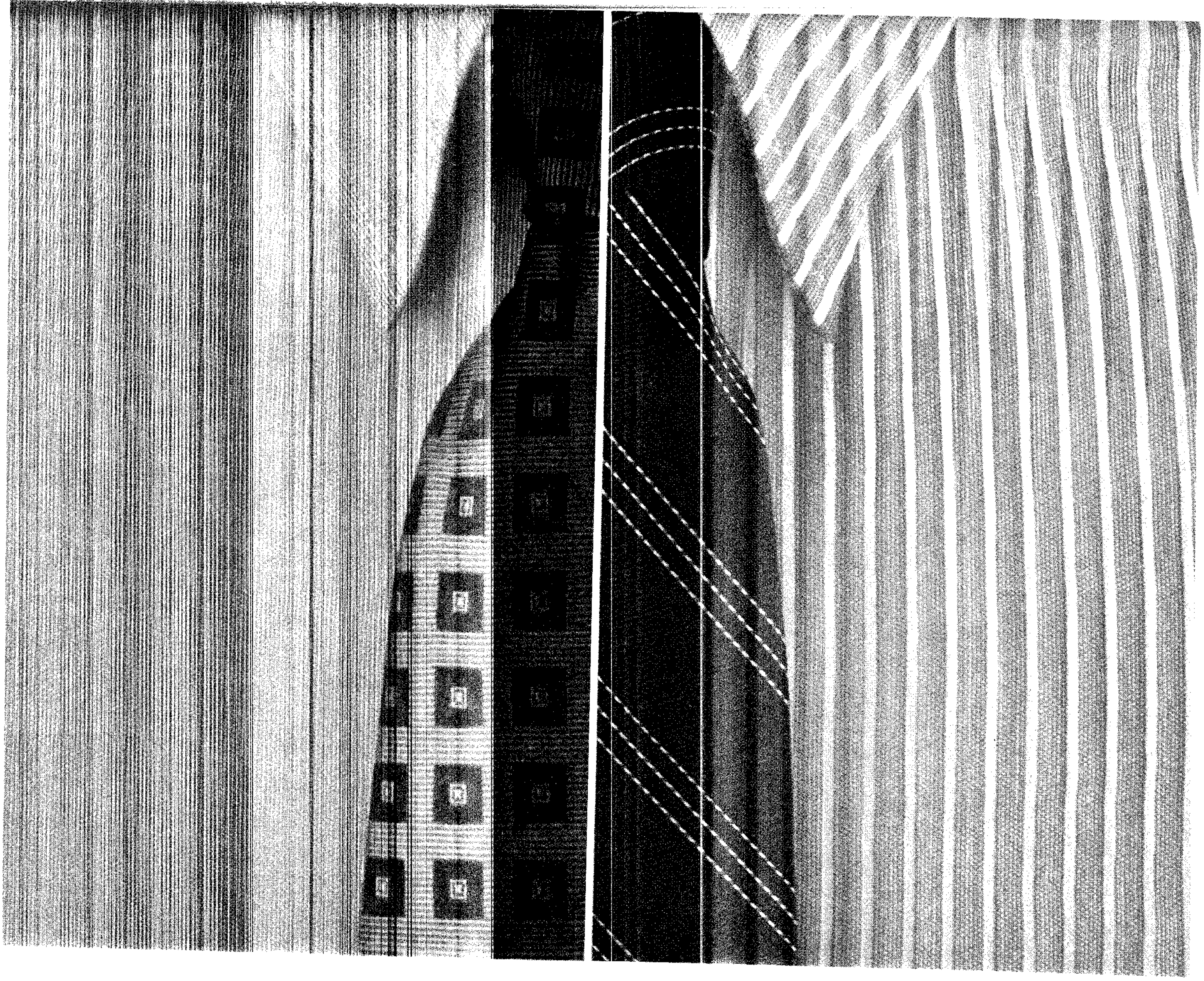
Party buildings in Prague had been occupied or placed under guard by the Soviet troops, and it was suggested by one announcer that the Russians might use stolen official stationery and seals to forge Party identification cards. The invaders had occupied the premises of all the newspaper offices, the Writers' Union, the Journalists' Union, all the bridges, the airports of Ruzyně and Kbely, all railroad stations, and the State Bank. Bread and potatoes were getting scarce, the announcer said. Then he asked people to collect and destroy Russian printed leaflets "as soon as the soldiers are out of sight." At 12:38 P.M., a Prague commentator read "An Answer to an Anonymous Letter Writer":

> You wrote that you know our names, our home addresses, everything about us. The only thing you don't know is where we are now. . . . We are not afraid of you, but we are afraid of the shame and dirt that people like you cause to the nation—people without a name, without a face, without identity. You want to help the enemy because you think you are helping yourself. You are tragically mistaken. You and your like have united our people as perhaps we have never before been united in history. Our voices in the air sing a chorale of freedom. I wonder how a man from a Czech or a Slovak mother can be so despicable. But unfortunately there will always be people like you. You wrote that you hate us. Well, we don't hate you—we are sorry for you.

At this point, the announcer interrupted: "Attention! Watch out for an Army car, license number 28-16-80, carrying a Czechoslovak officer, a civilian, and two Soviet soldiers. They are arresting Party officials." He went on, "We have received a message from Moscow. President Svoboda and the other members of the delegation hope for an honorable solution." Another man came on to say, "Please don't be so rude to these eighteen-year-old soldiers. Most of them don't know what it is all about." A man in Ostrava said that the miners had collected thirty-three thousand signatures for the recall of Drahomír Kolder, an Ostrava deputy, whom they accused of having betrayed Dubček. (A similar movement had been undertaken in Gottwaldov to recall Alois Indra, who, according to some reports, was to be set up by the Russians as the new Premier. A Party official who is now a refugee in Vienna told me that Indra had burst in upon President Svoboda at five in the morning on the day of the invasion with a list of the members of the new government he intended to form but that Svoboda had ended the interview abruptly with the single word "*Ven!*"—"Get out!") A man speaking from the station in Prague said he had seen the word "*Smrt*" ("Death") written on walls under the names of people who were thought to be collaborators, and he urged his listeners to think twice before ruining a man who might be a decent citizen. "There are not as many traitors as some of you believe," he said. It was announced that a one-page edition of *Reportér* was being distributed on the streets. The soldiers of the Opava garrison had sent a letter to the Soviet commander in Prague urging him to remove his forces from Czechoslovakia. A man said that he had just talked to two trusted Soviet friends who were now officers in the Soviet Army: "I made sure first that it wasn't a trap. We spent an hour together. They are heartbroken and deeply ashamed. Yes, they were weeping. They said that millions of people in the Soviet Union feel as they do, and asked me to give you this message."

From Plzeň, a spokesman for the Škoda Works suggested making the next day, Sunday, a working day. "We'll work a special Dubček shift," he said. "The economy needs it. And as long as we stay in the factories, our 'dear friends' will not try to take them away from us. It will be a general strike in reverse." A man who had just made a trip through Bohemia said he had found all the highway signs pointing the wrong way—some of them into fields and quarries. He would have got lost if young children hadn't shown him the way. The whole country was a labyrinth, with every road leading to Moscow. An announcer said, "If there's an accident and you call an ambulance, wait in front of the house, or they might not find you." Late that afternoon, a Slovak station reported that Deputy Minister of the Interior Viliam Šalgovič had been officially branded a traitor. By order of the government, all instructions he had issued were now declared illegal. Long queues were said to be forming for new transistor batteries in front of radio and electrical-appliance stores. People were warned not to let their pictures be taken by Russian soldiers; such photographs might be used to give Russian newspaper readers a false pic-



Claude Finestripe,

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* * *

Now here, projected in Schizoscope, are two striped Eagle Shirts. One of them looks solid, but if you peer closely you will see a very tiny pattern.

"BUT how in the world do you ever get such fine stripes?" people exclaim. ★ O.K., we've got this little-bitty tiger (Claude), who is dragged backwards by his tail down the material (broadclawth), protesting in a piping snarl every stitch of the way. This means an awful lot of grouchy round-trips, to be sure, but it keeps him off the streets. ★ About the broad stripes (and bright scars) on the other shirt, nobody's perfect. ★ Otherwise these Durable Press shirts are like new, also come in brown, charcoal and old gold, at about $9.50. If you don't know where write Miss Afflerbach.

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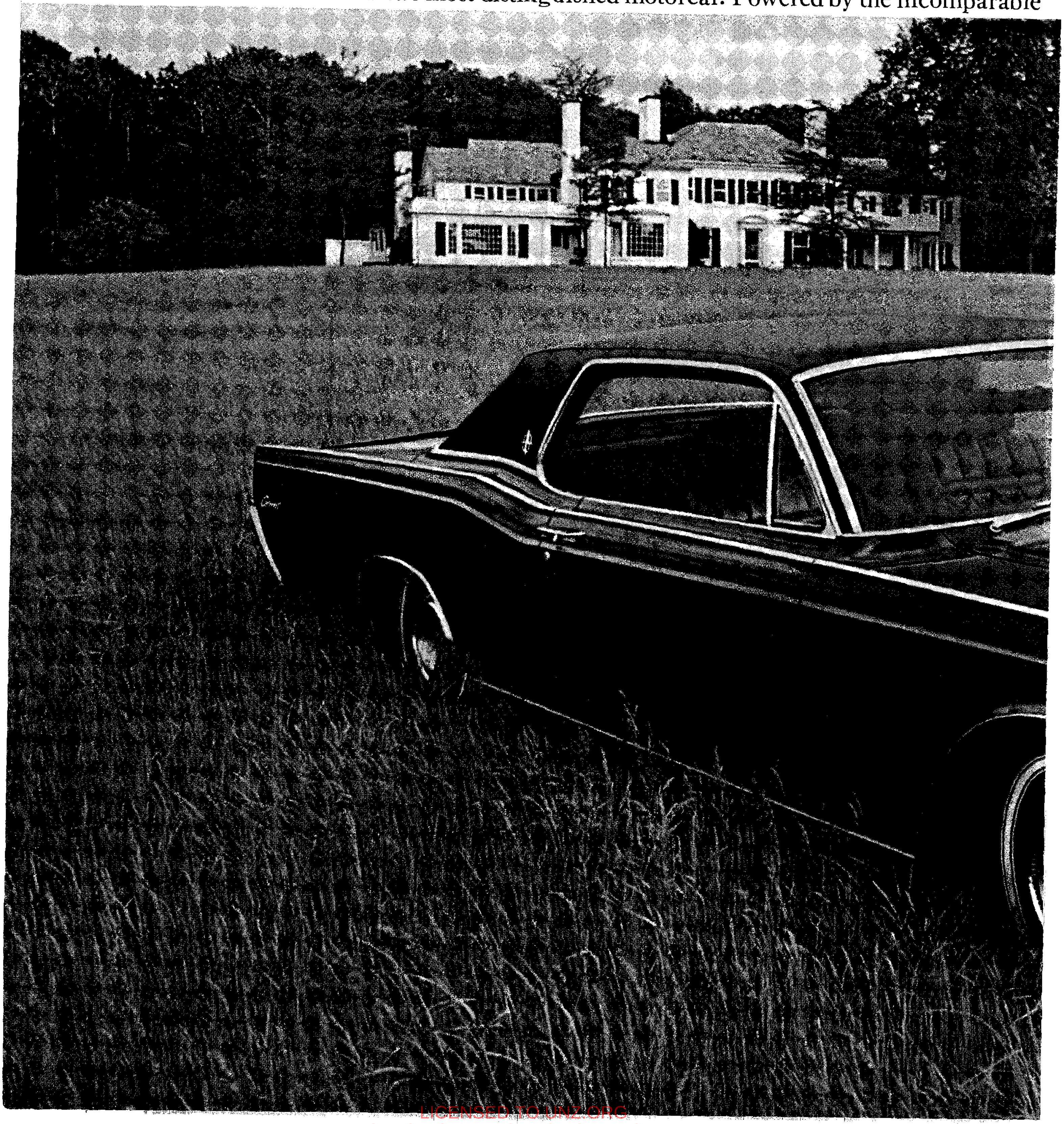

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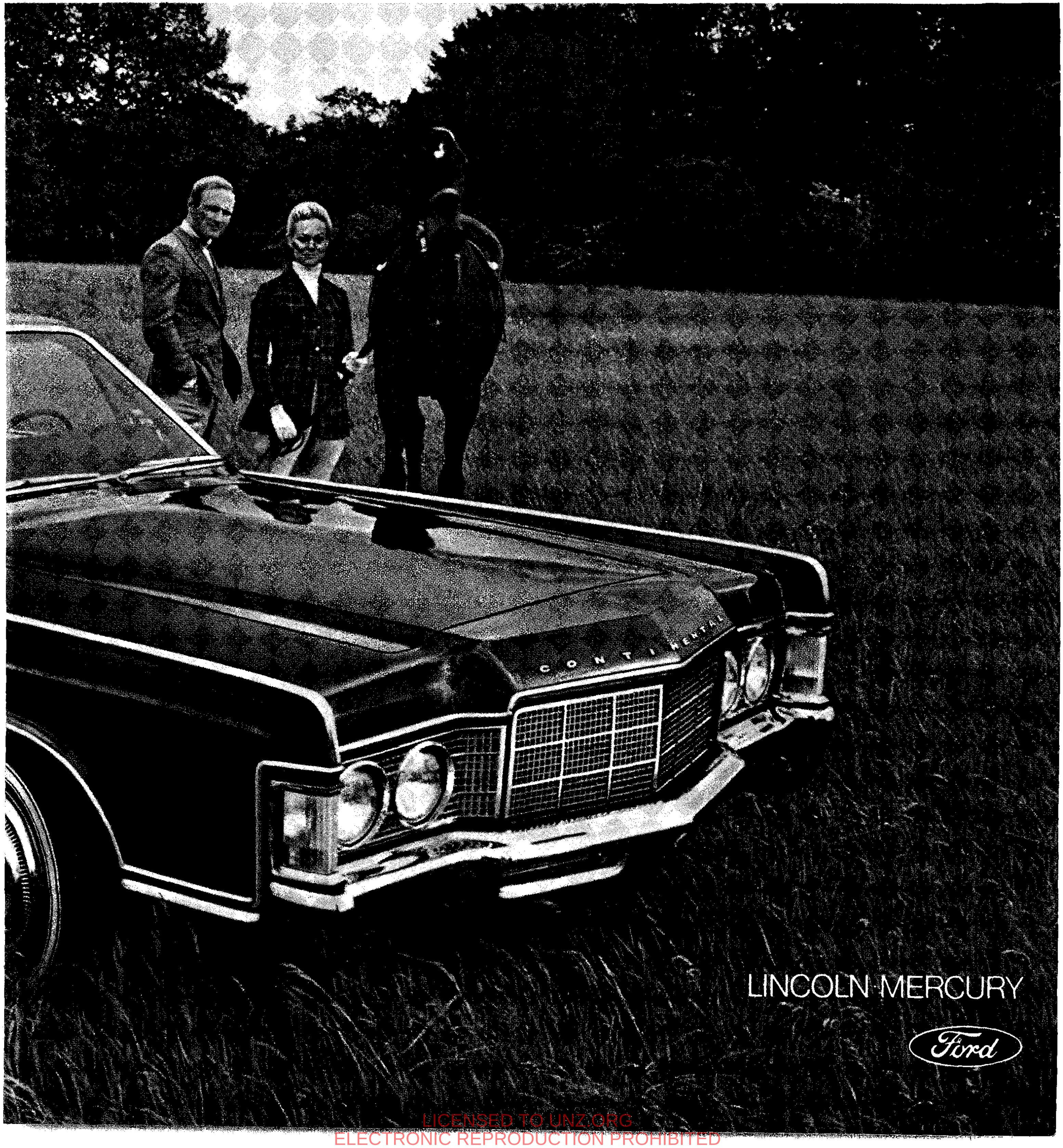
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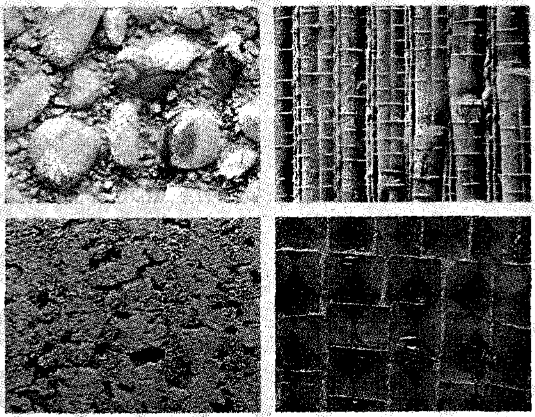

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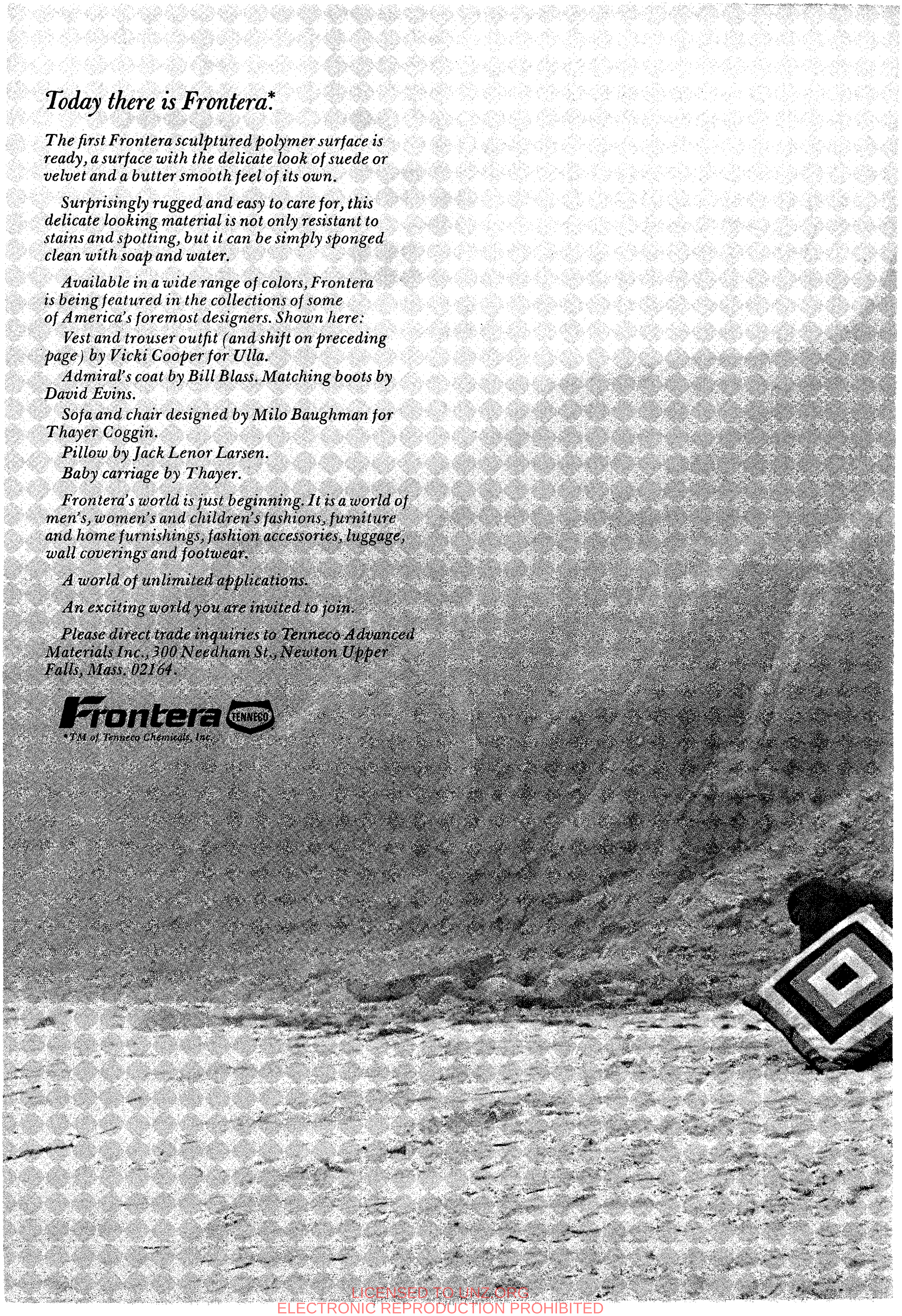

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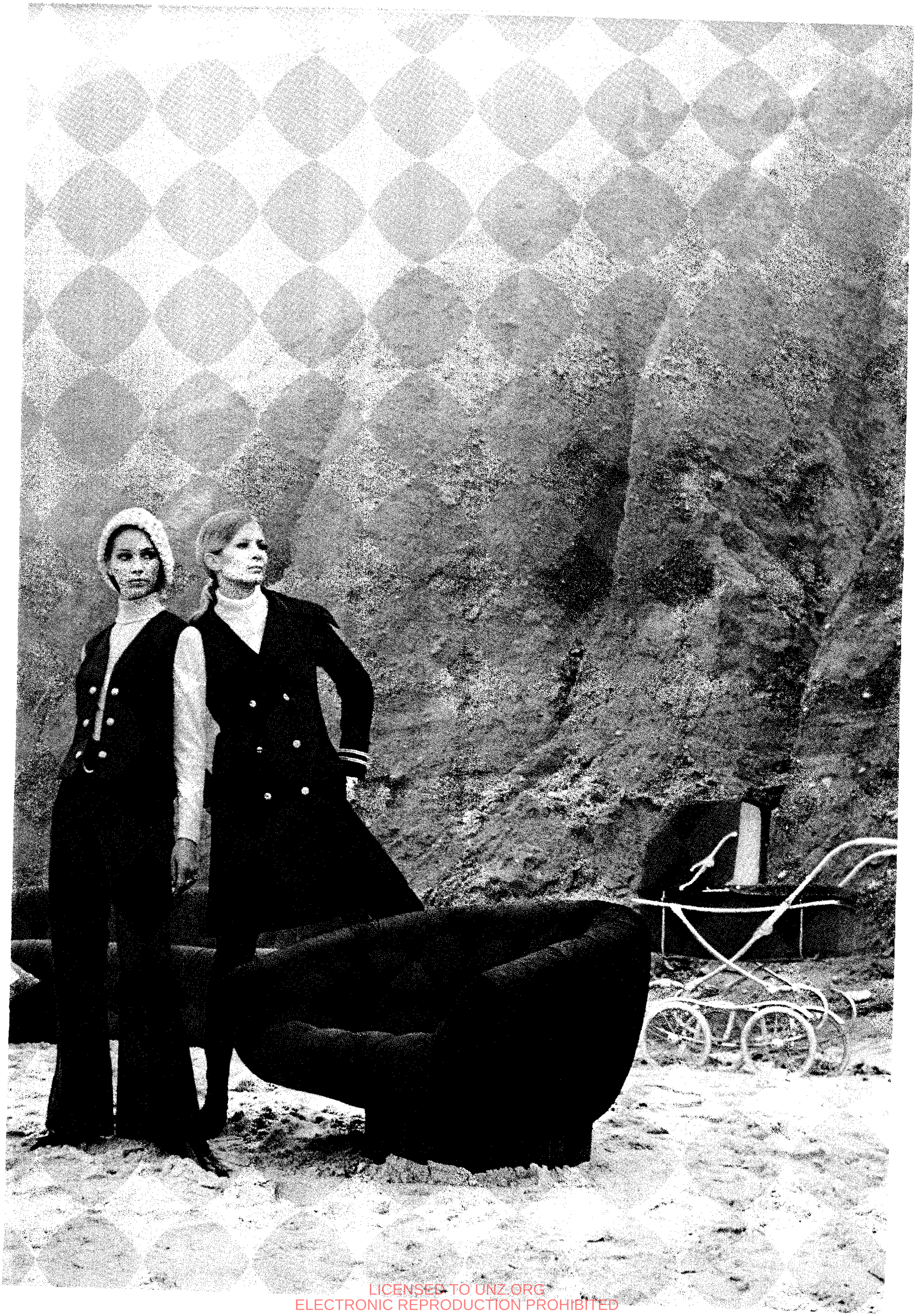

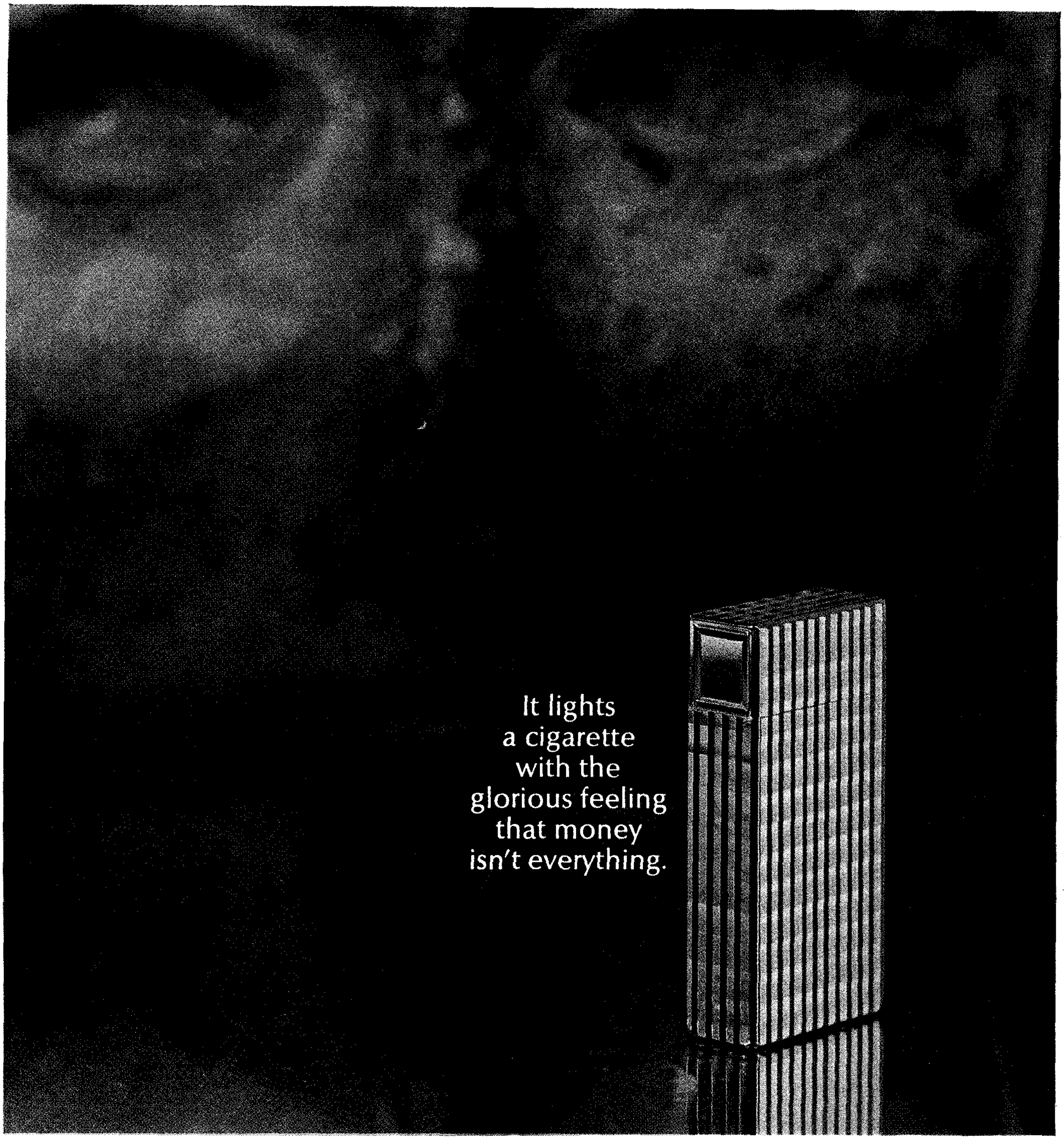

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ture of fraternization. "If they insist, just turn around." Following several days of passionate and useless discussions with the Soviet soldiers, the people were now told to ignore the occupiers. "Prague must become an anonymous city, a silent city," a commentator said. "Only the air will remain alive with our words. They cannot shoot words with guns."

SATURDAY night, I got a telephone call from a classmate who had attended the Ostrava *Gymnasium* with me. (I shall call him M.) He and his wife had been in Yugoslavia when the bad news came. They had at once driven to Austria and had spent the past fifty hours trying to get in touch with their son Pavel, a twenty-two-year-old medical student in Prague. A relative had told them that Pavel was out on the streets most of the time, arguing with the Russians and demonstrating. At last, at two that morning, they had reached Pavel and told him to come to Vienna at once. He had refused at first, saying that he belonged at home with his friends. It was only after his father told him that his mother was in danger of suffering a severe breakdown that Pavel had reluctantly promised to come, and he had arrived just a few hours ago.

The M. family came to visit me that night. Pavel said it hadn't been at all difficult to get out; everybody had helped him. He had had a passport since last spring, and a friendly Czech official had given him an exit visa and wished him luck. The Austrians had readily given him a visa, and in front of their legation he had met a young Frenchman who was driving to Vienna. The Frenchman had agreed to take Pavel along if he could be ready in an hour and would travel light. At the family apartment, Pavel had packed a small bag, leaving out his mother's jewelry but stuffing in a heavy package of underground leaflets that his friends had asked him to distribute among journalists and radio people in Vienna. I offered him a drink, but he said no, thanks, no alcohol. I squeezed a few oranges for him, and he said that was the first fresh orange juice he had had in his life.

Pavel said that in Vienna he had suddenly become afraid about what was going to happen but that he hadn't been afraid in Prague. "When you are in a crowd, you are not afraid," he explained. "There are so many of you. We stayed in upper Wenceslas Square and took our orders from the radio. I argued with several Soviet soldiers and

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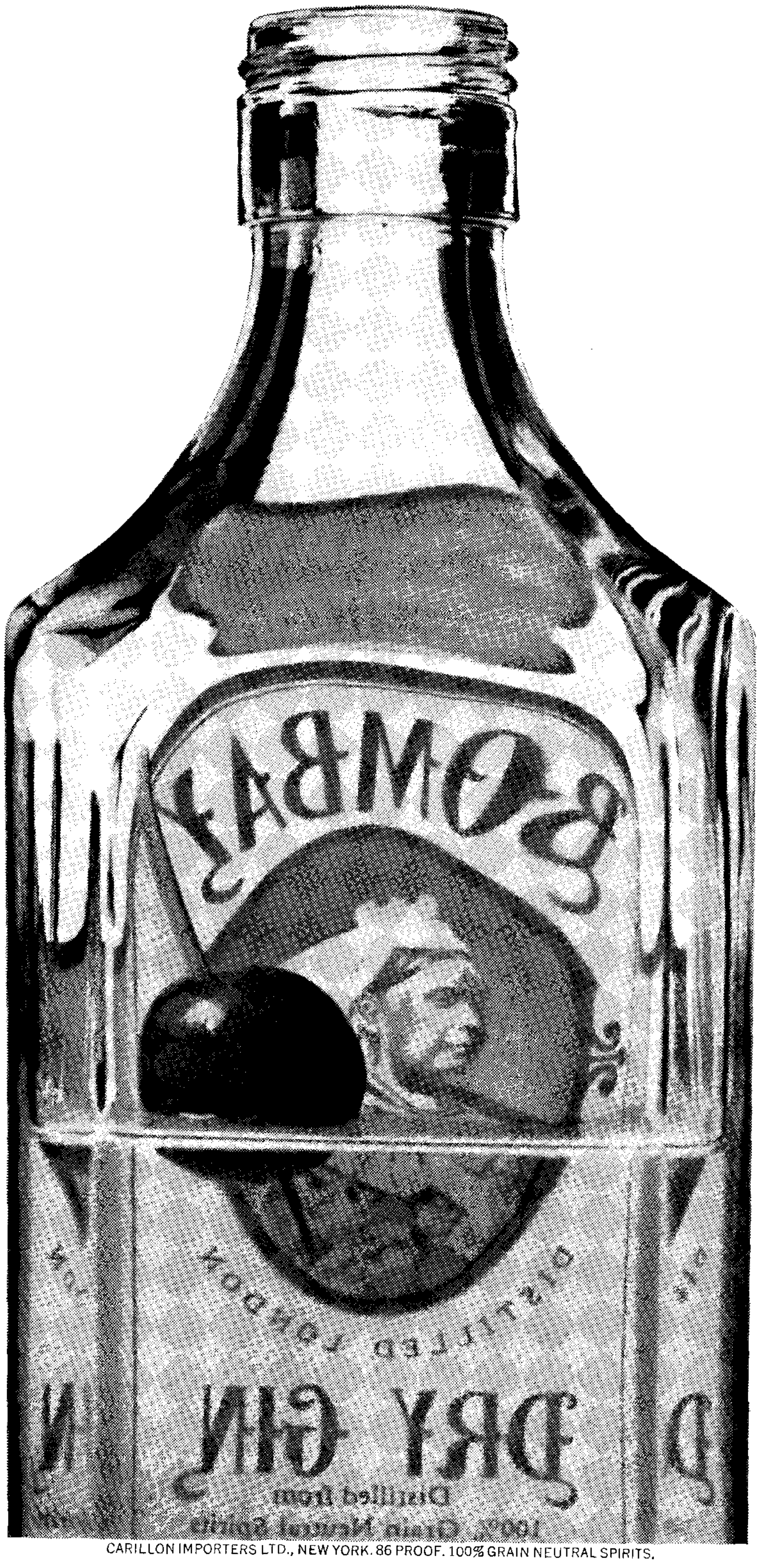

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officers. The crew of one tank thought they were in the Ukraine. One soldier said, 'I've always hated those Ukrainian dogs,' and he pointed his submachine gun at the Prague students. Some other Russian soldiers I talked with were certain that they were in imperialist Germany. We couldn't convince them that they were in Prague. They said their commanding officer had told them it was Germany. We asked them how come the Germans spoke Czech and Russian? They said Germans were 'very clever, very dangerous.' " Pavel said he would probably be going back to Prague soon.

By Sunday, August 25th—the fifth day of the occupation—there were more than half a million foreign soldiers in the country, but the Soviet ambassador, Stepan Chervonenko, had been unable to establish a collaborationist government. The National Assembly was still in permanent session. The "free, legitimate" radio station in Prague broadcast an editorial:

> In the past few days, you have heard many words that cannot be translated into Czech or Slovak. In this war of words, we must be careful not to get trapped in the no man's land of idiocy. Our occupiers are called "brothers and helpers;" our patriotic talk is "counter-revolutionary activity;" our people, who are sticking together as never before, are said to be divided by "imperialistic agents." Friends, you are too intelligent to be confused by this new Tower of Babel. . . . You know what happened to the original tower. This new tower will also fall.

A calm voice exhorted the Czechoslovak people to remain patient, although the Moscow negotiations were indeed dragging on longer than expected. Foreign Minister Jiří Hájek's appeal to the United Nations Security Council "is already forgotten," a man commented. In central Bohemia, a new station introduced itself with the theme song "My Jsme Boží Bojovníci" ("We Are the Fighters of God"), from "Tábor," the fifth part of Smetana's "My Country." Probably the station was near Tábor. In Prague, the commentator Jiří Dienstbier said that the occupation had become a disaster for the Soviet leaders. The Polish and Hungarian troops were getting restless. There were protest demonstrations and arrests in East Germany. He had seen signs reading, "Long Live Our Free Radio!" And he added, "Maybe our own leaders in Moscow don't know how strong the country's morale is. In a referendum today, ninety-nine per cent of the popu-

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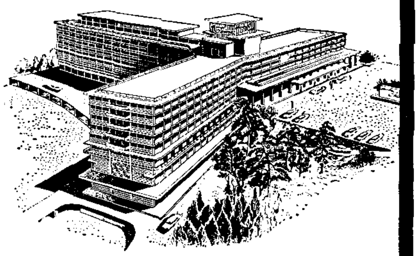

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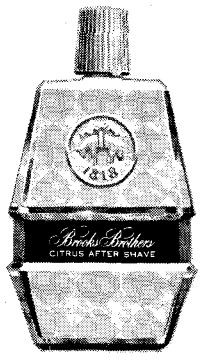
lation would declare themselves behind Dubček."

All morning, the Slovak stations assured their Czech friends of the unity of the two peoples. "Your strength is our strength," a message from the workers of Slovakia declared. People were warned to conceal mimeograph equipment, because the Soviets were looking for it. In many areas, rains had endangered the potato harvest, and citizens were asked to help out in the fields. The workers in several factories were asking what to do about export deliveries to the Warsaw Pact countries. The Prague station advised them to wait. Several commentators expressed the hope that President Svoboda would soon return from Moscow; people were getting very anxious about the negotiations there. Several labor leaders were quoted as saying they stood firm behind the intellectuals of the nation who had carried the banner of reform. (No such statement had ever been heard before.) In the Prague suburb of Podolí, the Soviets had forcibly prevented the local police from taking wounded people to the hospital. The Soviets had not had much luck in finding collaborators among the Czechoslovak police; in fact, police cars had been seen distributing underground newspapers. A reporter from Prostějov, Moravia, had spoken to Hungarian soldiers "who couldn't look our people in the eye." A Prague commentator with a mildly ironic voice that had become familiar in recent days said:

> Dear occupiers, if you listen to us, you know that we haven't deserted the Socialist cause, in spite of what you did to us. Incidentally, we suggest that you rename your Vltava station Volga, which will identify you. We're telling our listeners your wavelength, so they can tune in and judge for themselves the level of your ridiculous, amateurish propaganda. Above all, dear occupiers, please learn to speak decent Czech and Slovak!

There were many messages that I took to be in code. A woman said, "Václav, the chocolate is ready for delivery," and, after a pause, "Jana in Prague, the light went out." An announcer said the next speaker would address the two hundred and fifty thousand members of the nation's gypsy minority in their own language, Romany, and a woman made a passionate speech of which I could understand only the words "Dubček" and "Svoboda." Prague asked all stations whether "playing a little music once in a while" might not be a good idea. "No silly tunes, of course," the announcer



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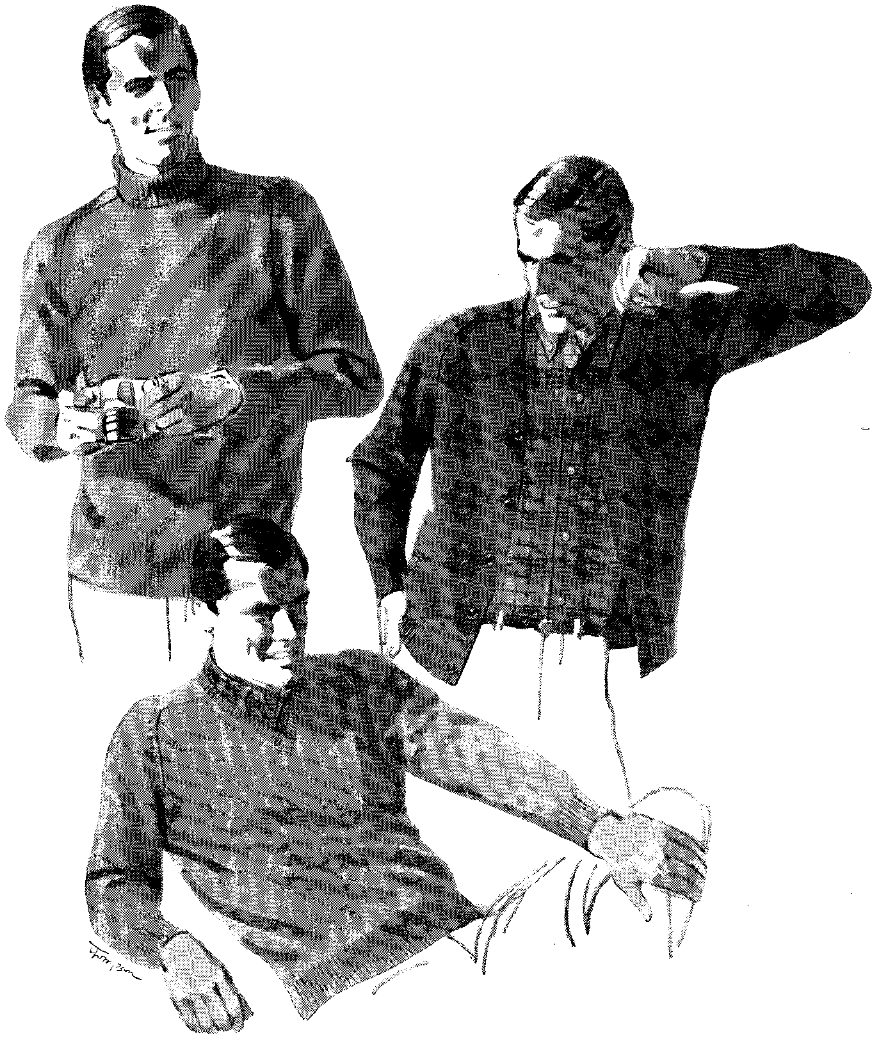
said. "But we need a little free time to work on news and messages." A Czech actor made an appeal in German to some East German theatrical people, whose names he read out:

> Remember the evenings we spent together this spring and summer? You were all excited about our new Socialism. You wished me luck. . . . Now your soldiers have brutally invaded our beautiful country. Our women and children are terrified. Dear friends, you were so kind to our group when we performed there not long ago—can you believe that our nation has suddenly turned against Socialism, that we are counter-revolutionaries, as you are told by your newspapers? Do you realize that the entire population stands behind Dubček? Is it a counter-revolution when a nation suddenly discovers its true soul? If you don't believe me, friends, then we can no longer be friends. But if you do believe me, spread the word, tell the truth to everybody—help us in this terrible hour. Your troops shoot at our people while your leaders talk of peace and friendship. Come back, my dear friends, but do not bring weapons, and we will receive you with open arms. For God's sake, stop this terrible invasion! Call your soldiers back home!

The station in Brno asked people to remove swastika signs that had been put up near some Russian tanks and replace them with pictures of Dubček and Svoboda. "We don't want to see the swastika next to the Communist star. Even in this terrible hour, the star remains the symbol of Socialism. Remember, the star belongs to us, too—not only to those who betrayed Socialism. The star belongs to all who fight against Brezhnev's, Ulbricht's, Gomulka's new imperialism. The star remains the symbol of the working class, and no one has an exclusive right to it—certainly not the troops in their tanks that bear the star." In answer to the question from Prague about the advisability of playing a little music, Brno said it was in favor, "provided it is protest music." It was announced that several young people in Brno and Gottwaldov had joined the local Communist Party to show their solidarity. High-school students were told to get ready for their entrance examinations. At eleven-sixteen, there was an alert for all doctors who might help wounded people—shooting had broken out again in Prague. The Czech Women's Association sent a message to the wives of Dubček, Černík, and Kriegel: "We Czech women suffer with you. You are not alone." (Mrs. Dubček, who had been in Yugoslavia with two of her sons at the time of the invasion, had returned with the boys to her home, in Bratislava, and was still there. The



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boys told an interviewer that they were all right, and that the neighbors were helping them. "If we are taken away, people will know about it," one of them said.) At eleven-twenty-five, a telegram from President Svoboda to the chief of staff of the Czechoslovak Army was read: "All is well. Keep calm. We hope to be home soon."

A Prague commentator said:

> In Munich, in 1938, our allies betrayed us, but they didn't attack us. Friends, today's betrayal is worse than Munich. But we have won earlier battles with the silent weapons of moral strength. Not one among us has capitulated. The world listens to our free, legitimate radio stations. Our newspapers get printed. The National Assembly remains in session. . . . Let us try to remain patient, no matter what Vltava says. It is trying to create a climate of panic. It wants to provoke incidents so that the troops can turn Prague into a second Budapest. Keep away from them. Don't even give them a glass of water. When these soldiers return home, they will talk to their comrades; they will never be the same. The Soviet generals have shown the world the barbarism of Czarist Russia. Don't ask for neutrality, friends—that would be a dangerous illusion. Our true weapons are silence and the truth.

A man from Čadča, in Slovakia, said he was almost ashamed to report that there was only one armored vehicle in town, and he added that everybody was praying for the rest of the country on this lovely Sunday morning. A station identified as Kriváň was called but didn't answer. The city authorities in Mariánské Lázně (Marienbad) had turned down an invitation to meet with the local Soviet commander. Trucks loaded with vegetables and potatoes were said to be on their way to Prague, but no one could predict when they would arrive, "because they cannot take the direct route." At two in the afternoon, Ostrava reported that the plan to work on Sunday was a great success. Ostrava was a "dead city," but the factories were alive, going full blast. A Prague commentator said, "The Kremlin has done it at last—it has created its own Vietnam in Czechoslovakia." He went on:

> We must realize that if our leaders in Moscow do not accept their terms we will remain occupied, maybe for a long time. Later, the Soviets may get more desperate and attack Rumania or Yugoslavia. We watch the sorry spectacle of the world's two biggest powers caught in their own traps. . . . Let us be realistic, friends. We cannot get out of the Warsaw Pact. I do not ask you to accept capitulation, but I ask you to be patient until our leaders return and tell us what happened. Let us be *realistic* [his voice underscored the word] and demonstrate

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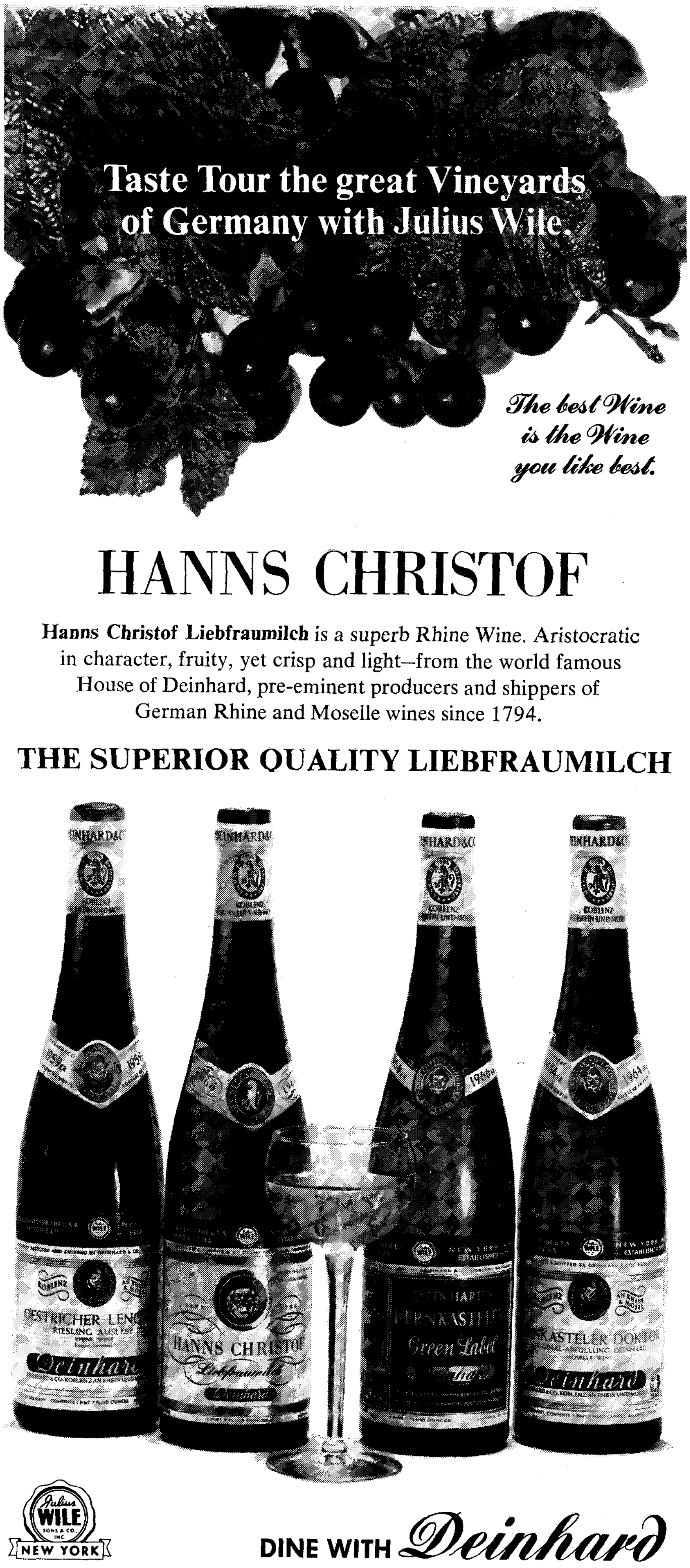
LATE on Sunday afternoon, the tree-shaded street below my apartment windows in Vienna was quiet and peaceful. The sun had all but gone down, and the line of distant hills in the east, toward Czechoslovakia, stood out clearly against the darkening sky. A few strollers were on their way home from Türkenschanzpark, which commemorates some fortifications the Viennese put up in 1683 against a siege by two hundred and thirty thousand Turks. At the corner, some people were gathered around a parked car, listening to a radio. I heard Czech words. That evening, Radio Warsaw reported on a Tass correspondent's visit to an underground radio station in Czechoslovakia that had been discovered by what were called "the allied troops." The station had operated from a subterranean stronghold on a wooded hill, using "much modern equipment from abroad." (The "free, legitimate" radio later reported that the Žilina station, in Slovakia, had been occupied by the Soviets.) A Czech radio technician who later came to Vienna told me that many small stations had been set up during the Novotný regime, at the urging of Soviet experts, who said that such a network might be needed one day to alert the population against an invasion from the West. I told the technician that Radio Moscow said one underground station had been established in the garden of a certain Western embassy in Prague, but he laughed at that. "We didn't need the protection of an exterritorial garden," he said. "In a few days, our network was operating beautifully everywhere."

A special-delivery letter arrived that Sunday night from Paris. Two days before the invasion, my friend J. had arrived there for his long-delayed vacation. His children were in Prague, and he wrote that he thought he would have to return, even if it meant jail, "or worse."

ON Monday, August 26th, a Slovak station reported that a Soviet gasoline-tank train was on its way to Prague and asked the populace to stop the train. Prague cut in to say, "Friends, you have just heard the news about the tank train. Don't answer that summons. At this time, when our delegation in Moscow is fighting for our national existence, such an action would only give the Soviets a good argument. Counter-revolution means something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active; so far our resistance has been passive. There is no need for the population at large to interfere with the train. Our able railroad workers will take care of this matter." The Slovak station came back on the air, and the man who had called on the people to stop the train said he agreed with his friends in Prague—he had been hasty. But, he added, if the worst happened, many Slovaks would again become partisans in the woods, as they had been twenty-three years ago against the Germans.

Industrial enterprises were constantly asking the radio stations to transmit urgent messages—often to the effect that badly needed raw materials hadn't arrived and production would soon be halted. (This did not seem the time to discuss economic problems, but quite a few people were obviously wondering what was going to happen to an economy that depended to a large extent on Soviet raw materials.) The Louny district, in northern Bohemia, urgently needed two thousand people to help harvest the hops. The Catholic clergy was asked to have all church bells in the country ring at precisely nine o'clock that morning for fifteen minutes. Factory sirens and automobile horns would join in, for "a demonstration of national unity to be heard in the smallest, most remote hamlet." (Later, there was a report on the nine-o'clock demonstration in the streets of Prague: "A group of Soviet soldiers asked me what the noise meant," a man said. "I said it was a referendum for Dubček, but they didn't understand. I explained that all the people in the country wanted to show that they stood behind their leaders. The soldiers asked me who gave the order. I said it was a spontaneous thing. . . . It was hopeless. They didn't understand.")

That Monday, many stations were compelled to change their frequencies at short notice because of Russian jamming. A new station had joined the network, to broadcast to the Hungarian minority. The "free, legitimate" network was now broadcasting in Czech, Slovak, Polish, Russian, Ruthenian, Hungarian, Romany, German, French, and English. Prague said that leaflets had appeared asking people to give the soldiers poisoned food and beverages, and warned against "such a stupid provocation." Ostrava interrupted: "Motorists, stay away from the road to Svinov! Soviet soldiers are pulling down all Dubček posters there and shooting at every vehicle." A hospital in Olomouc reported that since

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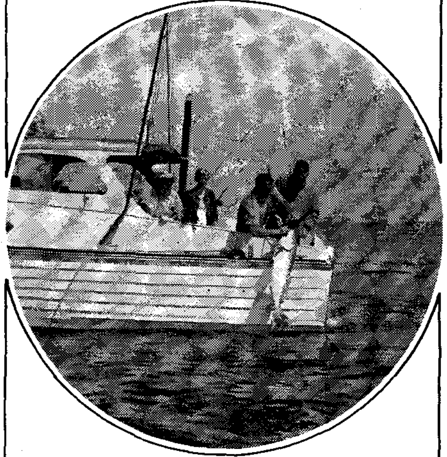

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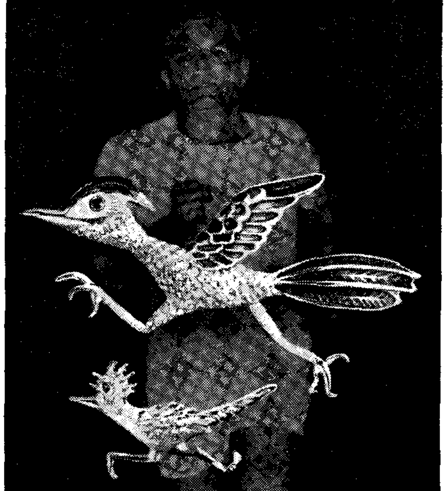

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the invasion started twenty-two children had been born there—thirteen boys and nine girls. A man who seemed almost in a state of shock told how Soviet troops had entered the television studio he was working in the night before. "They destroyed all the equipment and fired shots all over the place, and they were *laughing!*" he said. "They thought it was great fun." A Prague commentator said that the invaders had made an interesting discovery: once again everything was the fault of the Jews, and the counterrevolution was directed by "Zionists." He went on bitterly, "First they discovered a cache of American arms. Now they have found two million Zionists among us. Friends, our dear occupiers underestimate our memories. Of the three hundred and fifty thousand Jews who once lived here, less than fifteen thousand are with us. And they belong here."

A journalist spoke about the meeting of the Security Council of the United Nations that had produced a resolution condemning the Soviet Union and calling for the withdrawal of all occupying troops, only to have it vetoed by the Soviet Union:

> We expected a miracle, but I believe the only miracle is happening here. The occupiers have done all they could to incite hatred, but our people remain composed. We remain a Socialist country. We don't hate the people of Russia, East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Bulgaria. We treat their soldiers as though they were made of thin air. . . . We know that President Svoboda is having a terrible time in Moscow, but he is an old soldier and we trust him.

It was reported that the families of the two accused traitors Kolder and Indra had sought refuge at the Soviet Embassy. A big sign on the house where Kolder's family had lived read, "Traitor Kolder lives on the fifth floor." A Slovak writer said there was no longer any difference between Czechs and Slovaks, only between decent and bad people, between patriots and traitors. A woman announcer in Prague said, "Last night, Soviet soldiers fired into a group of young people. Several were killed and others were wounded. Our ambulances were not permitted to take them away. One of the ambulances was shot at. Citizens, you will remember this night until you die!" Her voice broke on the last few words. The Plzeň station announced that two streets had been renamed T. G. Masaryk, and read an ad from the latest issue of a local underground newspaper: "To all occupiers: Will

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I MET a Czechoslovak woman I shall call Mrs. O. that evening at the house of a friend. She had just arrived in Vienna, and she looked remarkably cheerful and energetic, considering that she had been working six days and nights for the "free, legitimate" television network in occupied Czechoslovakia. She advised me not to be deceived by her appearance—she was still "in a protracted state of euphoria." She said, "My phone rang at one-thirty in the morning on August 21st. It was the office. They had just got the news. I called some of the people who worked with me. All of us had been in close touch with top Party and government leaders, but no one had expected this. Troops were approaching from five directions."

At three in the morning, Mrs. O. had arrived at the entrance to the Radio Prague station, where a number of people were already milling around. Many were weeping. Some were furious, and said they had been betrayed by their own leaders. She worked with a cameraman; he filmed the crowd, and she interviewed people with a small tape recorder. At 5 A.M., they drove to Hradčany Castle and continued their work there until six tanks approached. Five passed by, but the crew in the last tank saw them and stopped. A soldier jumped out, pointed a machine gun at them, tore the film out of the camera, and took her tape recorder away. "The worst part of it was that he spoke German," she told me. "An East German in front of our Hradčany! When we got back to the radio building, it was already occupied. We met some other people and started to set up a sort of network. Everything was improvised. We worked in military barracks and in militia barracks. The workers' militia had much better broadcasting equipment than we had—theirs was from the West. Everybody helped us. The Russians occupied three TV studios in Prague, but they didn't find fifty places where we had various kinds of equipment. In the beginning, we had no sound, only pictures. For a while, we worked from a research institute, and there we had only sound, no pictures. But the idea was to be on the air all the time, to give people courage. We couldn't compete with radio as far as news was concerned. Instead, we recorded interviews with political leaders and commentators."

The Soviets destroyed the main TV

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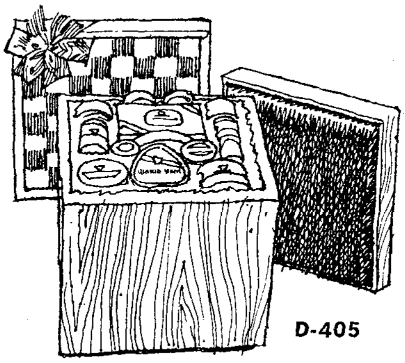

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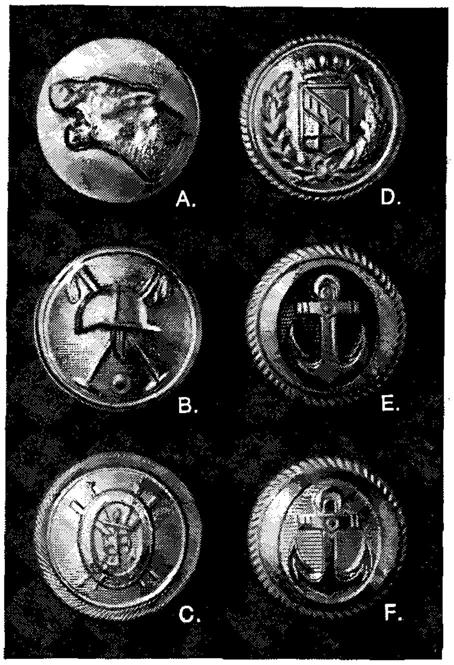

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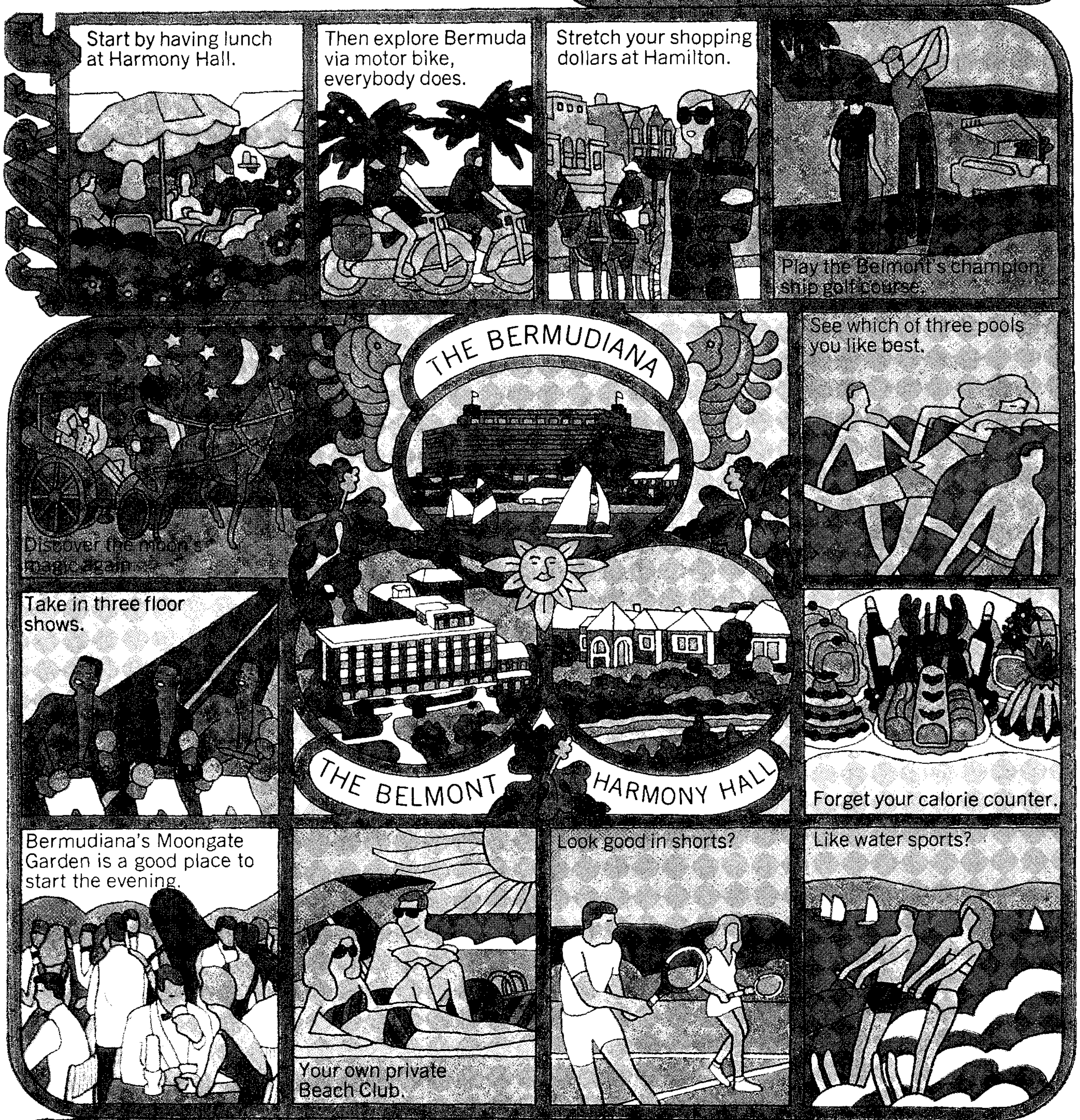
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Ronrico. A rum to remember.

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transmitter in Prague, but imaginative technicians discovered an unfinished hotel building on a hill in the suburbs and arranged a connection from there to a transmitter in Ústí nad Labem. "There were no hills between our site and the transmitter," Mrs. O. explained. "And we were well protected by the masons and construction workers. The first night, we slept a little, wrapped in newspapers, but later we had sleeping bags. We got hot food from a nearby military hospital. We had a telephone, and we would use only first names when we talked with other stations. Transportation was no problem. The soldiers gave us jeeps and staff cars, and we could stop any cabdriver. When we told them we were working for 'our' television, they would take us anywhere, free. We went all over Prague and brought back Party people for interviews, and also supplied them with food and newspapers. A woman brought us the keys to her apartment and said we could sleep there. After three days, everybody within a ten-kilometre radius knew where we were, but no one gave us away. People in the street recognized us, and they shook hands with us and thanked us and blessed us."

Mrs. O. was part of a TV team that went into the machine factory while the secret Fourteenth Party Congress was being held there. "It was in a large hall in the oldest part of the factory, where anybody without a guide would soon be lost in a maze of corridors and stairways. Even if the Soviets had come into the factory, they would have had trouble finding the hall. Many prominent Party people slept there while the K.G.B. was looking for them at their homes." Mrs. O. laughed, and then she went on, "After the Russians set up their Vltava television station, we noticed that they had three announcers whose faces were never shown. Their voices would be heard, and meanwhile lovely pictures of Hradčany Castle and the Charles Bridge would be shown. We finally tracked one of those announcers down—Jiří Lukáš, who had been a faithful Novotný man. Then *we* showed a photograph of Lukáš, so that the people could recognize this collaborator. After five days, we had four different television channels broadcasting simultaneously. In normal times, there had been only one channel, and we hadn't been planning to add a second one until 1972. And now, when we were surrounded by the tanks and guns and soldiers, we had four channels." Mrs. O. shook her head as

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though she couldn't believe it. "It's strange," she said. "Never in my whole life have I experienced such a complete sense of freedom as I did during those first days and nights of the occupation."

AT six in the morning on Tuesday, August 27th, Radio Vienna reported that President Svoboda "and all other members of the Czechoslovak delegation" had returned to Prague before dawn. The Presidential flag had been flying again over Hradčany Castle since five-twenty-five. A little later, the news was confirmed by the "free, legitimate" stations. The employees of the Vítkovice Ironworks sent their greetings to the President and asked him to "tell the people as soon as possible that the reforms will not be sacrificed." Everybody was clearly apprehensive about what the next hours would bring. An issue of *Rudé Právo* that had been secretly printed during the night bore on its front page a quotation from Karl Marx: "Only that nation is free which does not deprive another nation of its liberty."

A man's voice from Prague suggested another nationwide demonstration at nine o'clock, "with church bells, factory sirens, automobile horns, even alarm clocks, to greet the return of our delegation." A code message, "The water is rising," was repeated several times. An actor read the scene from Karel Čapek's play "R.U.R." in which the robots are about to take over the world and a man, reassuring himself that there are still some other human beings alive in the electrical plant, says, "Ah, they're there, and they're working." The actor paused at that point and interpolated, "Remember nine o'clock, so it will be said, 'They're there. We can still hear them.' "

An Austrian reporter later telephoned from Prague to Radio Vienna:

> At nine o'clock, there was an incredible demonstration. I was in a side street off Wenceslas Square. Suddenly I heard the church bells and factory sirens; bus drivers and people in cars sounded their horns; an old woman beat an iron stick against an empty garbage can; a cook and his helpers came running out of a restaurant beating spoons and ladles against pots; people held some ringing alarm clocks out of their windows; and those who had no noisemakers of any kind just shouted. It was a wonderfully mad demonstration of a wonderful free spirit, and it brought tears to my eyes.

In midmorning, the "free, legitimate" station in Plzeň, "always happy to give you some good news," broad-

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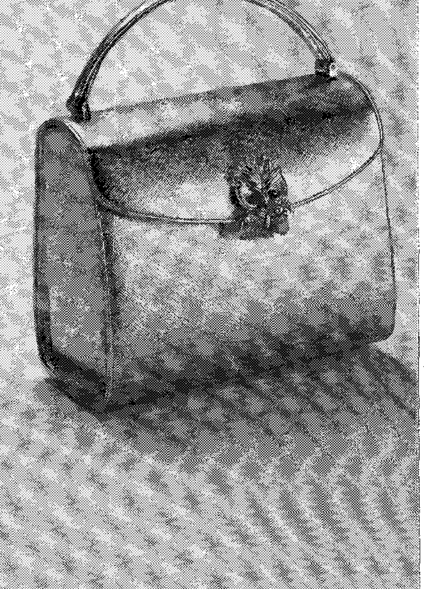

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cast a reporter's interview with some Soviet soldiers:

> I asked them whether they believed there was a counter-revolution in our country, and they said, "Brezhnev said so, and it must be true." I said, "Suppose Brezhnev tells you something different next week," and they said, "Then *that* will be true." Then I got exasperated and asked, "Does that mean that whatever Brezhnev says is true?," and they all nodded gravely and said, "*Da, da.*" I thought I had heard this before, many years ago, when Goebbels was still around. Then the soldiers said now they would ask *me* something: Exactly *where* in West Germany were all our secret radio stations?

A few minutes later, it was reported that Czechoslovak troops were again guarding Hradčany Castle—that the Soviet troops had moved away. "Answering many anxious questions, we want to assure everybody that all our leaders, including Alexander Dubček, are now meeting at the Castle," an announcer said. Prague was described as "more normal" this morning. The streetcars were running; the Soviet tanks had left the Vltava bridges and were now in the suburbs. From the suburb of Pankrác (in which one of Prague's largest prisons is situated), a long tank column was moving toward Tábor, "and possibly toward the Austrian border."

Suddenly there were excited voices. A woman was heard weeping, and a moment later she said, "Friends, we have Comrade Smrkovský here. . . ." Then there was silence. At last, Smrkovský said, very softly, "*Těžko se mně mluví*" ("It's hard for me to speak"). His flat voice, heavy with exhaustion and emotion, was the most shocking thing I had heard so far. Smrkovský, the most cheerful and loud-voiced among the reform leaders, always glad to address a crowd, was now barely audible, unable to keep his voice under control, as he said that he was "bowing deeply to the people of this country." Yes, he said—and here you could hear him take a deep breath—they were *all* back. (It was reported later that the Czechoslovak delegation had refused to leave Moscow until František Kriegel was permitted to join them. Kriegel, the man who had reportedly been singled out as "that Galician Jew," had not been at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport when the others arrived to board their plane. The Soviets had kept him standing for six hours with his hands up, facing a wall. He had finally joined his colleagues at the airport, and only then had the delegation departed.) The

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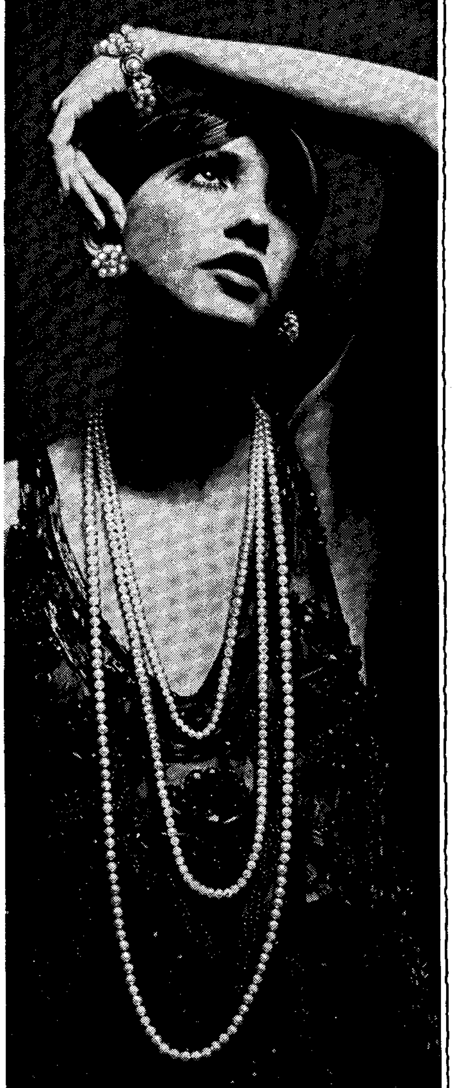

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woman announcer, still weeping, asked Smrkovský whether he had a message. He said, very quietly, that they were all exhausted, having gone two nights without sleep. Yes, President Svoboda would speak to the nation, and the others would, too. No, he couldn't say anything at the moment—this was no time to make a speech. He sighed again and said, "I believe we'll find a way." But he sounded deeply depressed.

The Smrkovský interview was later rebroadcast. A commentator said that now people must stand together as never before. "Keep a diary for the future, all of you, so that you and your children will always remember exactly what happened. And go back to work. That's the only thing we can do now."

A man who was introduced as "one of our leading actors" spoke on behalf of the country's theatrical performers:

> We are a little frightened by the size of the stage and the vastness of our audience, but remember that we perform not only for this generation but also for the next.... Our theatres have been dark for the past few nights, but each member of the large cast knows his part, which is written by his conscience.... Unfortunately, the soldiers we see running around like badly coached supers are real flesh-and-blood soldiers. Friends, though we are actors, we know the difference between truth and make-believe. We know that we'll soon hear bad news. In this hour of national tragedy, all of us artists stand firm behind our leaders. This awful play is written by history. Each of us has his role to perform in it.

After a pause, a man said, "Thank you, friend.... Yes, we may soon have censorship of the press and of our radio and television, but we will never have censorship of our thoughts."

Later, a man said that Smrkovský had passed through the city on his way to the National Assembly and had been given a tremendous welcome by the populace. A bus driver got so excited that he departed from his route, with all his passengers, to follow Smrkovský's car, but no one in the bus seemed to mind. For the first time in several days, the bakers had made not only bread but also cake and pastry. The manager of a chain of markets came on the air to express his thanks to the railroad workers who had kept going day and night to distribute needed foodstuffs all over the country.

It was announced that the National Assembly was still in session, and that "important documents may soon be read." All stations were asked to stand by. A man said that this was Munich

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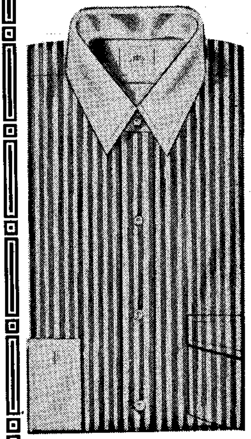

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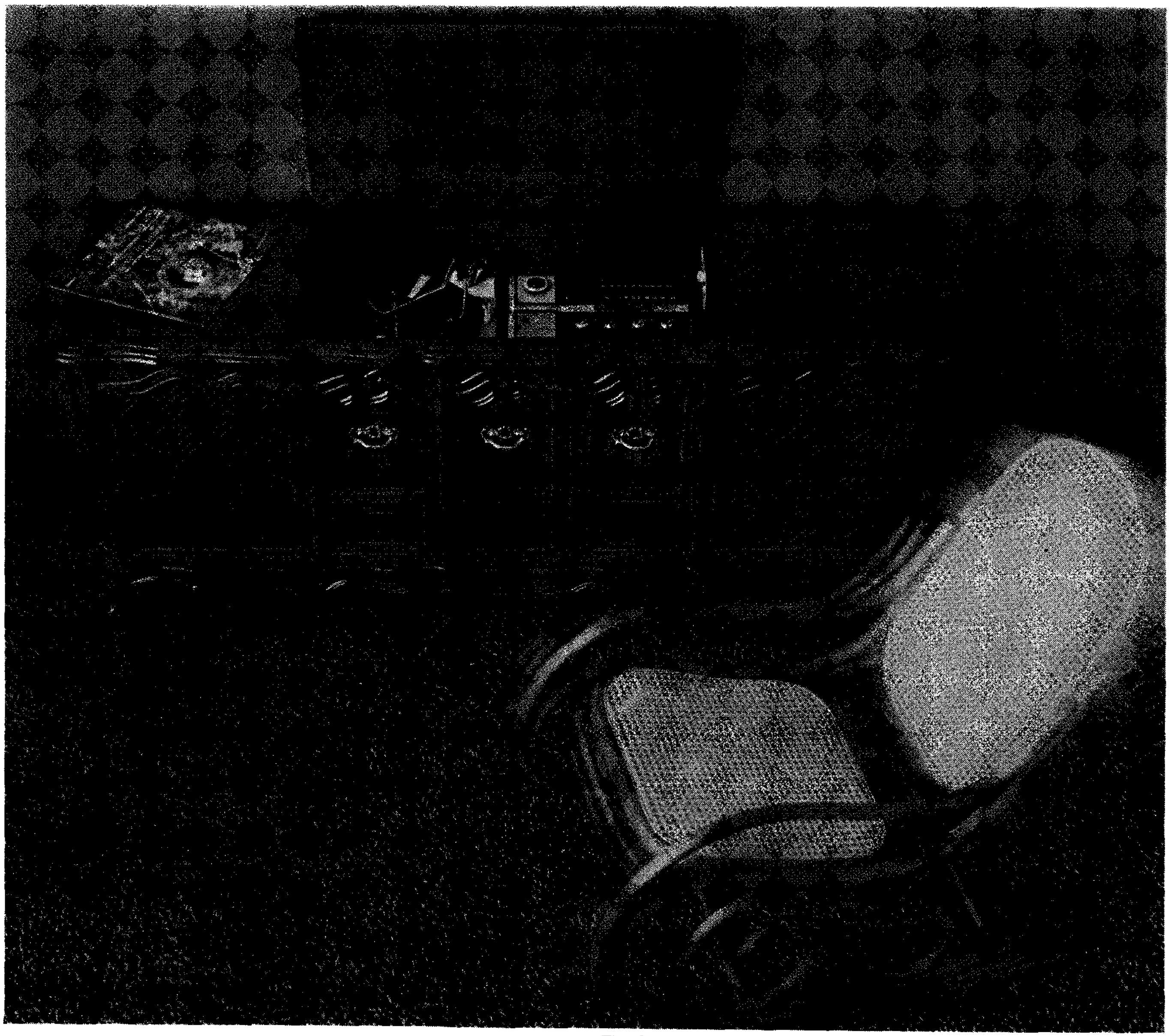

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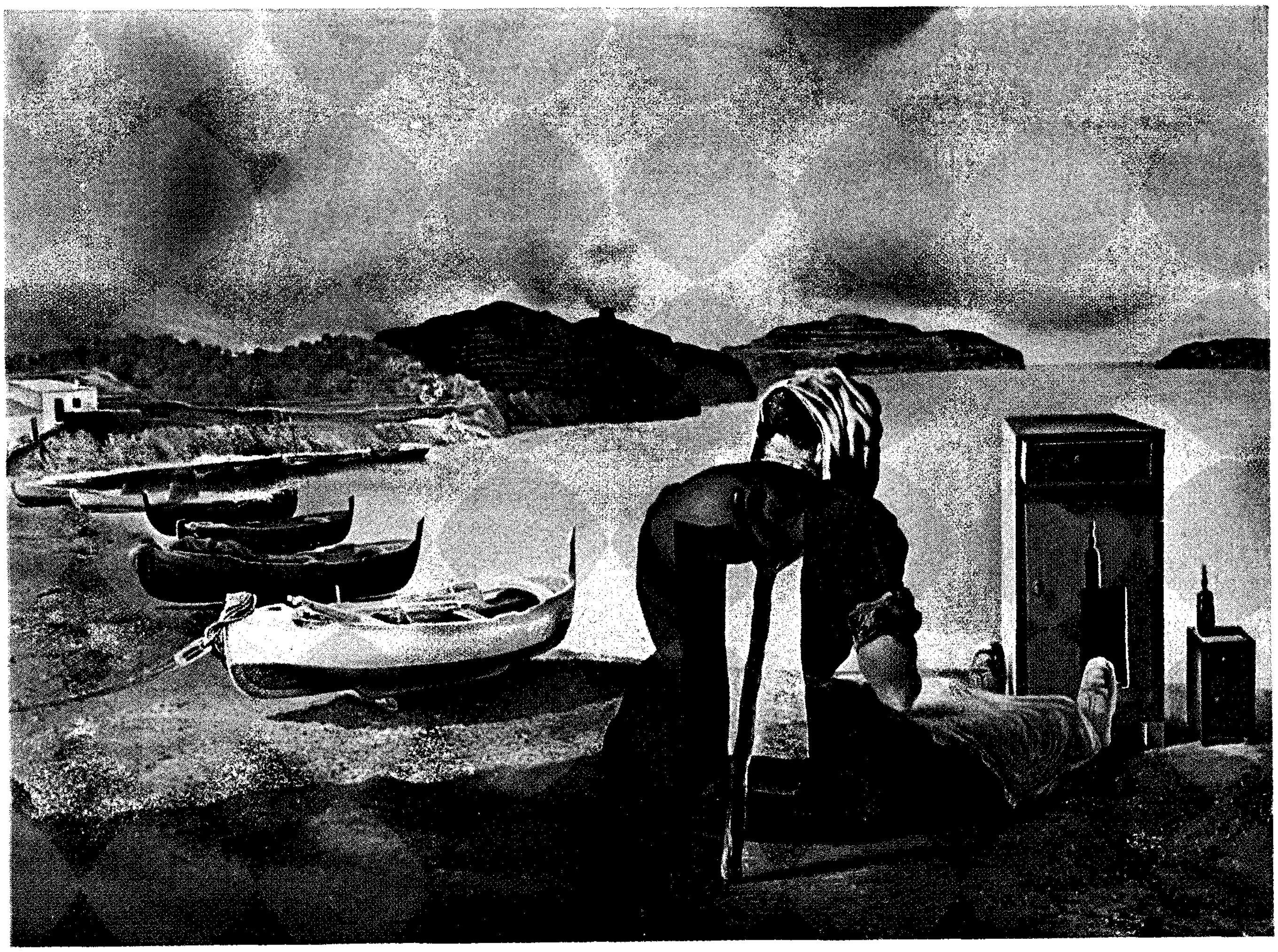

Spain through the eyes of an artist.

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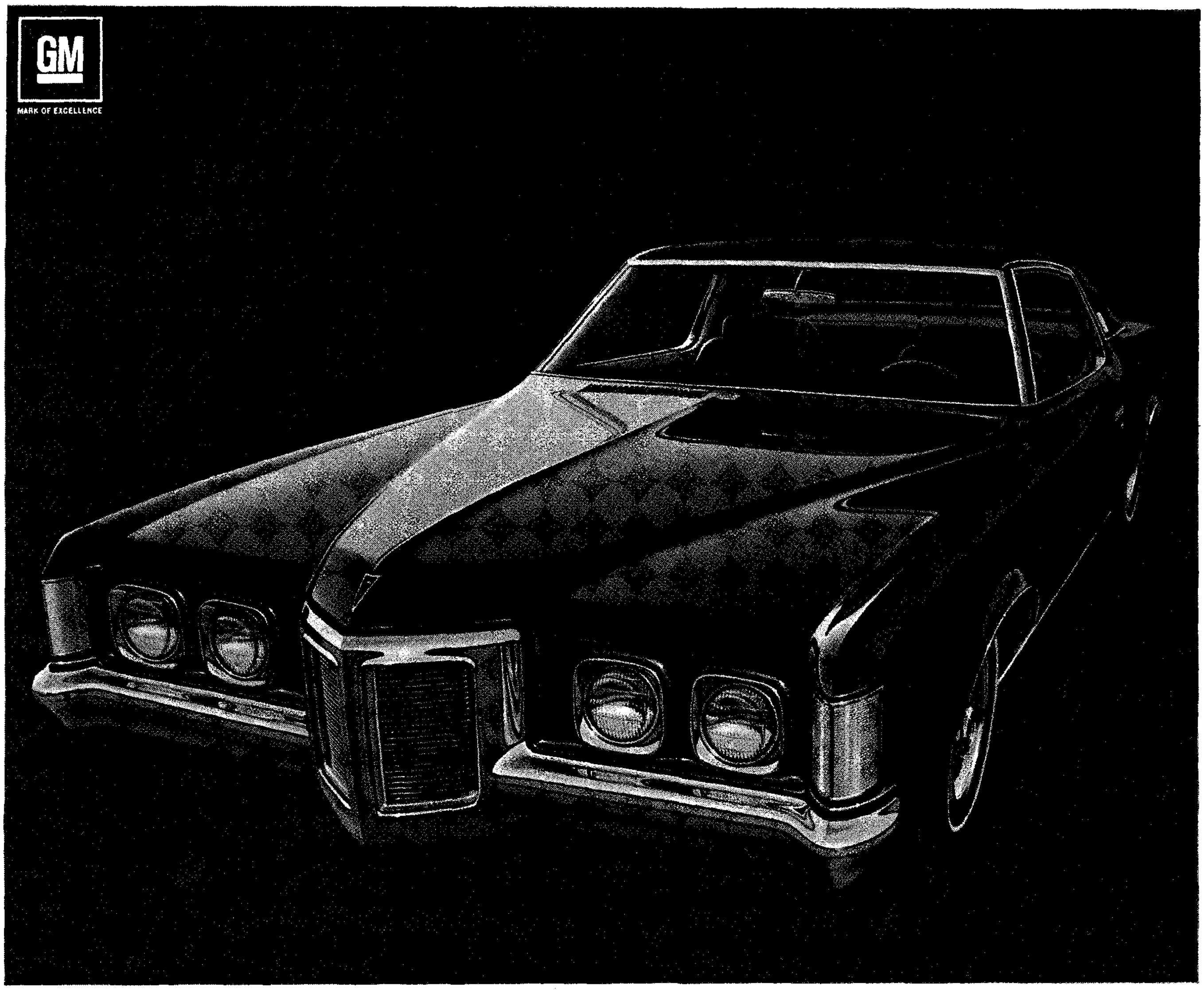
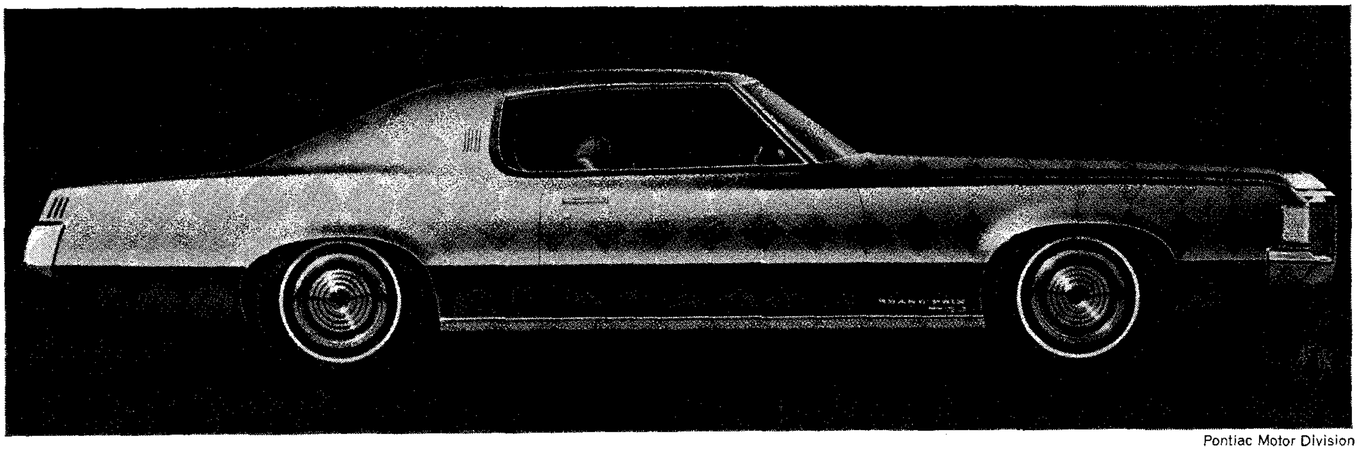


Pontiac announces the great break away—'69 Grand Prix.



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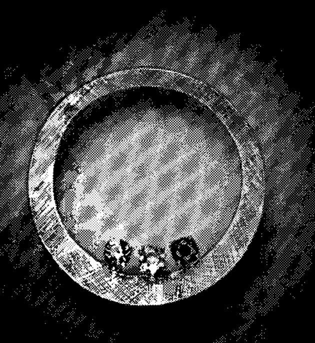
all over again—"worse, perhaps, because in Munich no representatives of our people were present, but in Moscow the painful compromise had to be signed by our leaders." He said he was going to read a letter that Karel Čapek had written after Munich:

> . . . And aren't we used to such blows of fate? Think of the Hussites when the whole of Europe was united against us. But we survived. During the Thirty Years' War, foreigners fought on our territory. We lost much of our population. But again we survived. The human soul is the strongest weapon. . . . To believe in an ideal and live it is everything. We have nothing to fear as long as we remain faithful to the heritage of our tradition. . . . We shall survive if we remain what we are.

At twelve-forty, the Prague station began playing music. After a while, a man read from that morning's *Rudé Právo:* "From now on, we may not be able to say all we want to say, but we will say nothing against our conscience." It was announced that Smrkovský had made a report to the National Assembly on the negotiations in Moscow. A Prague announcer asked people not to call in for the next hour or so, because the station had only two telephone lines and they had to be kept open for official use. Shortly after one, Prague broadcast Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. (Was the choice of this music simply fortuitous, I wondered, because there were few records on hand in the makeshift studio, or was the famous " 'V' for Victory" theme, which has been likened—in a banal phrase that seemed all too accurate at the moment—to "fate knocking at the gate," meant to prepare the listeners for what was to come?) A voice interrupted to say, "Milada greets Božena," and then the opening theme was repeated. The second movement followed, and the third, and still there was no word. I have heard many performances of Beethoven's Fifth, but never one that seemed so long or so tragic. After the third movement, there were some brief messages ("The Plzeň industrial schools meet tomorrow at half past six in the morning for the hops harvest," and "Attention. Rudolf Cvik, collaborator, is on his way from Poprad, Slovakia, to the Soviet border. Stop him before he gets there"), but they were read by voices that I did not recognize. Where were the tireless men and women who had kept the country going for seven days and nights?

At 1:58 P.M., a man said, "An important announcement will soon be



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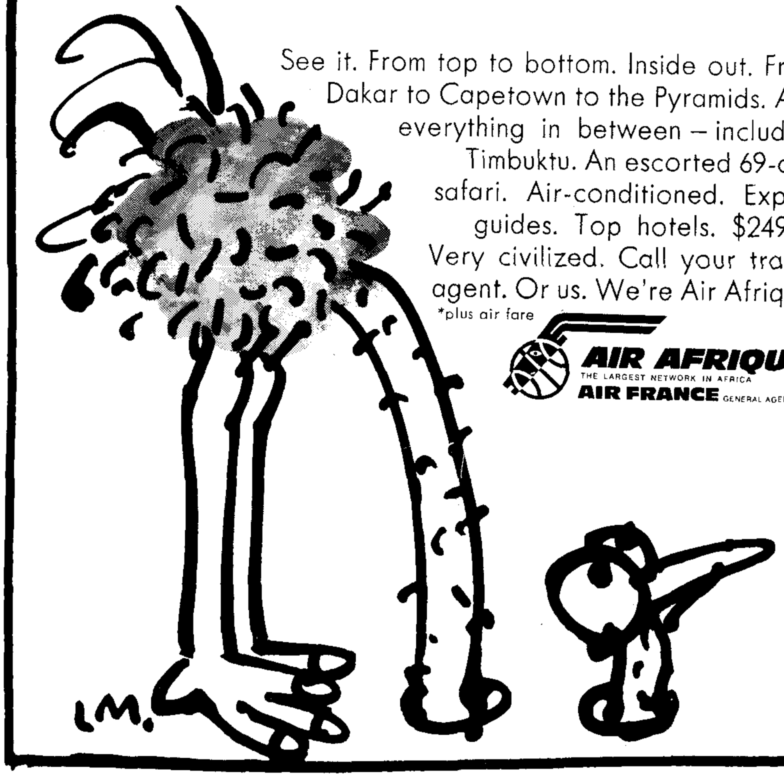

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made. Stand by." Ten minutes passed, and suddenly there was the exuberant beauty of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. (Why the "Jupiter," which is about as clear an expression of pure joy as anything ever created by a composer? Would there be good news after all? Or did somebody just choose the record at random?) There was a short announcement at two-twenty-five to the effect that Svoboda and Dubček would speak that day and Černík and Smrkovský the next. Once again, as at the very beginning, a woman announcer asked for "calm and courage."

The official speeches of the Czechoslovak leaders that day were broadcast over the clandestine network—the only one that was in touch with the entire population. It was the ultimate recognition for the "free, legitimate" Czechoslovak radio and a telling admission of defeat for the Soviet occupiers. President Svoboda spoke to the nation at three o'clock. It was an old soldier's speech—brave and dutiful, not particularly exciting, important less for what it said than for what it left unsaid (which was well understood). Afterward, there was a minute of silence. In a solemn voice, a woman said, "This was a transmission from Hradčany Castle." A melancholy piece of music by Dvořák was played.

Several Moravian stations were on the air, proclaiming that various district leaders of the Communist Party refused any compromise. The station in Gottwaldov said that the workers demanded to know the full truth: "We will accept no shameful betrayal." Was the nation going to disavow its leaders? Then Prague interrupted. A man implored the people to remain disciplined, pointing out that the full text of the Moscow Agreement was not yet known. Svoboda's speech was rebroadcast. Suddenly, in the middle, it stopped. Silence. Were the "free, legitimate" stations sabotaging the President's speech?

There was nothing but music until four-fifty-eight. Then voices speaking from Prague asked for the immediate departure of all troops, and repeated the demands of the Fourteenth Party Congress that had met secretly in Prague earlier. A member of the Writers' Union said defiantly, "We have written the truth until now, and we will write the truth no matter what happens." The new mood of anger seemed to be spreading to all parts of the country. In Plzeň, the workers in the Škoda plants had issued a formal demand that

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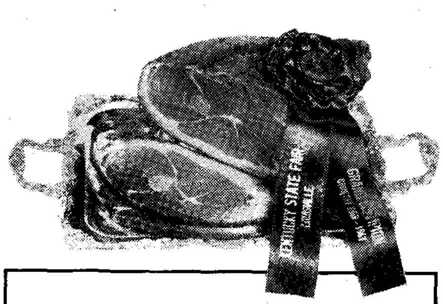

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the occupying troops leave "at once." (Around this time, I realized that no one had mentioned Dubček or Svoboda for an hour or more.) At five-thirty, the Fifth Symphony was played again. This time, the meaning was clear. A man speaking for the "free, legitimate" radio said, "We will not give up all we fought for during the past seven days and nights." At five-fifty, the music broke off. A woman announced that Comrade Dubček would speak to the people.

Dubček's voice, too, sounded different. He had usually spoken in a businesslike way, though with moments of irony or wry humor. Now he started slowly and haltingly, as if he were having difficulty reading a script. Once or twice, he had to repeat a word. I could hear him breathing heavily. It was a very bad speech, but as he continued he seemed to find himself. He spoke repeatedly of "reality," and warned his fellow-citizens against "anarchy." At one point, his voice faded, and for twenty seconds, maybe more, there was dead silence. Later, it was reported that in these moments tears were streaming down his face.

BY the morning of Wednesday, August 28th, most of the "free, legitimate" stations seemed to have gone off the air. The station in Prague was still operating, giving some spotty news reports. A representative of the Czechoslovak journalists said, "We have listened to Dubček's speech and we are behind him. We know that there are many things he couldn't say." An announcer on one station, which no longer identified itself, said, "We don't know how long we'll be able to broadcast. Some of our stations already have 'advisers.' We may have to be more cautious than we would like to be." At twelve-fifteen, somebody at the Bratislava station said that its difficulties had become "insurmountable." They had to convey all messages in code, he explained, and their telephones were tapped by the Russians. It was time to say goodbye. A woman said:

> We want to assure you that we will never betray you. We have become a living part of the nation and of the Communist Party. You gave us a mandate and we fulfilled it, day and night. . . . We promise you that we will devote all our strength to our nation, our Party, our citizens. If necessary, we will give our lives.

A few other stations were still broadcasting, but only business messages or official statements. At five-

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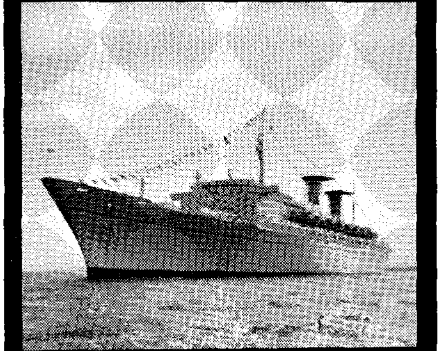

Italian Line

forty, a station that identified itself, in the official term that I had not heard since the days before the invasion, as simply "the Czechoslovak Radio" broadcast a speech by Premier Černík. He sounded tired and dispirited. A little later, the commentator in Prague whose relaxed, ironic comments I had greatly admired came on the air to say goodbye. He sounded quite different this time:

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—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

●

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Indeed, it is the underlying premise of laboratory exercises that doing something helps one understand it. There is a certain wisdom in the quip made by a psychologist at Woods Hole: "How do I know what I think until I feel what I do?"—*Jerome S. Bruner in "The Process of Education," 1960.*

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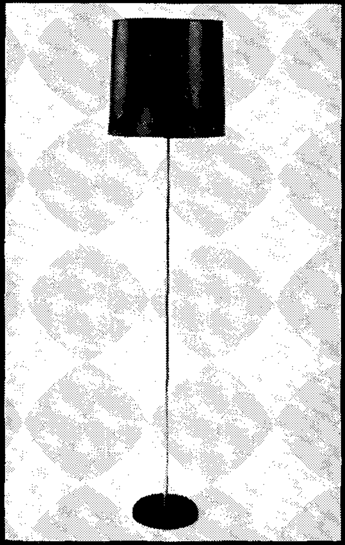

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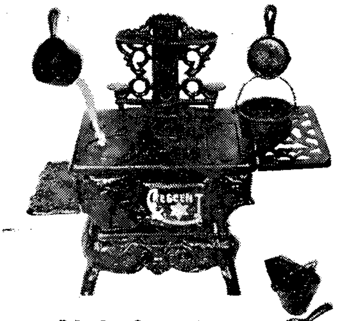

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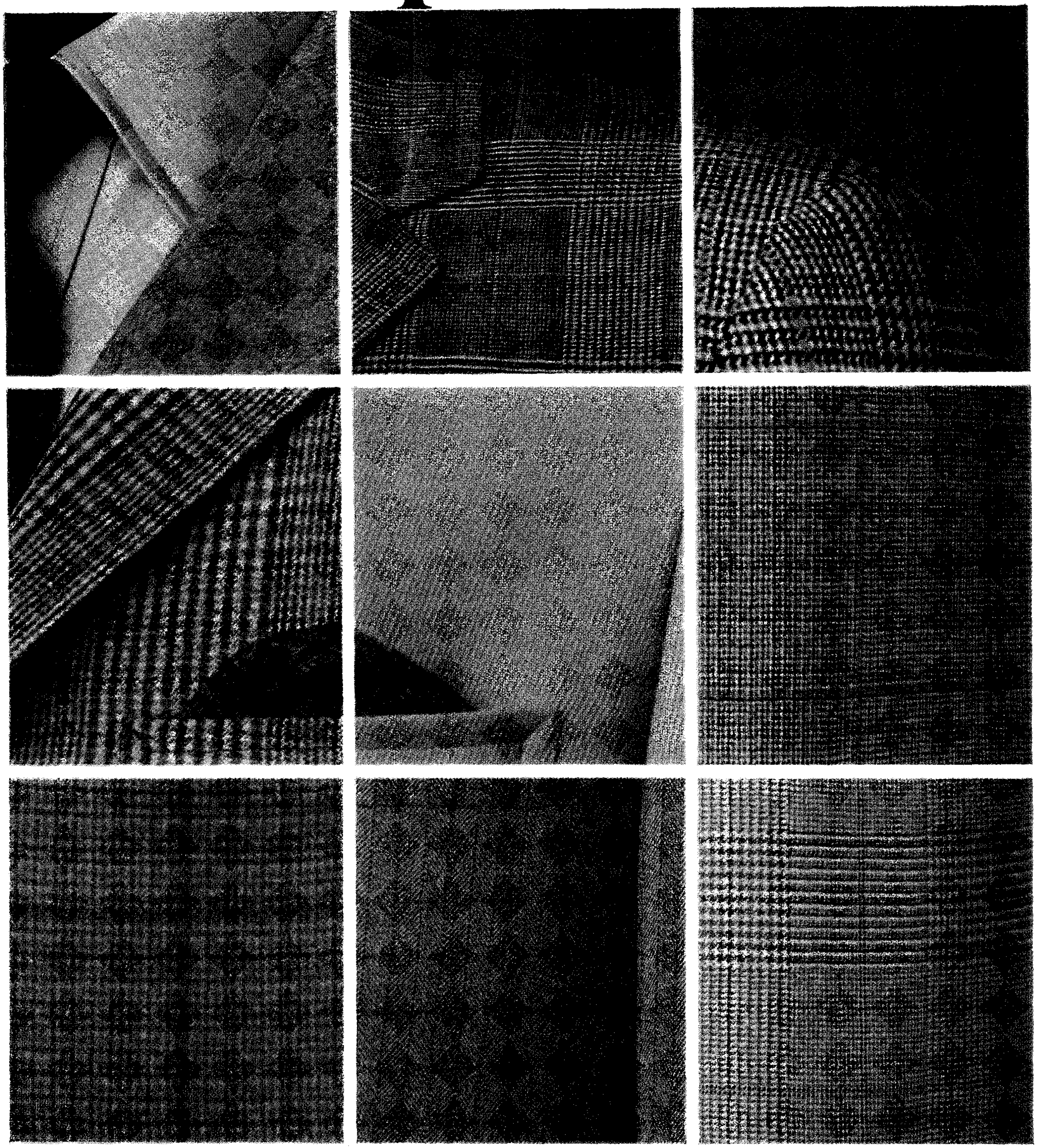

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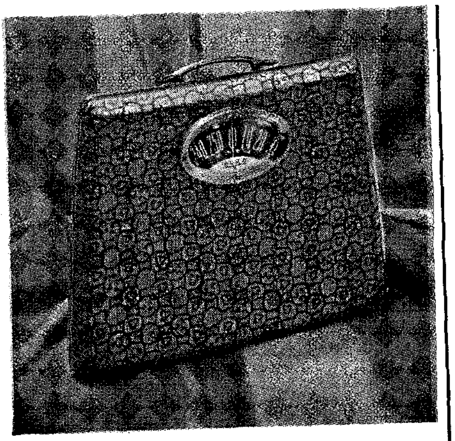

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THE THEATRE

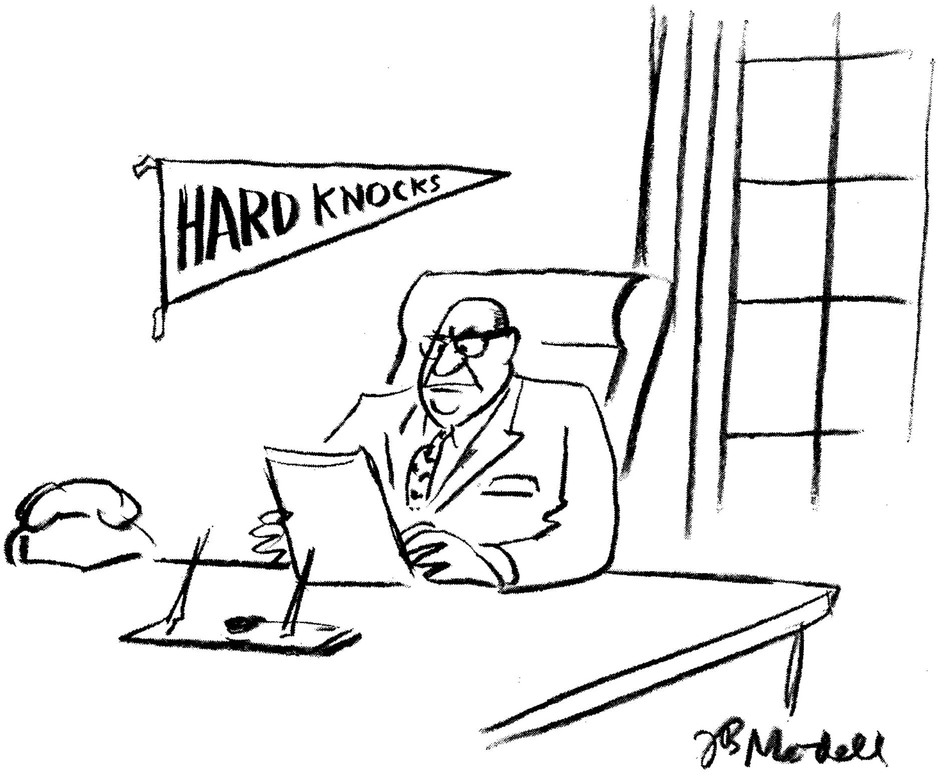
THE PURSUIT OF THE REAL

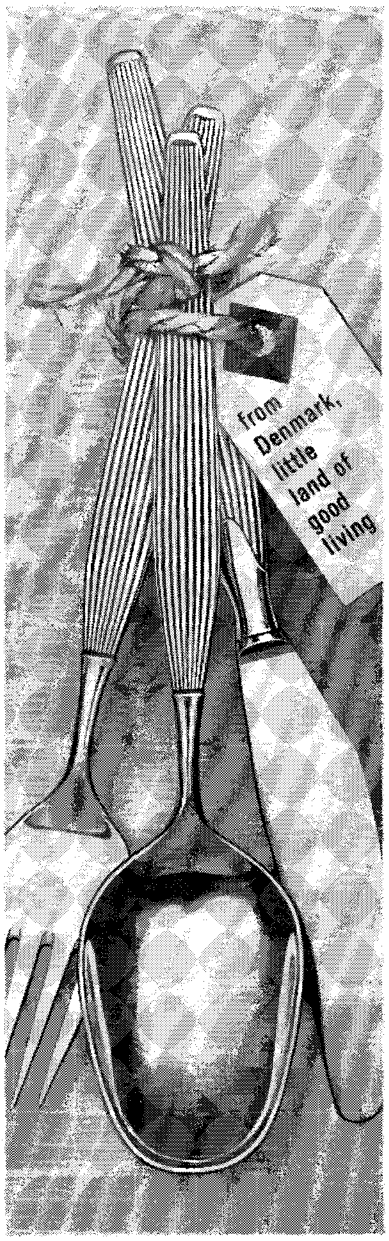
A COUPLE of weeks ago, I was saying of Howard Sackler's "The Great White Hope" that it is a better tract than it is a play, and it looks as if I would be having to repeat those words under one disguise or another on several occasions this season. We are in a time of troubles, and in such times tracts abound; the shoemaker hearing a shout in the street is unable to stick to his last but must rush out and fall a-preaching. The writer, and especially the playwright (faced as he is with the almost irresistible temptation of a visible audience), succumbs to an impure passion for polemics; he wishes not merely to assert a truth about life somewhere out there but also to alter it—to give life a vigorous cuffing, because this is so plainly what, for its own good, life needs. Like "The Great White Hope," Joseph Heller's "We Bombed in New Haven," at the Ambassador, is a better tract than it is a play, but Mr. Heller is by no means as skillful at pleading causes as Mr. Sackler is. In concept, "The Great White Hope" is simple and straightforward; it pounds its message home with the relentless force of a pile driver, and the audience's exceptionally fervent applause at the end of the evening, though chiefly a tribute to the playwright and the superb cast, is also, I suspect, an expression of relief that the pounding has stopped: we have been deafened and lacerated enough in the course of being instructed (not, after all, for the first time) that in a white society the black man cannot win. Mr. Heller has evidently intended to lacerate us with a message equally clear and familiar—young men must not be sent to war to die—but he has conveyed it in a form so intricate and self-conscious that it nearly always engages our attention without engaging our minds and hearts. The one scene that moves us comes very late in the play, and the homely anguish of a dialogue between a father and the son whom he finds himself again and again sending to his doom consorts so oddly with the hard-breathing Pirandellian pranks that have preceded it that we tend to dismiss the scene as a sentimental coda; in fact, it is what the play is about, or the play is nothing.

Like many a distinguished writer before him, Mr. Heller appears to have but one string to his bow. "We Bombed in New Haven" follows the novel "Catch-22" by seven years, and the novel itself followed the events of the Second World War on which it purported to be based by sixteen or seventeen years, so Mr. Heller's preoccupations can be seen to be—I am sorry to pay so small a compliment—durable. As a dramatist, he is an ambitious novice, and he has hoped to dazzle us by recapitulating a number of fashionable twentieth-century experiments in the manipulation of time and make-believe. Everything in "We Bombed in New Haven" (including its archly punning title) is artifice and prestidigitation; the only reality is a reiterated demonstration that nothing is real, a bomb that goes off and a bomb that doesn't go off being identical not only in their appearance but also in their consequences. The time of the play is ever-never, the place here-else-where, and we are constantly reminded that the men onstage are actors playing actors as well as actors playing actors playing soldiers. Coy questions arise. Do actors playing actors playing soldiers only pretend to die when they are shot, or do they actually die? Have they freedom to make choices inside their roles—to choose even to abandon them? The answer would seem to be yes, but one of the characters carries about with him the printed script of the play, so the answer must be no. We are invited to believe first one thing, then another; it is the old shell game on a not very lofty level of intellection, and it quickly becomes tiresome. To juggle with time and reality is exhilarating in the hands of an Anouilh or an Albee, but Mr. Heller is not of their company, and the result is that he fails both as a playwright and as an advocate.

"We Bombed in New Haven" is competently, if uninspiredly, acted by a large cast, including Jason Robards, Diana Sands, Ron Leibman, William Roerick, and Anthony Holland. The grimly military set, all steel girders and wire mesh, is by William Ritman, and the direction is by John Hirsch, who has managed to keep his actors in graceful, incessant motion even when, as the saying goes, words fail them.

"HER FIRST ROMAN," at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, is a musical version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Since Shaw, as he kept reminding the world for upward of a hundred years, was one of the cleverest men that ever lived, the odds against improving his handiwork by interrupting it with music are fearfully high. The Messrs. Lerner and Loewe performed such a miracle once, and Broadway, forgetting that we call something a





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miracle precisely because it is outside the natural order and therefore unlikely to be repeated, goes on looking for a second "My Fair Lady," all in vain. There is nothing very bad about "Her First Roman" except the stupendous, wholly un-Shavian difficulty of there being nothing very good about it. The best moments have been lifted, word for word, from the original, and although I found the music and lyrics, by Ervin Drake, mildly appealing, what is required of them in competition with G.B.S. is that they be sensationally appealing; if they do not bring down the house, they are not worth bringing into the house. Richard Kiley *is* sensationally appealing; he makes a handsome, stalwart Caesar, and he sings his sad songs with valetudinarian charm. Leslie Uggams, as Cleopatra, is fatally implausible; neither her speaking voice nor her carriage leads one to believe in her ability to progress from frightened kitten to fierce queen. Bruce MacKay is a splendidly foursquare Rufio; Brooks Morton is that ever so proper Cockney slave, Britannus; and Cal Bellini, as Apollodorus, bounces higher than a super-ball. The opulent sets and costumes are by Michael Annals, and the director of the production is Derek Goldby.

I DEPLORE the imminent departure from the Billy Rose Theatre of the Playwrights Repertory, the attractive group that has been offering, apparently to meagre audiences, a program of short plays by Beckett and Albee, among them the latter's two latest works, "Box" and "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung." It has been argued that the reason the program is failing is that it consists mostly of plays that have been seen here too recently to deserve revival. The fact is that the plays have not been seen, either now or in the past, by more than an infinitesimal fraction of that vast, mysterious entity, the Broadway audience; the plays have it in them to please every audience except Broadway's, which doesn't know what it is missing and, it is evident, doesn't wish to know. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Threats and Games

"TEA PARTY" and "The Basement," Harold Pinter's new one-acters at the Eastside, are compounded of many of the elements that make all his plays—major and minor—fascinating to the point of audience hypnosis. Both are extremely funny, continuously mischievous, and sinister, and both have a constantly threatening atmosphere, with the danger always in the offing in the first and becoming overt in the second. Much of the comedy, as usual, stems from the contrast between the decorum, or mock-decorum, of everybody's conversation and the peculiarity or outrageousness of his behavior, and, as usual, Mr. Pinter never permits—or, at any rate, never invites—the audience to invade the privacy of his characters. As in life, his people behave the way they do for reasons that are concealed, often even from themselves. One thing is clear, though: In both plays, one of the threats is sexual, and the person threatened is a timid man obsessed by sex.

"Tea Party" is about a middle-aged self-made businessman named Sisson who engages a young secretary, marries a beautiful young second wife, and takes his new brother-in-law into his business, all on the same day. (The business is the manufacture of bathroom appliances; a framed bidet hangs on the wall above his desk.) The new secretary is bold; the wife, who outranks him socially, is withdrawn and placid and deeply attached to her brother. The brother is a true Pinter character, all smooth and erased on the surface and God knows what underneath, and he is played to perfection by John Tillinger, who may have been put on earth to act in Pinter's plays. Mysteries abound. What is going on between the wife and her brother? Are they indeed brother and sister? Sisson has his doubts about that (and so do I). Why does Sisson feel that there must be something wrong with his eyes, although he knows he can see clearly and his eye doctor has assured him that his vision is perfect? He forces the secretary to tie a chiffon scarf over his eyes, and is then able to make a pass at her, in response to one of her many comeons. Ordinary events assume a sinister tinge. Sisson's two sons, giving him the deadpan treatment that little boys have been inflicting on their elders from time immemorial, seem as eerie as characters out of a ghost story. A passage as commonplace as this one

SISSON: I'm very proud of you.
WIFE: I'm very proud of *you*.

for some reason raises gooseflesh. Always the questions remain. Is there a conspiracy against Sisson, as he appears to suspect? There is plenty of teasing, certainly, and everyone turns opaque in his presence. (It must be kept in mind that he is an odd duck and pretty opaque himself.) Or is he in the fix he is in—on the brink of madness, and over it—because of sexual panic and social insecurity? At the tea party that ends the play, he sits in a catatonic state, his eyes tightly bandaged, and the guests—everybody we've met so far—alternately chatter and whisper, ignoring him. As for the answers, you'll get no help from Pinter or—to slide way down the ladder—from me.

In "The Basement," the elements are about the same, with the addition of the dramatist's old friend and ours, Interior Decoration. The action is funnier and more outrageous, and the violence and sexuality are more overt. Yet the play seems to me by far the weaker of the pair. It is obvious and tricky, and the beginning clearly foreshadows the ending—the first time I can remember Pinter's tipping his hand. It is about a fussy, spinsterish bachelor whose carefully furnished basement flat is invaded late one night by his former roommate with a young girl in tow. Host is effusive in his welcome—to former roommate, that is. Girl and former roommate strip naked and get into bed, as host, terribly rattled, continues to chatter. (The chatter is absolutely fine.) The intruders move in permanently, and soon the host's old pictures and bits of sculpture are replaced by a huge, bright, modern abstract. And there are other innovations. As the action progresses, the roles of lover and leftover switch back and forth, and the girl, like the old bum in "The Caretaker," tries to set the men against each other, and succeeds. (Actually, the host is more interested in his friend than he could be in any female, for all the good it does him.) There are scenes at a beach, in a café, and at a bogus deathbed, and there is a duel, which is fought on a dark stage with lighted broken bottles.

Both plays—minor Pinter, which is better than major most people right now—were originally done on B.B.C. television. At times, they seem like living movies on the stage, what with dissolves from one scene to the next in the first, and abrupt hops from one scene to the next in the second. Ed Wittstein's settings are fine, and satisfy all technical requirements. The whole company, under James Hammerstein's direction, does quite well. Besides Mr. Tillinger, I especially admired David Ford as poor Sisson, and Valerie French and June Emery as Secretary and Wife, respectively.

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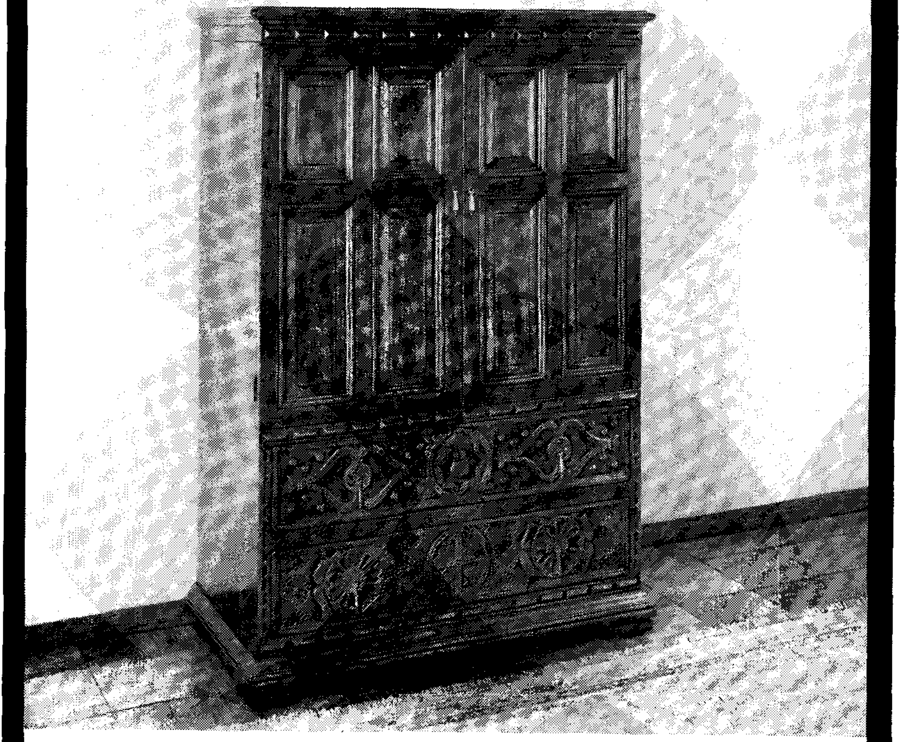

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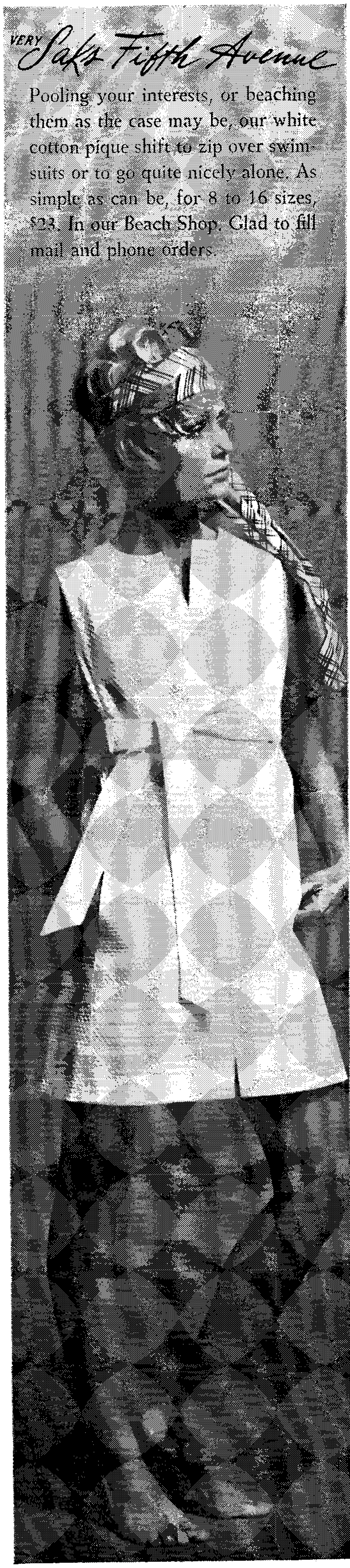
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collective.” A review is out of the question, but I can report something of what went on at the Brooklyn Academy of Music from seven-thirty to midnight, with no intermission break. At the start, members of the cast walked up and down the aisles speaking or screaming, with mechanical, dead-eyed spontaneity, such complaints as “I am not allowed to travel without a passport,” “I am not allowed to smoke marijuana,” and, finally, “I am not allowed to take my clothes off,” which they then did, down to bikinis or loincloths. They returned to the stage, where they remained, for some of the time, anyway. The stage also became crowded with members of the audience (a few of them took *all* their clothes off), who joined the cast in an endless series of portentous or hot-sounding but actually tedious routines—“The Rite of Universal Intercourse,” “The Vision of Apokatastasis,” and “The Vision of the Magic Love Zap”—these gymnastic orgies being in aid of what the company calls “anarchism.” There were a number of idiotic lines shrieked or muttered by the cast, and a scattering of contributions from local cutups in the house. The acceptance of all this bushwa by the audience was almost as fatuous as the stuff itself. The aisles started to jam up with enthralled spectators, many of whom lighted cigarettes, so I walked to the back of the auditorium, and from there out to the lobby, where a passel of policemen was waiting to nab the indecently exposed if they took to the streets. Firemen would have been better casting.

ANY show that these days tries to be funny about politics has its work cut out for it, yet “How to Steal an Election,” with its bright young company, its tuneful songs by Oscar Brand (words and music), and its ingenious settings by Clarke Dunham (a matter of slides and newsreel clips projected on an arrangement of screens) manages to be entertaining, on and off. The show, at the Pocket, stops far short of wit, and consequently of the satire it aims at, but its manner is larky and everyone seems chipper—so chipper, in fact, that I was unprepared for its discouraged ending, having disregarded a strain of rather sleazy cynicism that runs through it. Of the players, my favorite is a stringy, poker-faced fellow named D. R. Allen, who, as the shade of Calvin Coolidge, guides a young couple back through the smoke-filled rooms and private deals and party conventions of history. Clifton Davis and Carole Demas, as the young couple, not only are attractive but sing very well, too. Much of the score is made up of old campaign songs done in glee-club style; of the new ones, I enjoyed most “Charisma” and “Down Among the Grass Roots,” sung by Mr. Allen and chorus, and “Mr. Might’ve Been,” a serenade to Senator McCarthy, sung by Miss Demas and Mr. Davis.

“JUST FOR LOVE,” which made a very brief stay at the Provincetown, was an anthology of poems, epigrams, scenes, and passages from various sources on love and related matters. These were spoken, acted, or sung (when set to appropriate-sounding music by Michael Valenti), and for the most part they were quite well done by a company of four—Jill Showell, Henry Comor, Jacqueline Mayro, and Steve Perry. The evening was mild, particularly so for the current theatrical climate, but there was pleasure in it all the same—the pleasure, for one thing, of hearing good words on a stage. These words were supplied by, among many others, Daisy Ashford, John Donne, Benjamin Franklin, Ovid, F.P.A., and Ogden Nash. Although many of the selections were just too familiar—golden chestnuts, perhaps, but chestnuts all the same—some were not. There was a lovely swatch of nonsense—a scene from “A Resounding Tinkle,” by N. F. Simpson, about a man, a woman, a bungalow, an elephant, and a snake, and containing the line “Man at the door wants you to form a government”—and a beautiful recitation of part of a report by Dotson Rader on hippies in Boston protesting the Vietnam war. This passage, by the way, “involved the audience” far more than any of the self-congratulatory rubbish of The Living Theatre.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

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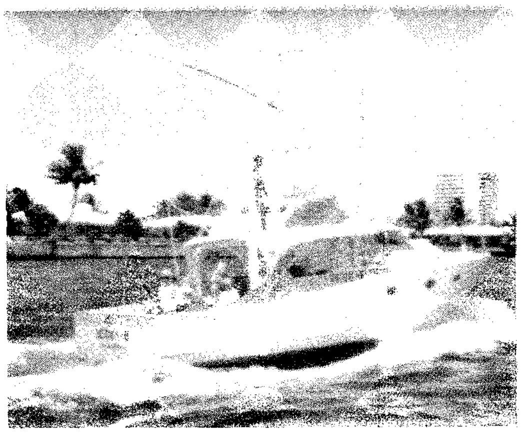

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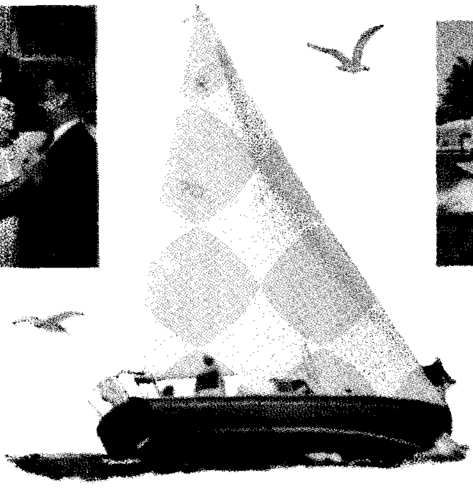

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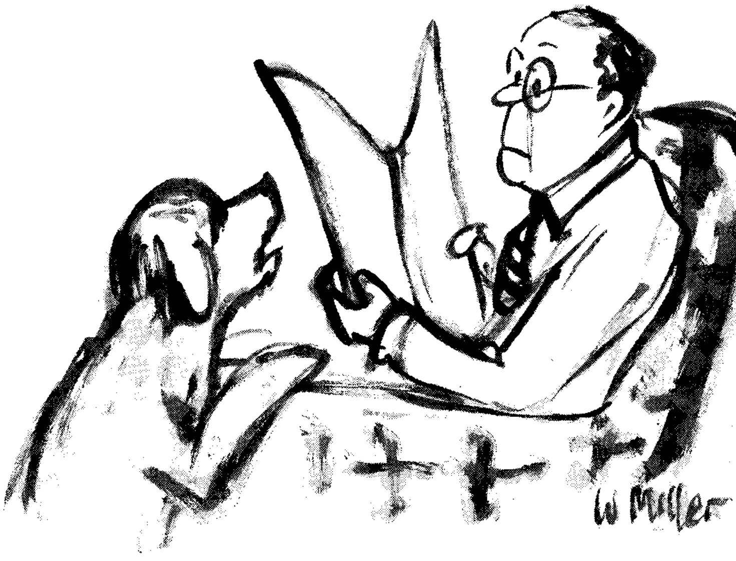
THE ART WORLD

Primitive à la Mode

PRIMITIVISM is a major stylistic discipline in twentieth-century art. Looking at some children's drawings, Picasso is reported to have said, "When I was a child I drew like Michelangelo. It took me years to learn to draw like a child." Jean Dubuffet, too, probably spent a long time putting behind him the kind of tight, detailed limning represented by the portrait of his grandmother in the current Dubuffet retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Between this art-student opus and the figures of his mature style—hands without arms, hats that don't touch the head, heads without ears, and animals with four legs on one side—more than two decades elapsed. At the age of forty-one, Dubuffet finally decided to devote himself to painting, and he made his début as a de-trained academic draftsman. In acquiring his "crudeness" he had as models not only Picasso but Expressionists, Dadaists, Surrealist "Exquisite Corpse" drawings, aspects of Miró and Ernst, and—above all—Klee. To the formal devices of primitivism—besides awkward drawing, arbitrary color and details, absence of perspective, imitations of the pictographs of savages and children, doodling, and visions of amateurs and the deranged—Dubuffet added "primitive" substances, emulsions that give the effect of crumbling or rot, pastes resembling mud or shale, a stockpile of dirty debris, imprints of leaves and banana skins. In contrast to Klee, Dubuffet has never hesitated to arouse unpleasant sensations. His nudes of the nineteen-fifties undoubtedly comprise some of the most revolting images in art. Having made his début as a painter at the close of the Second World War, Dubuffet understood that the art public was ready for the strongest of doses. His immersion in disagreeable substances marked him as a prophet of postwar "object" art, and it has led to his being associated with the "thingish" fiction of Sarraute and Robbe-Grillet, the numb protagonists of Beckett, and the inexpressive "realities" of the Minimalists and Neo-Dadaists. Effects produced by his materials play a large part in his creation, as they do in the various theories of depersonalized art, from "color painting" to sculpture linked with engineering and electronics. In "Loss of the Self," a book, published six years ago, on the condition of man in contemporary civilization, Wylie Sypher chose Dubuffet's art as the supreme embodiment of brute matter from which all human presence has been eliminated. "The dehumanizing of art is not, however, so thorough in the *chosiste* novel," wrote Professor Sypher, "as it is in Dubuffet's painting, where man becomes anonymous and both painter and figure are absorbed into a turbulent geography that has the quality of mineral or mud. Dubuffet reaches a 'zero degree' of painting."

Being absorbed in mud has not, however, prevented Dubuffet from producing paintings, reliefs, assemblages, drawings, lithographs, children's books, and, lately, sculpture at an astounding rate; in his first twenty years as a professional artist he completed more than five thousand works, or almost one a day, while delivering lectures, interviews, and exhaustive "position" statements as well. Among his contributions to primitivism are his aggressive formulations of its theoretical premises. "Convinced that ideas and intellectuals are enemies of art," wrote Peter Selz in his catalogue for the huge Dubuffet retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1962, "he began a systematic search for 'true art,' untouched by artistic culture and unspoiled by contact with the Western classical tradition." Dubuffet's career has included becoming a collector of *art brut*, or naïve art—paintings by butchers and postmen and inhabitants of mental institutions. Dubuffet proposes to substitute this art for that of the advanced cultures. He is a one-man movement, with his absent innocents as clients and collaborators. He complements his prolific output of artifacts by verbal propagation of his pseudo-tribal faith; working in series that carry a theme through many mediums—drawing, painting, relief, collage, watercolor, lithograph—he completes the package in which he presents a series to the world by supplying a synopsis of his current views. It is not uncommon for present-day artists to instruct the spectator on how to "read" their creations; directing his thoughts reduces the risk that he will respond to what he sees. Dubuffet fences off his thematic groupings in literary settings that include explanations of their meaning, bits of autobiography, technical recipes, and aesthetic and philosophical meditations. In the opinion of Dr. Selz, Dubuffet "is probably the most articulate and lucid artist writing on art since Delacroix and van Gogh." While one might object to comparing Dubuffet to these masters, or find more affinities with them in the writings of Klee, there is no disputing Dubuffet's articulateness. I have chosen some examples that illustrate the verbal ground of his paintings as well as the degree of his originality:

> The artist must be harnessed to chance [he writes] . . . but with flexibility [he] applies himself to making the best of every accident as it occurs, forcing it to serve his ends.
>
> I have given to an insignificant detail . . . enormous and completely arbitrary importance, even to the point of making a legendary hero out of the hairs in the ear.
>
> Ambiguous facts have always a great fascination for me, for they seem to me to be located at just those inter-



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What to me seems interesting is to recover in the representation of an object the whole complex set of impressions we receive as we see it normally in everyday life, the manner in which it has touched our sensibility, and the forms it assumes in our memory.... The method of drawing as taught in art schools can only add to the natural difficulties of such an enterprise, and the only successful results will be found among completely ingenuous individuals, such as children or those persons who have never taken lessons, but like idly to trace a design, with a stick perhaps, in the wet plaster of a wall.

...the vague idea, which has haunted me for a great many years, that such an excessively rapid way of drawing, brutal even, and without the least care, eliminating as it does all affectations and mannerisms, might bring into being a sort of innocent and primordial figuration that would be most efficacious.

I feel a need that every work of art should in the highest degree lift one out of context, provoking a surprise and a shock.

Creation through controlled accident, exaggerating a detail, seizing the total impression (as opposed to the academic copying of parts), imitating the presumed ingenuousness (despite Freud?) of childhood and the unconscious, getting around the mind by dashing things off, aiming to provoke surprise and shock—none of these ideas are exactly new, though they are not commonplace, either. Dubuffet's perceptions strike the middle ground between modernist platitudes and the accumulated insights of twentieth-century art. Perhaps the adjective for them is "sound." Or, better still, "traditional." He is a practitioner of traditionally sanctioned shock, like wearing a still shorter miniskirt. Much of his writing sounds as if he were delivering a lecture on vanguard schools of the past hundred years, and much of his painting is an enactment of that lecture. His attitude of antagonism to women and his strategy of assault are revivals of a turn-of-the-century dandyism. His brown putty pâtes, mashed minerals, salads of leaves and fruit skins could be illustrations of Rimbaud's "I have an appetite for earth and stones, I dine on air, rock, coal, iron." Not that Dubuffet may not have had experiences of disorder and defiance, but he had them after they had been aesthetically legitimized. Crudeness, spontaneity, surprise were, at the time he began to practice them, no longer leaps into the dark. They had become a set of certified propositions belonging to the rhetoric and ruses of modern art. Dubuffet's début, in 1944, coincided with the opening of the period in which

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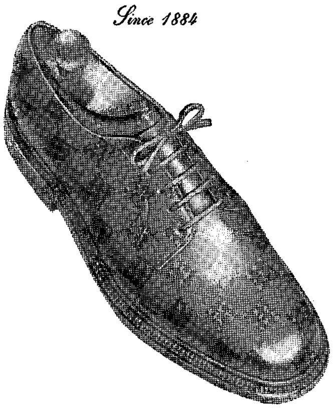

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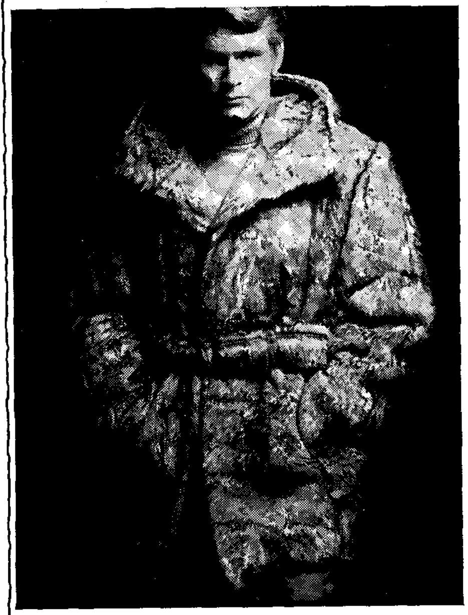

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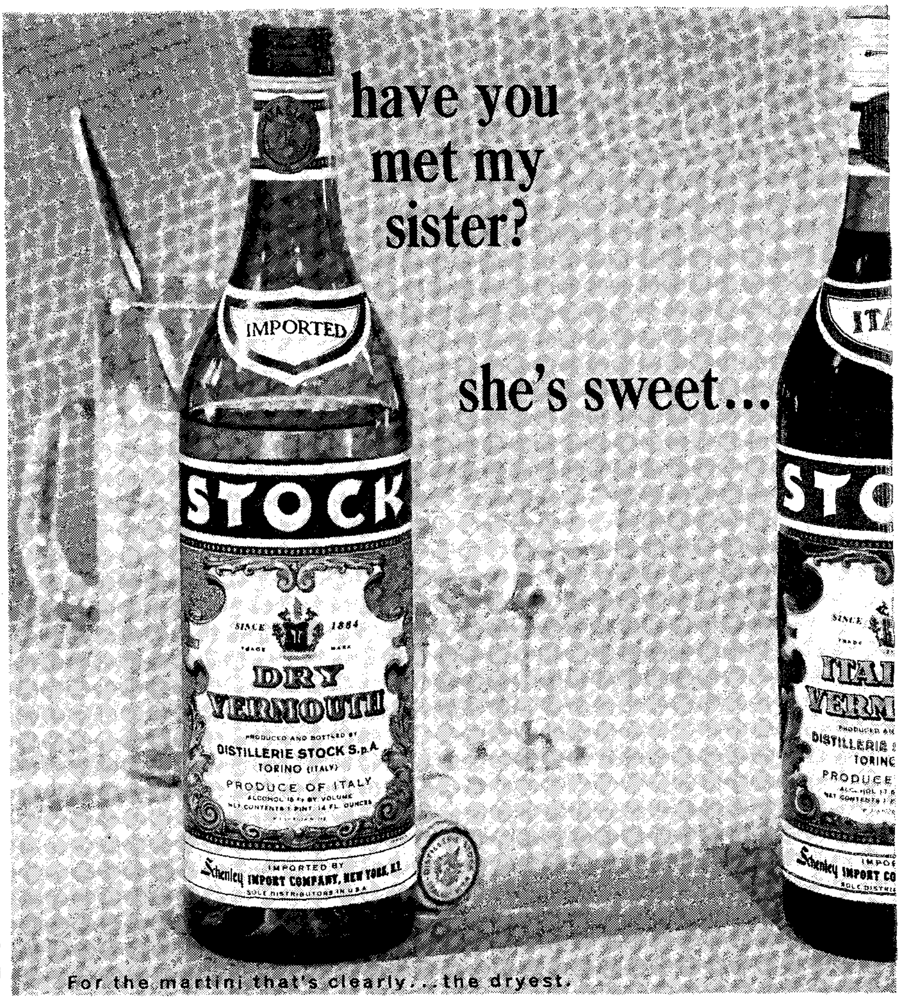
modernist modes were to become the accepted conventions in painting and sculpture and flow over into commercial design. In this new era, earlier acts of revolt and repudiation of Western culture were to be transformed into ceremonial gestures. If Dubuffet's paintings and reliefs often look like a mess, they are a mess that leaves no doubt that they are art. With maximum ingenuity, they take advantage of the latitude won in the revolutions of de-definition in art that constitute art's main current since Impressionism. Who could have failed to recognize, at the first sight of a Dubuffet female, that this was art that is repellent by design, and whose creator, fully aware of the aesthetic of the least artistic, was prepared, for reasons of art, to go to the limit of offense?

From the start, Dubuffet evoked the moves to be expected in response to a vanguard challenge; he was attacked by champions of art and taste in exactly the terms he had called for (Selz cites their use of the words "*merde*" and "*cacaïsme*"), defended by avant-garde regulars, and sold out without delay. It was as if Dubuffet had refrained from committing himself to art as a career until he had formulated a campaign based on the typical reflexes of the postwar art world. Dubuffet, says Sypher, characterizes his paintings as "an act of sabotage . . . of the past, of academism, of the Louvre, of the Greeks." Considering how many times the "academy" and the past had been destroyed by the art movements of the last hundred years, to "sabotage" them again would be as effective as sabotaging a pile of rubble. Dubuffet's solemn affiliation with this celebrated destructiveness carries the hint of cold-blooded irony, and much of his art is an extension of that irony, directed at the pieties of the art public—for instance, his series of landscape reliefs produced by making impressions in paste of household utensils, such as cake molds, soap dishes, and rubber mats. At times, Dubuffet appears tempted to see how far he can carry his straight-faced monologue without arousing the suspicions of his audience, as when he explains that the sight of cows fills him with "calm and serenity" and that a pasture "and even merely the color green—because of the cows, I suppose, by an unconscious association of ideas—has a comforting and soothing effect on me. I wonder if people who are especially subject to anxiety and restlessness experience a happy feeling of relief at the sight of green pastures."

Once an orthodoxy has established



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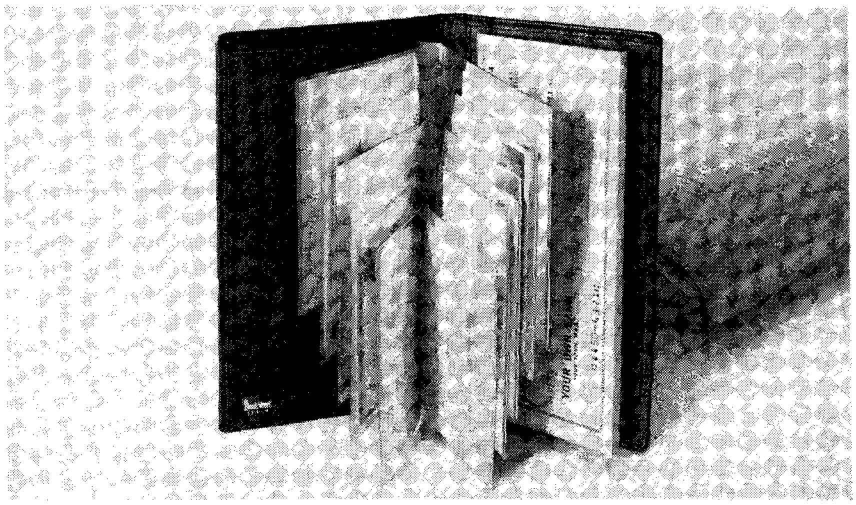

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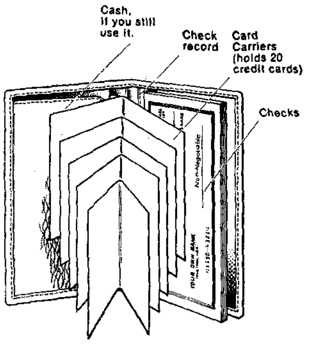

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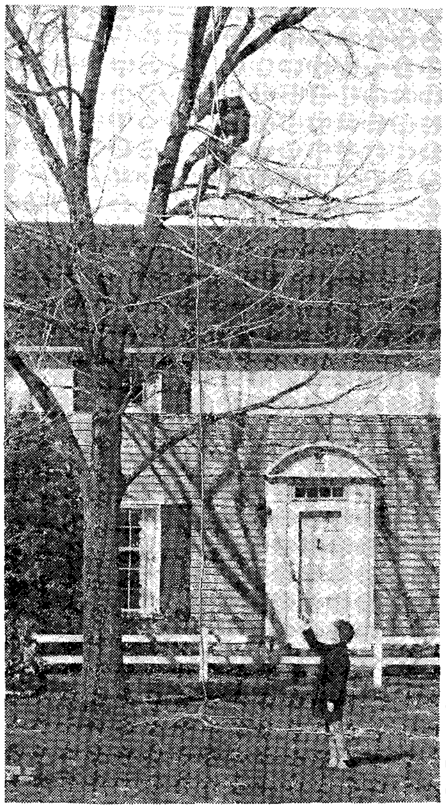

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itself, it is no longer necessary to believe in its principles; they need only to be put into practice. In the past, primitivism in art had to do with the longing for faith and feeling, such as Gauguin and Melville found to be still alive in the South Seas. Twentieth-century artists have attached to their forms and materials something akin to the magical powers of the aboriginal world—Klee conceiving the dot as energizing itself into a line, or Hans Hofmann seeing the picture surface as a vibrating field. Traces of this animism no doubt survive in Dubuffet—"painting manipulates materials which are themselves living substances," Sypher quotes him as saying—and he is alert to take advantage of the chemical quirks of his pastes and fluids. But seeking by means of accident pictorial effects and resemblances to nature is not the same as experiencing the sense of being guided by transcendent forces, as Pollock at times felt himself to be. When, in the manipulation of his materials, a shape and texture suggesting a beard appear, Dubuffet gives vent to his "barbarism" by doing a series of "*barbe*" compositions in mediums suggesting rocks, gravel, and ancient icons (and recalling also Klee's painting of his father on glass in which the uniform hatchings make the old man's head all beard). And Dubuffet accompanies his beard series with an André Breton-like apostrophe:

Your beard is my boat
Your beard is the waters on which
  I navigate
Beard of flux and influx
Bath of beard and rain of beard

and so on. Exploring primitive states gives way to a professional combination of pun, accidental effect, art references, and rhetoric. With Dubuffet, the "savage" obsessions of his predecessors have become operative concepts. In his catalogue, Dr. Selz notes that Dubuffet derives his verbal concepts from what he has been doing, that "he becomes aware of his ideas during the very act of painting." In short, the processes come first and are not affected by philosophical aims. Thus, though he associates his art with hallucination—"madness lightens man and gives him wings and helps him to attain visions"—he wastes no time with incantations or waiting for inspired encounters. His rejection of Western culture merely amounts to a license to resort to the anti-art tradition within that culture for such use as he can make of it. With Dubuffet, Dada and Surrealist irrationalism has been reorganized on an efficient basis. The prin-

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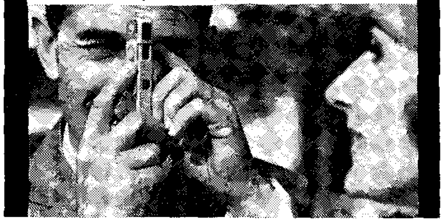

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ciple of the "chance encounter" merely expedites his work processes instead of representing the hope for a heightened state of being that might enter into his creations. Regardless of which technique he employs, there is a dry, matter-of-fact, and transient quality in Dubuffet's painting, as of things passed by on the edge of an empty lot. Perhaps this is what Professor Sypher had in mind in classifying him with the "object" novelists.

THE present Dubuffet exhibition consists of two hundred paintings, sculptures, assemblages, collages, watercolors, drawings, gouaches, etchings, woodcuts, pastels, lithographs, and posters, all owned by the Museum or promised to it. The exhibition also provides information on and photographs of Dubuffet's architectural projects. In keeping with previous Dubuffet presentations, it offers excerpts from the artist's observations on art, artists, and himself. Among other things, Dubuffet mentions the "barbs" of criticism that wound the artist "who is an innovator . . . engaged in the experimental and the unknown;" he "laughs" at "the very idea of the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly;" he identifies himself as a person who "won't eat for days in order to be able to buy a drawing or a print;" and he concludes by advocating "permanent revolution" and declaring his hostility to institutions (winning, as we shall see, the assent of Mr. Bates Lowry, the new director of the Museum of Modern Art) and especially to awards for artists, since the "true aim of art is subversive." These revelations, reminiscent of the days when members of the School of Paris survived economically by initiating Americans into the higher clichés, add a characteristic note to an exhibition that is a satisfactory survey of the different phases of Dubuffet's work, with particular emphasis on the enormous series of lithographs entitled "Phenomena," which he executed between 1958 and 1961 by a variety of transfer and accidental techniques. Early paintings such as "Grand Jazz Band (New Orleans)" and "Wall with Inscriptions" hold up well, though they seem a bit cramped in scale; "Arab," done in colored chalks, is close to some of Klee's Arabian compositions; and the nineteen-fifties nudes have lost none of their repulsiveness, which is perhaps some kind of triumph. "Place of Awakening," which is sand, pebbles, and plastic paste on a board, is a segment of made terrain, as if a few square feet of earth were ordered

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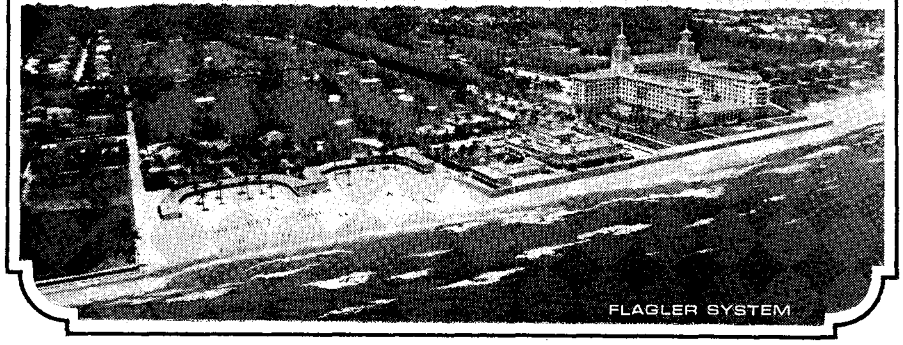

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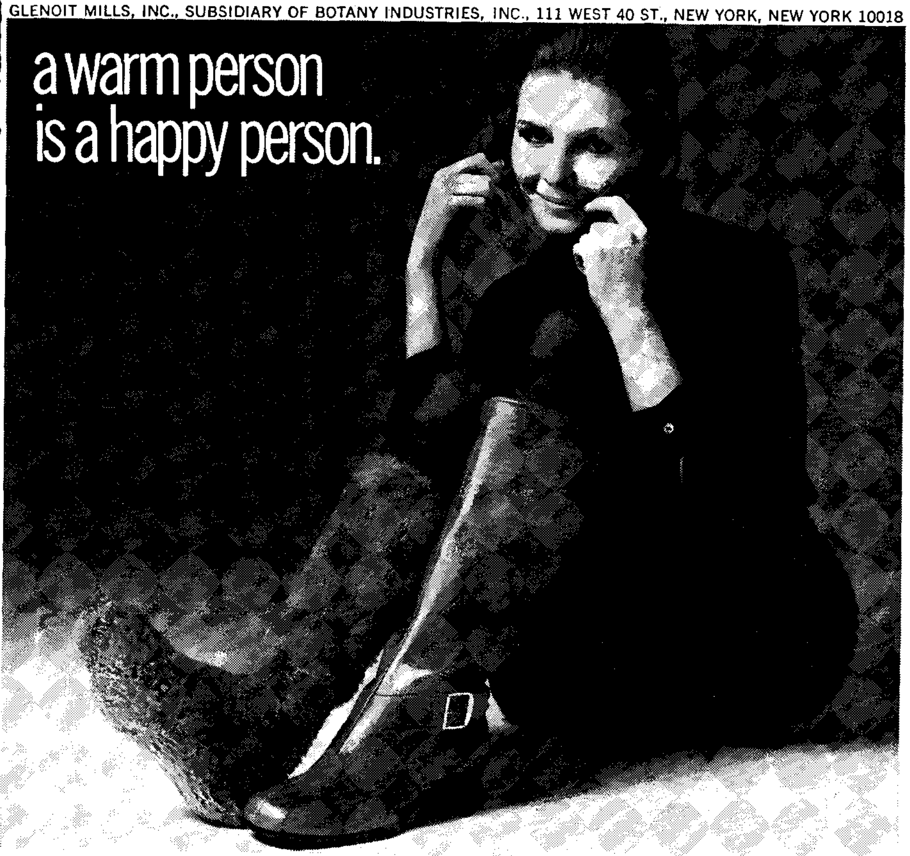

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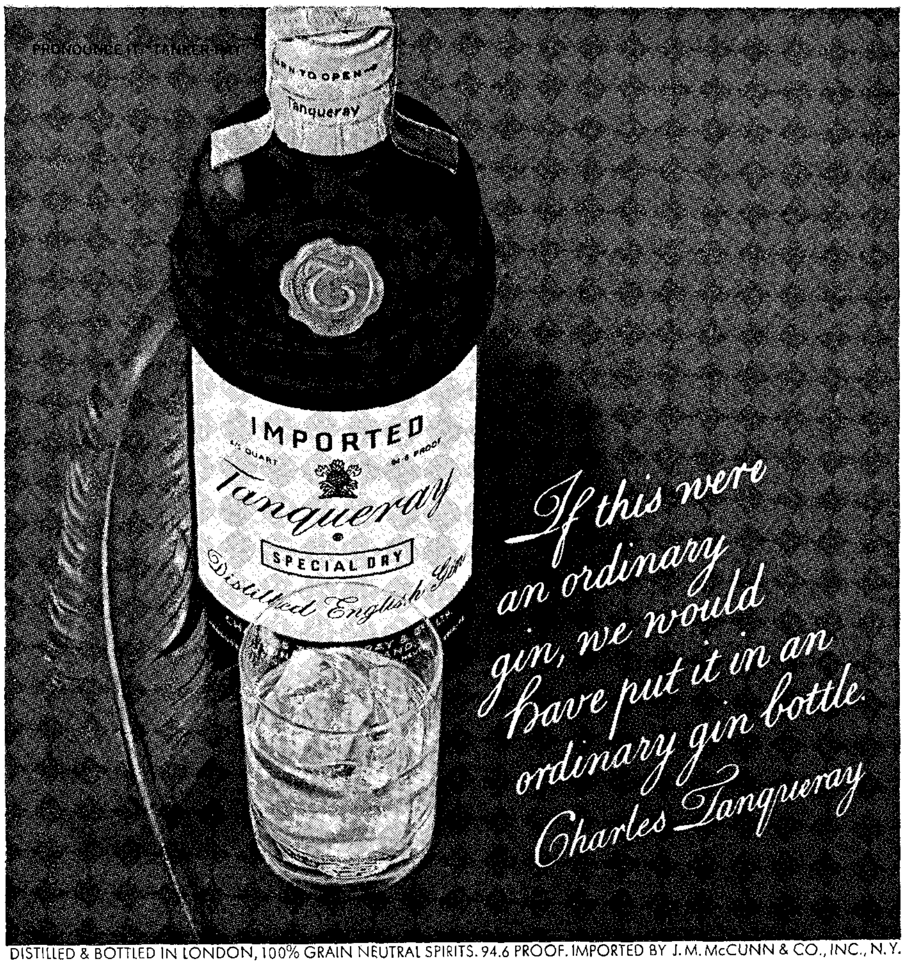
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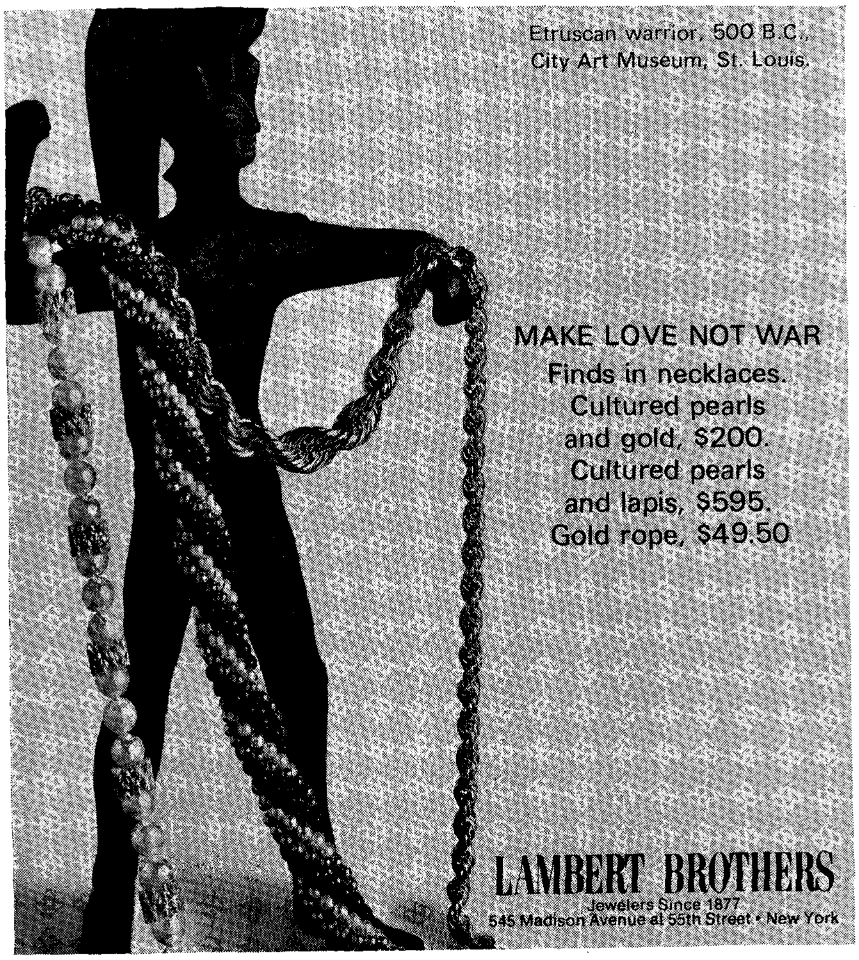
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from a landscape gardener; this blankness is typical of Dubuffet's "texture" exercises.

Though Dubuffet is indubitably a virtuoso of devices for making art, things that look like art, and things that force their acceptance as art by analogy with existing art, the exhibition inclines toward monotony. It is consistent with Dubuffet's anti-cultural ideology that his work should be formally impoverished. His drawing, whether loose to the point of doodling or whether "brutal," lacks distinction of line, and he is not an originator of interesting shapes. His color is often the color of the substances he uses as grounds, or is aimlessly high-pitched, like newly painted flowerpots on a windowsill. Above all, the works lack tension; process has replaced the struggle of the artist with the particular work.

It is to this artist's credit that his most attractive work is his latest—the painted sculptures of the "L'Hourloupe" series, on which he has been engaged since 1964. A selection of these was shown last spring at the Pace Gallery, and two large pieces and a small relief are included in the Museum of Modern Art show. Made of cast polyester resin and decorated with irregular abstract shapes in red, white, blue, and black vinyl paint, they are fresh and cool in hue, and their pleasingly textured surfaces are modulated by a flow of hollows and ridges. Some works in the Pace show were in the shape of furniture; the large "Tower 1," at the Museum of Modern Art, is a combination of monument and idol. In these sculptures, Dubuffet no longer relies on an unpleasant or disconcerting first impression; he has, apparently, set aside his principle of shock. The works are original and sophisticated aesthetic objects sure to be eagerly acquired, and I see no need to add excitement to them by postulating, as does Mr. Lowry, that Dubuffet in his furniture and towers "is involved with creating a setting for a new social order, not with providing a new look for the establishment." Where, after all, is this show taking place?

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

●

> NEW YORK (UPI)—About 7,000 North Vietnamese soldiers struck ports from Maine to Texas but federal machinery was already rolling to get them back to work under the Taft-Hartley law.
>
> —*Clovis (N.M.) News-Journal.*

Let's have a look at that domino theory again.

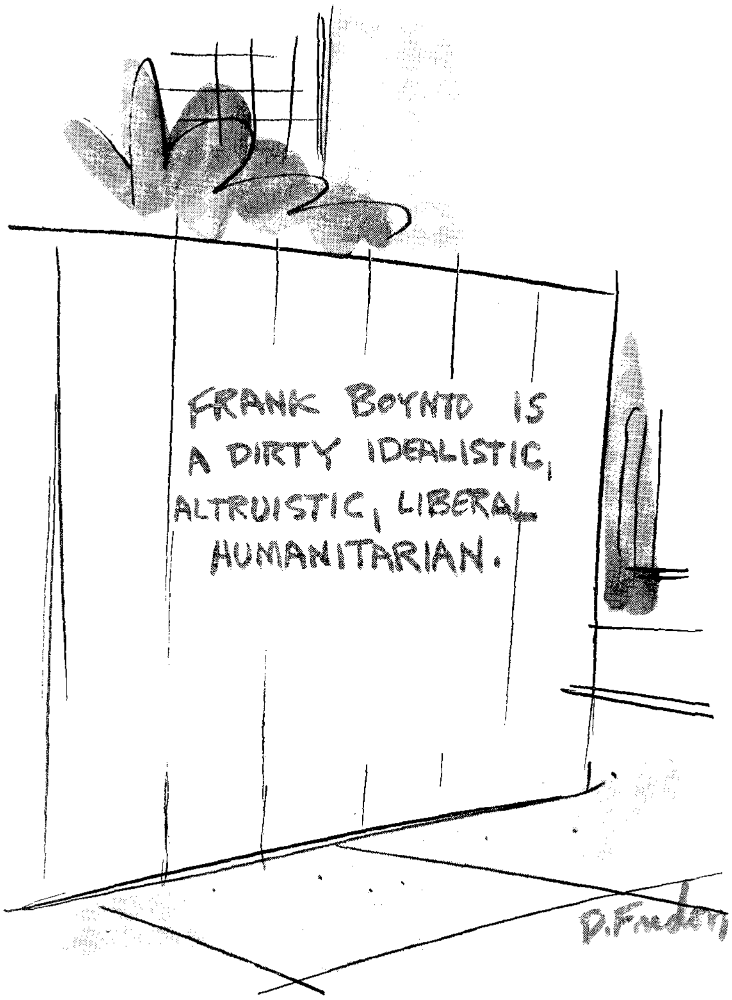
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

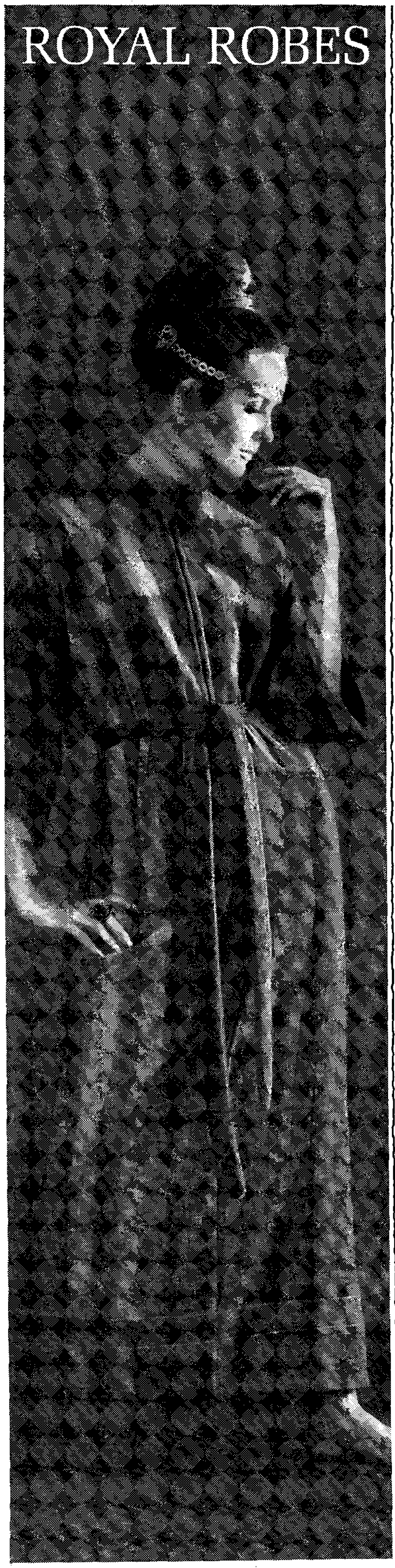
FEMININE FASHIONS

WELL, it seems that if a woman is going to wear a hat at all this winter, the budget is going to be severely dented by at least one fur smasher, and there are many smashers about—fur hats more majestic than ever, often to the point of being real top-heavy. (A lot of them don't attempt to warm the ears, though, but we mustn't let such a pedestrian thought dominate us, must we?) Since I maintain, however lonely I may be in this mule-headed attitude, that both tailored suits and, particularly, the *arriviste* pants suits demand headgear of mannish derivation, such as fedoras, I intend to mention right away a few samples. Like Mr. John's inimitable small-brimmed hats (often stitched all over, so that they will stay put at whatever rakish angle you choose to pose them), sometimes slammed down over one eye and sometimes curling up from a dip in the center front. And like the deep fedora of black leather with white leather making the saddle-stitched edges and the headband—this the achievement of Vincent & Harmik. The band is decorated by the V.-H. signature, which involves a slashing buckle diagonally across it. If fur is what you insist on, however, be it known that V.-H. shows tailored types, such as a deep jockey cap of Somali leopard, down on the brows, with an upward bump forward. There are also a lot of small, head-hugging turban-caps to wear when the collar of your coat is high and fur. Big collars of fluffy furs, like lynx and fox, are plentiful, and there is little room inside them for any hat brim except a small visor. A large dome to match would be too much, to my mind. One small job is Emme's cap of off-white peccary (wild pig, with pinpricks all over it)—a visor-front cap dipped down to one side, profile style. Emme uses thin glove leather in a copper hue, with swirled black braid and appliquéd embroidery, to fancy up a fez. Or the same kid-glove leather in dark brown is made into a nineteen-thirties turban-cap, draped up into the typical twist in front. As for fedoras, Emme's triumph is of an Argentine lamb that suggests Persian, though the curls are much flatter. It wears the conventional front-to-back crease in the crown, and a small, curled-up brim.

EVERYBODY in the custom millinery business has a boutique angle ("for the *complete* look"), and none more acute than Adolfo, at his own custom salon, at 22 East 56th Street, and his boutique at Saks Fifth Avenue. One couldn't possibly surpass the de-luxe air of his young matrons as they sally through life in his evening harem pants of fantastic fabrics, ballooning full at the ankles, plus his tailored shirts in pristine white and his colorful cummerbunds, *plus* his infinitesimal boleros, curved away high in front and ending in a four-inch band above the waist in back. (Mad boleros of this type are all around, by the way, and well below Adolfo prices.) The boleros are embroidered, braided, beaded, and jingly, because of the gold coins along the edges; some even have mirrors inset in braid, in the old Turkish Corner tradition. Adolfo, being a milliner first and a couturier second, has hats to go with everything, if the customers allow it. Some are Tatar towers (no, *not* the new coöperative going up near Sutton Place), and one is of black fox with a peaked inset top of black Persian lamb, or else of lynx with white lamb topmost. (These hats go especially well with his midi-length coats, which the young people of high style took to wearing some time ago. The latest of these coats is of black ciré "leather." It's double-breasted right up to the high lapels, and in back there's a wide, high belt.) Among the other bushy fur hats is one of red fox with a cuff ten inches deep (and that's *deep*, baby) and a tiny peaked top of red felt; a matching reversible bolero with a red lining is at hand. Next, Adolfo has gone and dyed fox the palest of greens for a hat that has that mirrored embroidery at the summit. (Get an escort tall enough to see it.) For the benefit of tailored suits and pants suits, he has produced many mannish toppers, such as a chin-strap Spanish sailor in black felt, worn tilted. Not to mention Tyrolian felts, with a brush up one side or else with appliquéd Swiss flowers. One endearing little job (this to snuggle, naturally, into a protective big fur collar) is a tilted cap of felt in alternating plain and braided openwork strips. And, as he always does, Adolfo loves berets; his newest, dubbed Mary Stuart, is usually in velvet, with feather cocardes, or else a mingling of gold coins and feathers, next the brow on the up side.

VINCENT & HARMIK, in a tiny salon at 14 East 52nd Street, has inherited some experts from Sally Victor's late


FRANK BOYNTO IS A DIRTY IDEALISTIC, ALTRUISTIC, LIBERAL HUMANITARIAN.



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workroom, and that is no more than they deserve—V.-H. *and* the experts. For tailored suits, V.-H. is showing tailored headpieces, and beauties they are, in wool. Huge wool mufflers accompany them—ski-slope-on-Fifth-Avenue kind of thing. One of these hats appears in royal blue with a big red overcheck, and the giant muffler matches. Big bicornes exist, too; a sample in gray velours is rolled back sharply in front, and gray saddle-stitched pigskin goes along the edges. Should you be the sporty type, V.-H. will proffer an English cap like what the Prince of Wales wore with his plus-fours when he went golfing. Flat and down on the brows, this one. Except that *his* didn't have the V.-H. touch—that belt-and-buckle detail high in back. V.-H. is fond of deep, draped caps, and *I* am fond of the one in beige Afghanistan broadtail, well down on the ears, to be worn with turtlenecks, active-sports clothes, and so on. And for those coats with imposing collars there are terrific small cap-turbans (more throwbacks to the past), the most notable of which is of Alix jersey in copper and navy. This, come to consider, is not much more notable than the one that combines gray chiffon with pale-copper satin. Black-and-white combinations abound, too. The most familiar of these is overlapping cups of mink, the white circle coming down on one brow and the black one well above that on the opposite side. But what I particularly cherish in the black-and-white field is a towering toque of mink (eight inches; I measured) with a diagonal slash separating the white from the black.

Mr. John, always forthright, feels that the youth movement toward undisciplined fashion has come to anarchy (I'm not so sure about *that*, myself), and he does nothing to encourage the swing in that direction. Emperor John I admires big berets. (Every salesgirl everywhere informs you, solemnly, that big berets can be pulled around and draped in a dozen ways. This is *news*?) Mr. John has done a beautiful cheetah beret, but I infinitely prefer his tall toque of white mink with a fat roll around the lower edge. This rig is accompanied by one of his more inspired neckpieces. Necker, he calls it, and it's an over-the-head zippered circle, twelve inches deep, that drapes like a cowl any which way. He has turned out another toque, of old-fashioned river otter—the kind of fur that Victorian men used for coat collars—fluffy rather than sleek, and

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The rest, as Holmes would say, is "elementary, my dear Watson, elementary."

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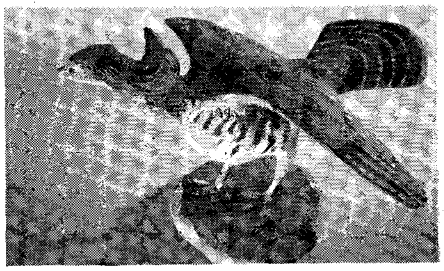

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dark brown. In sable, he does the Ultimate—a vast breton. (My busy tape measure makes it sixteen inches across the top and an eight-inch cuff.) His, and his alone, are hand-blocked Indian silks in lovely Paisley designs, and the net result can be a hat with a big brim ducked down in front, plus a big scarf, or a small but fat beret ducked down over one eye. For the vast-collar coats I keep harping on, there are many cap-turbans, which he calls Jazz Berets. And there are mini-berets whose half-inch edge gives the illusion of a visor. As for topping off tailored clothes, he always chooses casualness—brimmed hats, of whatever fabric, that ripple so easily you'd think there was nothing to it. Except that no one else can do the trick quite as he does.

Oh! I forgot to tell you; Mr. John sells monkey-fur chaps to wear over blue jeans. Home *over* the range, I guess.

THE furs in Bergdorf's millinery department have forever been outstanding, and now they are almost overpowering. Let us begin with a giant puffed pizza of Empress chinchilla that is all pie-shaped pieces and that is shown worn well back on the head. Russian sable makes an enchanting bonnet that is very young for this noble fur—arched high over the forehead, with the bonnet circle in back. Tails tie the thing under the chin. This creation is rather special in white mink, too. For hardy folk who are always going somewhere Impossible, Bergdorf provides an Eskimo hood that comes to its peak high in back; Russian lynx in pale-gray and cream tones is the means to this end. Then—good and proper for tailored clothes—comes a fedora of white felt mousse, sitting level and down on the eyes. The brim is turned up in back, and red feathers jut from a pheasant ornament at the side front. Or some of us might prefer a brimmed hat of cheetah, the medium brim curled up at the side back and curving down over the right eye. And, for those deep, furry collars, B. G. arouses the possessive instinct in all women with small turbans of soft, pale-blue angora jersey. One of them is crossed up top in front (traditional, this), but a deep, snood-like flange curves around the back.

EMME is in love with Kohinoor mink (pale gray ending in emphatic black tips), and she makes of it tilted tams of every size, with a self button on top. (Huge ones of red fox follow the same time-honored

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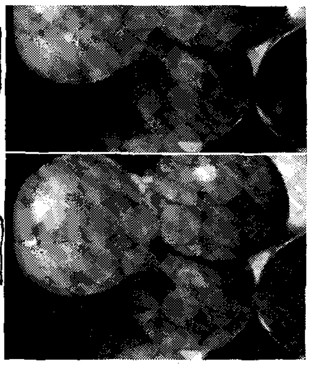
style.) Berets are always new (hmm), the way navy blue is new for spring, and take-them-or-leave-them. But admiration must descend upon Emme's *brown*-tipped Kohinoor-mink rollers, usually with a very narrow band of brown halfway up. She proposes these for brown mink coats or even brown leather ones. Seekers of majesty are led to a ranch-mink hat whose wide brim is slightly rippled, and to a small beret of nutria that ranges from taupe to silver and dangles two fat pompons of fur from a braid anchorage at one side. One more worthy beret is in the black-and-white line—an off-the-face medium job with a three-inch band of black mink next the face and white mink making the top, plus its companion button. Or you can have a toque with a base of black mink and a crown of Kohinoor. Emme improves upon those blasted Indian headbands, worn high and straight across the forehead, by creating wide bandeaux of the sort worn by the vamps in the movies the Modern Museum resurrects. (I *think* Emme's were made of tulle or other such airy stuff, or maybe it was net, the day I was there; anyway, I'm not sure.) She has all sorts of chain belts in every width (up to as much as six inches), and fat gold-cord ones, and I guess I like them *much better than I like most of the* things the new Chain Gang goes for. Another accessory, to be considered when you are entertaining (other people, I mean), is her apron skirt of light-brown Argentine lamb with a wide waistband of brown suède. If someone else is cooking, there is a matching fez like the nutria job I described five inches before; then you are all set for someone else's cocktail party. How simple everything is these days!

OF course, if we don't want to wear a hat at all (and most of us seem not to want to), we can toss our long locks to the winter breezes, which will whirl them around discothèque style. Another Emancipation Proclamation, I suppose. But why is it, if we *are* all so emancipated, that we suddenly want to go back to Alice in Wonderland, with our long locks sometimes—but not often enough—pulled toward the back from the temple or held in by a bandeau over the forehead? Well, it looks like Old Atavism, wanting to drag us by those long locks to somebody's cave. This, and the little-girl clothes, and the Mary Jane slippers . . . I'm slowly shaking my head, which *hasn't* got Alice in W. hair. The oppo-



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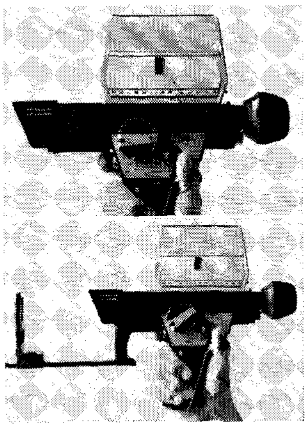

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My own jolliest adventure in many, many suns (speaking of hair) was a visit to Mrs. Lovitt's, whose emporia are at 15 St. Marks Place (982-3580) and in the penthouse of 200 West 57th Street (581-4014). They're Odyssey 2001, in a way, yet cheery—old-school barber chairs to remind us of Earth, but upholstered in vinyl that bears primary colors. Both enterprises are coeducational and America-the-great-melting-pot and wholly New Generation. I and my gallant Girl Monday-through-Friday were apprised of the prevailing spirit when, in the St. Marks shop, we spotted the leonine chargé d'affaires, Paul McGregor, suffocatingly clad in what seemed to be no more than a towel around the waist, but that was only April Fool, for a moment later Mr. McG., strong-arm man and father of six, was in bluejeans. I must report that both Paul and Edward (the latter in charge on West 57th Street) know their trade. I watched while my assistant, forever a Perfect Lamb, who always has short hair anyway, assumed the role of Sacrificial Lamb. She had a shampoo and then the ministrations of a local magician—hand dryer, brush, scissors in his three hands. Result: a beautiful short, short haircut that has stood up under the seeing eyes of a husband, as well as golf, surfing, and other outdoor pursuits.

WE lotus-eaters don't mind waiting a generation or two for another truly great perfume to come along; we feel fully rewarded if it eventually does. Time alone can tell, but in the meantime, however long *that*'s going to be, I am capable of suspecting that Yves Saint Laurent's Y (if I were a wine-taster, I'd call it impudent and refreshing) could be one. I've liked it before, now I think it's—well, great. If there are to be elimination bouts, I'd match it against several comers. One is Bal à Versailles, the invention of Jean Desprez—an Oriental blend that manages to be neither too heavy nor too sweet. Just lush. Another is Diagonal, the invention of Pertegaz—all warm summer roses and sunshine to me, but with enough spice to keep me from lazing. It lingers, too,

The town Greatlook: the new breed of pants, born to be worn with its own dress, very definitely tuned in on the city. In crepe, the striped pant about $22, the white shirtdress about $22. At Bonwit Teller, Sanger Harris, J. W. Robinson or write Mister Pants, Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

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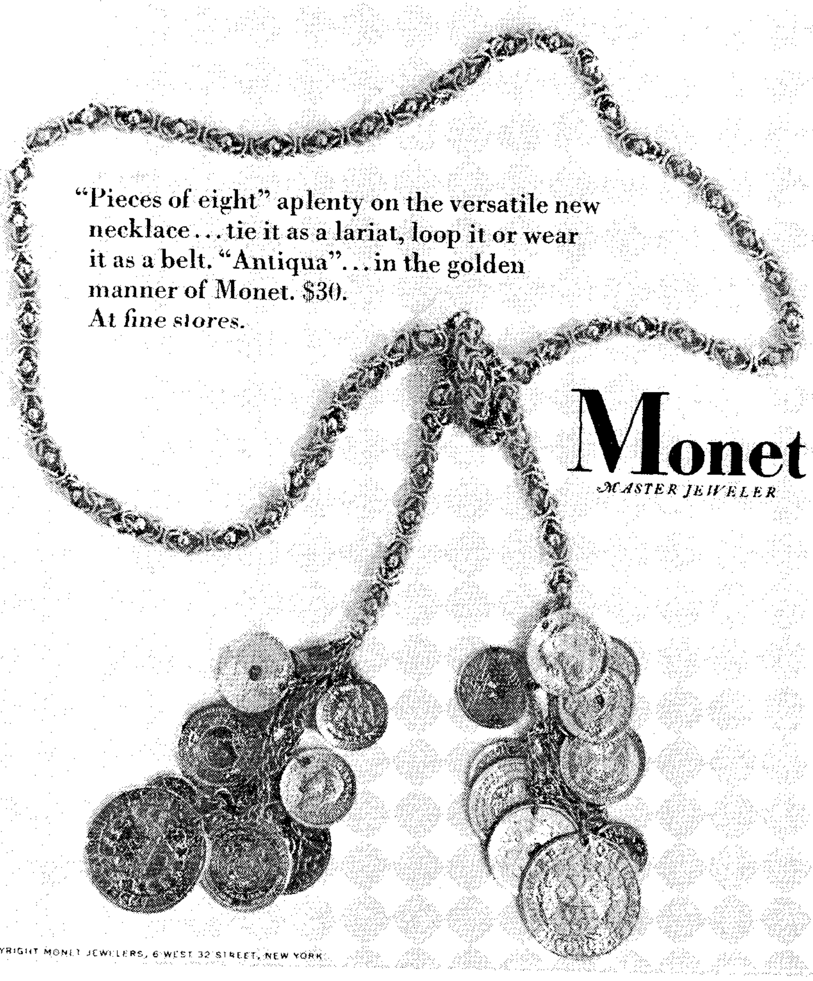

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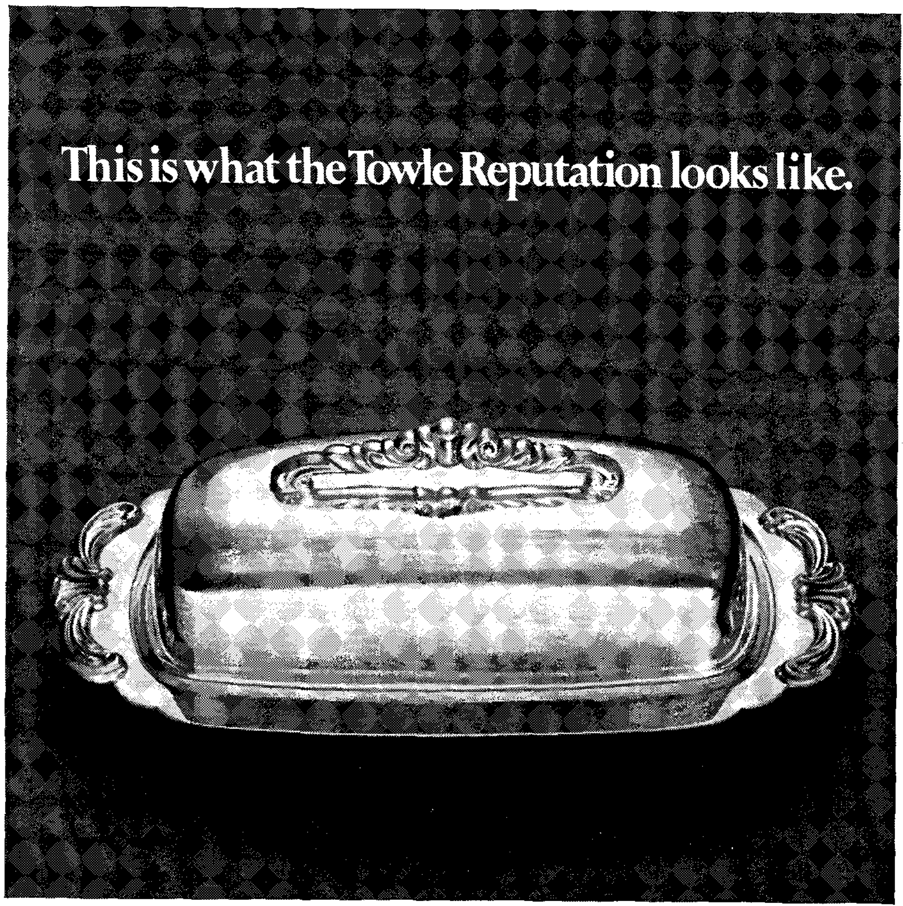

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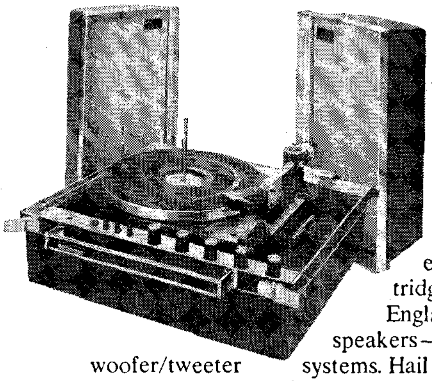

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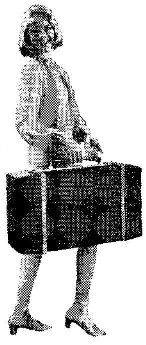


Benjamin 1020

romantically. Then comes Estée (for Estée Lauder—who else?) Super Perfume, and super it is. On my skin, it is like a three-stage rocket—goes on rather soft and rosy, then switches to a bright-green sort of scent, and winds up warm and a bit sensual. And the mighty Norell is out with a grand new one, called simply Norell—a floral blend that evades any description of mine. I *can* say that it has a sort of bittersweet tone after it settles down, and that it is both new and baffling to me. Norell gets up at the top with this—a familiar spot for him to be in. Becoming to him, too. (*Please* let all perfumes dry on you when you try them; good scents change while they evaporate and, as I have often pointed out, react differently to each kind of skin.) All these long-lasting triumphs are around town, and Bonwit Teller, Saks Fifth Avenue, Altman's, Lord & Taylor, and Bloomingdale's have some or all of them. Do your Christmas sniffing early; it'll be hard to make up your mind.

WHEN it's a case of cosmetics, the mind reels, and so does the skin, for to be fair one should give a three-week trial to everything, whether it's made of something like those lotus leaves or just powdered marmoset. So far, I've spent three weeks apiece with a couple of new deals. Polly Bergen's Oil of the Turtle Deep Cleansing Foam has been my one skin cleanser, and I have to say that it makes me feel like the Voice of the Turtle. I can likewise applaud Germaine Monteil's Acti-Vita, a cream to be put on very lightly after you have cleansed your façade at night; it sinks right into the skin, but worry not—you're apt to look much better in the morning. —LOIS LONG

•

"The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Playhouse, Oct. 23) is director Tony Richardson's approach to Rudyard Kipling's Crimean War novel, starring Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud and David Hemmings.—*Washington Post.*

It's a steal from Tennyson's First World War novel "The Light Brigade That Failed."

•

Russia said yesterday she had "lassoed the moon" with the spaceship Zond V and successfully brought it through a six-mile long "window in space" to a safe splashdown in the Indian Ocean.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Now all that remains is to slice it and put it on rye bread.

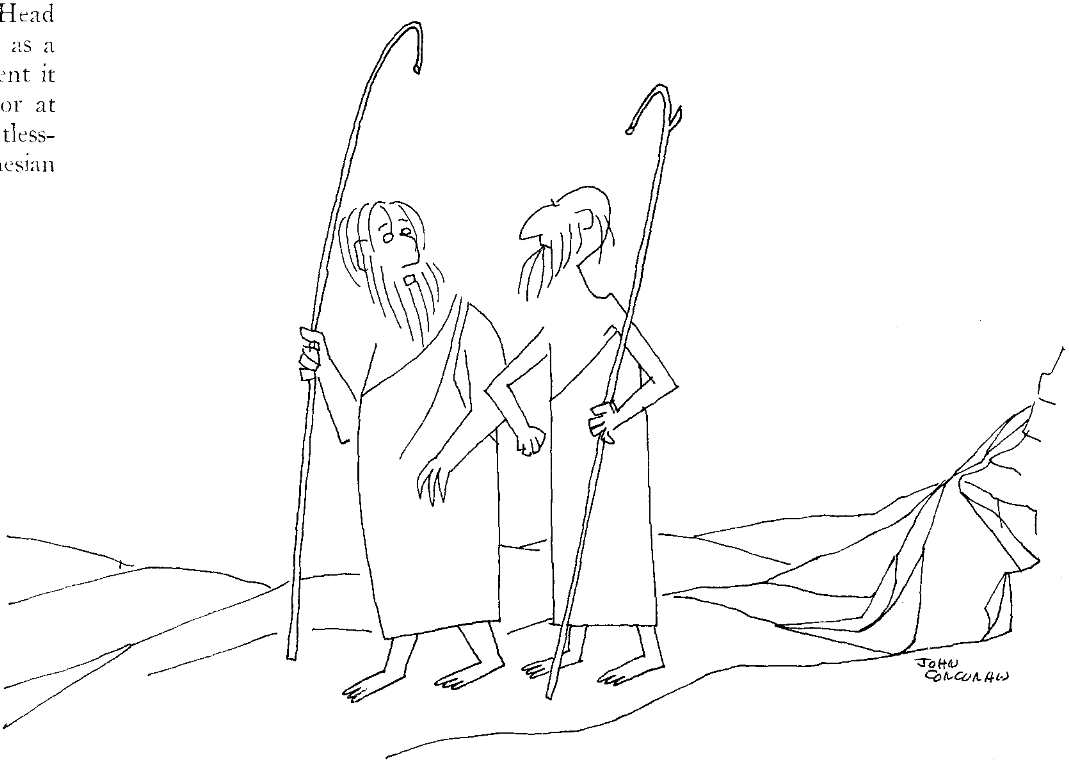
U.S. JOURNAL: HONOLULU

THE CHIEFS

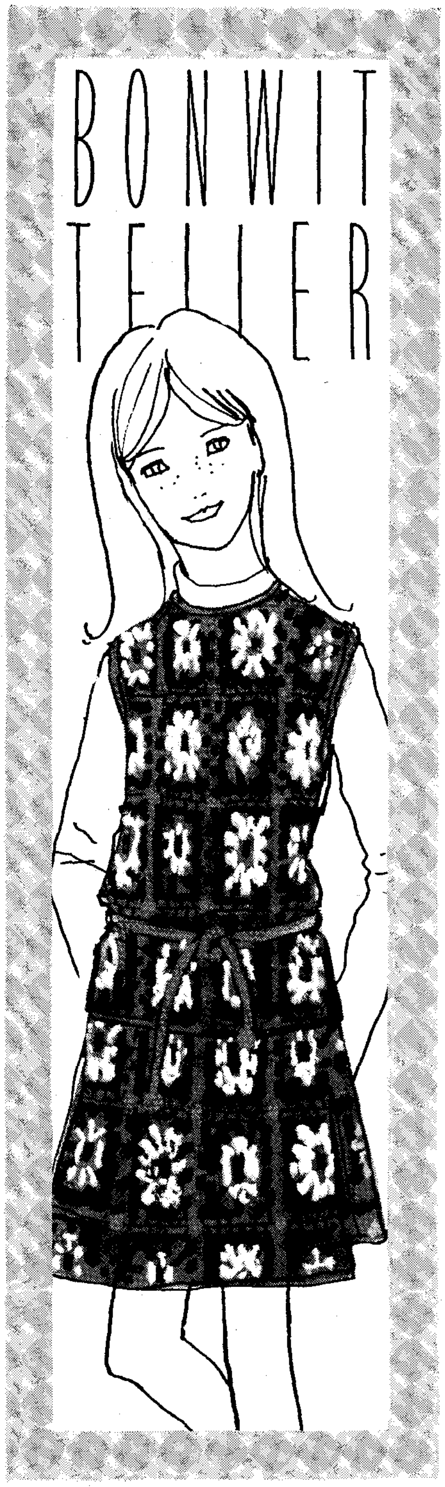
OCTOBER 18

AT the side entrance of the Ilikai—one of the skyscraper hotels that are jammed up against the beach at Waikiki two or three deep, like a hoard of cocktail-party freeloaders trying to get a hand onto the hors-d'oeuvres table—tour parties of middle-aged American couples, the men in brightly patterned aloha shirts and their wives in matching muumuus, waited patiently last week for chartered buses to take them to Pearl Harbor or Sea Life Park or the Ala Moana Shopping Center. The people in Honolulu for the seventy-fifth conference of the International Association of Chiefs of Police were hard to distinguish from the clients of Hawaiian Adventure Tours. It seemed odd that the couples waiting for a bus to take them on the Pearl Harbor tour were the target of a demonstration one day—even a small and rather lackadaisical demonstration—or that one of the amiable-looking men in aloha shirts was handed a flyer about "repressive police-state weapons" by a young man who explained (with the friendliness that is considered essential even to demonstrators in Hawaii), "I'm anxious to get into a dialogue with you." It is true that one of the buses that called for some of the chiefs and their wives took them to the National Guard firing range in the crater of Diamond Head (the extinct volcano whose value as a symbol should be enough to prevent it from being replaced by a hotel for at least a few years), where the relentlessly cheerful banter of the Polynesian *tummlers* who act as Honolulu tour guides was replaced for a while by an earnest lecture from the sales manager of A & W Engineering, who demonstrated a new shotgun adapter designed to decrease recoil, increase muzzle velocity, and spread the shot in what the sales manager called "a real nice knockdown pattern." But the chiefs seemed less interested in weapons than in being in the crater of Diamond Head. The convention exhibit-booth area that had been set up at the Ilikai—the booths in this case featuring displays like the AAI Multi-Purpose Grenade Launcher System, the Gas Chromatograph Alco-Analyzer ("a new breed of breath analyzer"), the AR-18 ArmaLite Combat Rifle, and hundreds of pounds of fired-at but unpierced body armor—remained almost deserted throughout the convention, except at three-thirty every afternoon, when the Detroit Bullet Trap Corporation, of Schaumburg, Illinois, held a drawing for a mink boa. The familiar trappings of an American convention (the "International" in I.A.C.P. being mostly nominal) varied for the police chiefs only in the type of companies that were trying to sell them something—a new pistol-grip container for MACE instead of some new cleaning fluid or some new packaging device. ("In aerosols you have to follow your deodorants, your hair sprays," I was told by a salesman for one of MACE's competitors when I asked why his less expensive tear-gas solution still came in a container that makes any police officer using it look like a housewife trying to rid the house of mosquitoes. "Otherwise, you get into machine-tooling.") The souvenir jewelry traditionally offered at a convention included handcuff earrings, at two dollars a pair, and charms in the shape of a stop sign that said "I Can't STOP Loving You."

BEING more or less indistinguishable from a gathering of paper-carton manufacturers is not the kind of thing that bothers police chiefs. What they constantly try to explain to any outsider is that cops are human beings, no different from everyone else. Convincing anybody of that doesn't seem much more likely to them now that they are the acknowledged experts on the country's most discussed problem than it did in the days when they were ignored. Talking about citizens who have no respect for the police or about councilmen who have no understanding of the problems involved in enforcing the laws they pass, some police chiefs still tend to take on the tone associated with French Army officers in Indo-China or Algeria talking about the politicians in Paris. They are aware, of course, that public concern over law and order has brought a sixty-three-million-dollar appropriation from Congress for assistance to local law-enforcement agencies. And at the convention it was announced, to great applause, that Quinn Tamm, a former assistant director of the F.B.I. who is now executive director of the I.A.C.P., had been invited to testify before the platform committees of both political parties. Over the past few years, Tamm has been able to make the I.A.C.P. into an important advocate for the "professionalization" of the police that everyone now seems to want—an improvement in police salaries and educational standards, a modernization of police methods. There is now even a kind of star system among police chiefs. Thomas Reddin, the police chief of



"Frankly, some of your more recent prophecies lead me to believe that as a seer you're over the hill."



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Los Angeles, is a star; he has been on the cover of *Time*, and is sometimes mentioned as a possible successor to J. Edgar Hoover. Thomas J. Cahill, the police chief of San Francisco, who automatically advanced from first vice-president to president of the I.A.C.P. at this year's convention, is also a star; he served on the Presidential crime commission. It might be argued that, say, airline executives would assume that any Presidential commission concerned with air traffic would have to include an airline executive, but police chiefs, after all those dry years, don't take any recognition for granted. This year, the police chiefs seem to feel more or less the way bus drivers would feel if all Presidential candidates and all political commentators had agreed that the most important issue in America was urban transit: they think it's about time, but they still don't quite believe it's happening.

In fact, talk about professionalization and about politicians' soliciting the opinion of Quinn Tamm is not greeted with universal enthusiasm by police chiefs. Most of the seventeen hundred I.A.C.P. members attending the conference seemed to be police chiefs in their fifties and sixties who had worked their way up from patrolling a beat—products of a tradition that has never encouraged change. (It's a measure of the field's conservatism that even today about the only way a man can become a police chief is to start as a rookie in the department he wants to be chief of; unlike city managers or school superintendents, police chiefs rarely move from city to city. I.A.C.P. conventions are relatively free of job-market gossip, because there is virtually no job market to gossip about.) In talking about reforms, the I.A.C.P. staff has demonstrated an awareness that, as white ministers and newspaper editors used to say so often in the South, leaders cannot afford to get too far ahead of the rank and file. Any reluctance a conservative police chief has about I.A.C.P. activism is apparently encouraged by the F.B.I., long unchallenged as the one and true national source of law-enforcement expertise, which is said to exert its influence among the chiefs to keep I.A.C.P. activities restricted. "It's strictly territorial," a chief from California explained to me.

"Police chiefs can't be stereotyped," one of the younger members of the I.A.C.P. told me, emphasizing that cops are just human beings. "We're a cross-section of Americans—or, at least, a cross-section of lower-middle-class Americans." It is true that some police chiefs—big-city chiefs, or some of the younger men, or some chiefs from California, which has long been ahead of other states in police training and standards—are interested in talking about a new role for the I.A.C.P. and the literature of law enforcement and the problems of middle management and the most sophisticated way to handle arrests of illegal demonstrators. ("I tell my men to be overcourteous—'Watch your step there. . . . Sure you're O.K. now?' It's kind of a put-on, but it's hard to fight, and if my man's involved in a put-on he's less likely to lose his temper.") But a lot of police chiefs—particularly small-town police chiefs—would apparently be just as happy if the I.A.C.P., like a lot of other trade organizations, had remained a nice way of getting together once a year and a convenient way of getting in on a decent group-insurance policy. They think that illegal demonstrators should be arrested the same way other lawbreakers are arrested—or perhaps with a bit more firmness—and when they hear about the need to consolidate a lot of the country's small local law-enforcement agencies, their reaction is not to quote management-consultant figures on the administrative advantages but to wonder what will happen to the chief of an agency that is consolidated.

IN the past, the sixth vice-president of the I.A.C.P., elected annually at the convention, varied in background from year to year, so that the six officers moving automatically toward the presidency reflected a rough balance among big-city chiefs, small-town chiefs, and state-police superintendents. Elections are still based partly on personal popularity and some vote-trading among the state delegations, but now there is also some talk about who could best represent the chiefs in the councils of the mighty. "The little fish are in danger of being eaten by the big fish," I was told by Willie Bauer, the police chief of Beaumont, Texas, who was running for sixth vice-president. I met Chief Bauer on the first day of the convention, in front of the registration desk, where he and Mrs. Bauer were handing out red-white-and-blue emery boards that said "Vote Willie Bauer

6th V.P.—I.A.C.P." Because of a retirement, the fifth vice-presidency was also being contested this year, and the area around the registration desk was plastered with campaign posters. By the following day, the other candidates had become active—for instance, supporters of Colonel E. I. (Mike) Hockaday, the superintendent of the Missouri State Highway Patrol and a candidate for fifth vice-president, handed out Hockaday corncob pipes, and the Colonel himself carried around a small stapler that he used to attach a Hockaday streamer to the name tag of any new supporter he ran across—but no one matched Bauer's energy. One morning, every chair in the auditorium had a Bauer flyer that included a recipe for Jailhouse Rolls. "Wait till you see what's there tomorrow," he told me that evening as we ate native fare out of plastic cups at a luau thrown by the police chief of Honolulu. "I have a 'survival kit' with a razor blade, chewing gum, a Band-Aid—the whole works. The next day, I have a sign that says 'Wanted: Willie Bauer.' I thought of that myself. I used to be in the theatre business before I was in this business." A couple of days later, when I saw Bauer handing out Band-Aids with a Willie Bauer name tape on them, I thought he had finally run out of ideas, but at the annual I.A.C.P. banquet that night each guest found a fortune cookie at his place and everybody's fortune was "Confucius say: Vote for Willie Bauer." Bauer's competition for sixth vice-president was Tom Reddin, of Los Angeles, whose supporters ran a smooth campaign—good-looking girls handing out miniature convention programs with Reddin's picture on them, modernistic campaign buttons, and a California hospitality suite, which featured not only limitless liquor but a Hawaiian trio that occasionally broke into "California, Here I Come." Reddin campaigned on the premise that in Los Angeles, a national communications center, he would be an effective and respected spokesman for law enforcement.

"What's all this talk about spokesmen? There's no qualifications for this office," Theodore Grieco, the short, rotund police chief of Fort Lee, New Jersey, said to me in support of his candidacy for the fifth vice-presidency. "You got to know parliamentary law. That's all."

LIKE the vice-presidential campaigns, the conference speeches shifted unpredictably from the new to the old. At one early-morning seminar, a crim-

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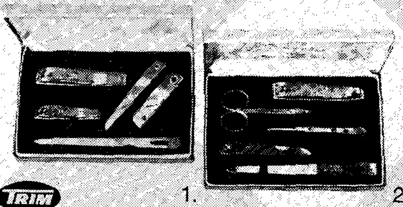

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inologist presented a detailed report on how a research center partly sponsored by the I.A.C.P. had been working toward a more sensible approach to behavioral problems such as drunkenness (which accounts for a third of all arrests) and sexual perversion. Anyone who had attended the seminar might have predicted that a speech by the Reverend Bill Smith on "The Clergy and Civil Disobedience," scheduled for later that morning, would deal in some detail with how ministers become involved in protest movements and what approach the police should take in working with them. Instead, Smith, a slickly dressed Baptist minister with a Southern accent and an evangelical delivery, presented a sermon that decried ministers who turn from the spiritual to the secular, maintained that civil disobedience is nothing more than criminal disobedience, and assured the chiefs that "there is not one time in the entire Scriptures where we find Our Lord Jesus encouraging, promoting, or approving civil disobedience." At an American convention, the relatively few conventioneers who bother to attend the official speaking programs are usually told pretty much what they want to hear. Most of the police chiefs, sensitive to criticism, obviously wanted to hear attacks on the lawless young (products, the outgoing president said, of "the permissive Spockian philosophy that breeds contempt and disrespect for law and order"), unqualified support of the police, and constant reminders that the police, being on the front line in the defense of the Republic these days, should unquestionably be getting more money. Smith's speech got the most enthusiastic reception of any speech at the convention, and by the end of the week twenty-five or thirty police chiefs had visited the press room to ask for texts.

When Quinn Tamm presented the convention with some views on law and order that sounded pretty much like the views of the Reverend Mr. Smith, one of his supporters explained to me that Tamm was apparently solidifying his position with the membership so that he could be relatively progressive during the year and still protect his flanks from the F.B.I. Law and order is used as a political issue even among police chiefs. Although a number of speakers dealt with civil disorders, they seemed much less interested in discussing police techniques for crowd control than in assuring the chiefs that tough police reaction to demonstrators and rioters was getting the public support it de-

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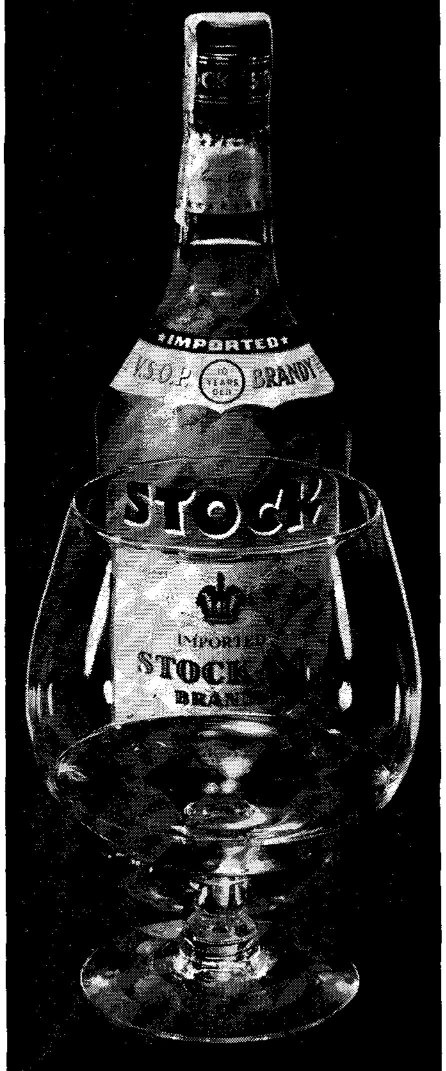

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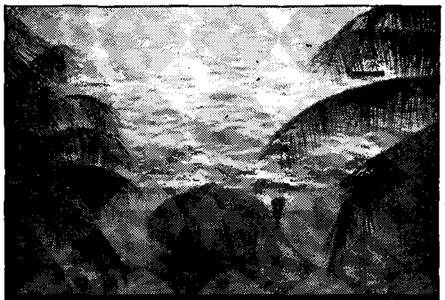

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served. "To those very few citizens who continually abuse the police," the Provost Marshal General of the United States Army said, "I would ask for one example—just one—where any police department in this country had been used to suppress legal activities." The workshop on civil disorders was called "Public Relations in Times of Riot and Civil Disorders," and included advice on "what actions can be taken by law enforcement in the interest of enhancing their image during a riot." Throughout the convention, speakers alluded to the disturbances during the Democratic Convention in Chicago, but practically nobody mentioned the possibility that some of the Chicago police might have lost control of themselves. The question about Chicago that might have been expected to be of some professional interest—what techniques can be used to prevent loss of control—never came up.

On days when the morning speaking program was filled with praise of the Chicago police for holding the line against the forces of subversion, I would sometimes spend the late afternoon in the California hospitality suite, where I would invariably be told privately by police chiefs that they were appalled at the Chicago police work they saw on television. To relatively sophisticated police chiefs, swinging away at someone who is entering a police van is not merely brutal but unprofessional: batons are not raised above the shoulders, force is used to apprehend rather than to punish, policemen don't lose their tempers in public. For these chiefs, watching the Chicago police brought to the surface an anxiety that had been with them for the past few years: In crowd control, policemen, who are ordinarily trained to act alone or in pairs, are suddenly ordered to act as a group and maintain quasi-military discipline. "The problem we really worry about in these situations is not how to block off a street, or something like that," one of the younger I.A.C.P. members told me. "The real worry is controlling the men."

A couple of chiefs told me that they blamed Mayor Daley for implying to Chicago policemen that they could behave with impunity. "I think this constant repetition that police are only human is very dangerous," a large-city chief said. "They are not 'only human.' They're public servants." But when Mayor Daley's name was mentioned from the platform on the final day of the convention, it caused one of the chiefs' rare interruptions of a

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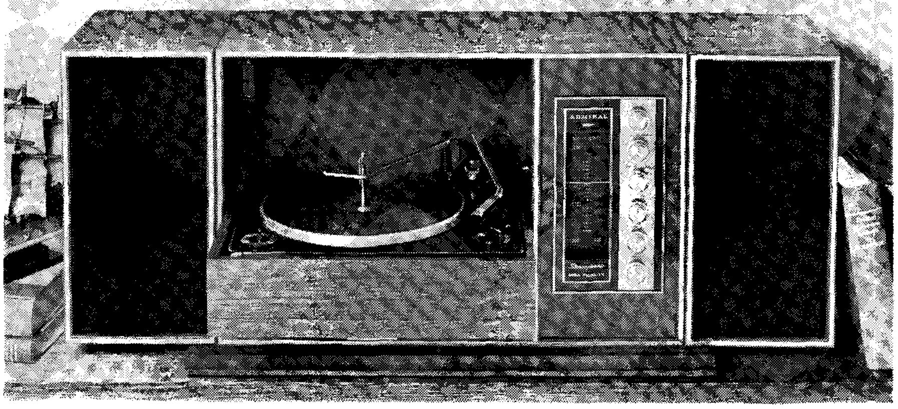
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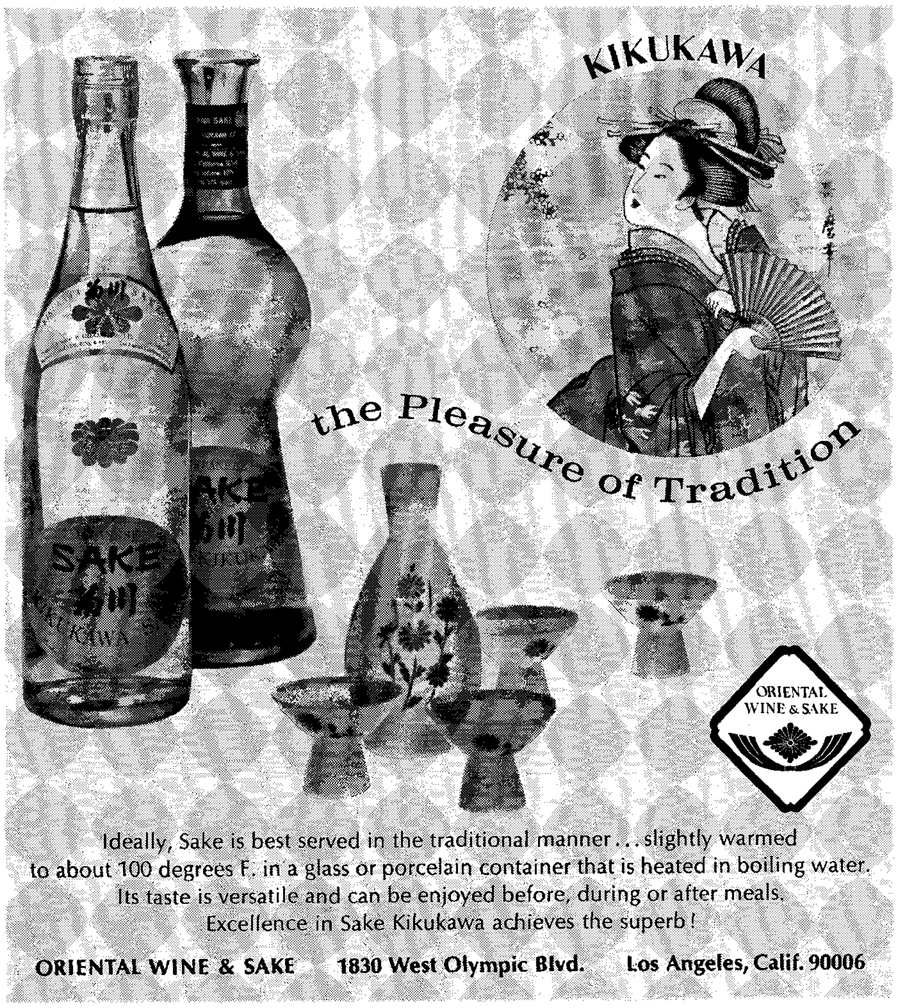

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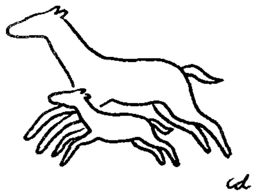
speech by applause. The occasion was a presentation by a Chicago deputy chief on why the 1972 I.A.C.P. convention should be held in Chicago. By then, signs for vice-presidential candidates and future convention sites had crept into the auditorium, and a huge sign in back of the speaker's platform said "Chicago Invites You—1972." The Chicago representative talked about the museums and the miles of beaches in a routine way, and then he ended his speech with a frank appeal: "Please give us your vote of confidence." The chiefs apparently believed that their applause for Daley was support enough. They voted to hold the 1972 convention in Salt Lake City instead—perhaps because they could envision a Chicago hotel lobby thick with demonstrators holding signs like "The Gathering of the Pigs," but more probably because they had been impressed by a speech about Salt Lake City's being an outdoor paradise where a five-point buck could be brought down a few miles from the brand-new convention center.

The subject of law and order came up again later in the morning, when each vice-presidential candidate was permitted to make a short campaign speech. Willie Bauer presented his impressive record as a law-enforcement officer and I.A.C.P. member, reminded the delegates that California already had one man among the officers, and said that after thirty years as a policeman he believed law enforcement to be the highest calling a man could have. His opponent, Thomas Reddin, repeated that he would be a spokesman for law enforcement, and then began to explain what views he would represent. It was about the most uncompromising law-and-order sermon of the week. Reddin said nothing about the community-relations program that *Time* had complimented him for. He said disturbances had to be crushed wherever they arose. He said it was appalling that anyone would consider the demonstrators at Chicago right and the police wrong. He talked about professional agitators and fellow-travellers, and said that if subversive elements were contributing to the trouble it might be up to the I.A.C.P. to declare them subversive. As if guarding against the possibility that somebody might fail to understand that he was taking a hard line, he kept repeating that a hard line had to be taken. There was loud applause when he finished. An hour or so later, he was elected sixth vice-president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. —CALVIN TRILLIN

THE RACE TRACK

Wet Grass

NEITHER the dark clouds that hung over the course nor the light rain that came and went dulled the tenth running of the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. The race was exciting from beginning to end of the mile and a half over the turf course, and Czar Alexander won it by three and a half lengths from Fort Marcy, with Advocator coming in third, a further four and a half lengths away, and High Hat, the favorite, coming in fourth. Twelve ran. For days, everyone in High Hat's stable had been offering special prayers for rain, because he likes soft footing, and when the start came he was away on his toes, and he led for more than a mile. Advocator was right behind him, though, dogging him the way he dogged Dr. Fager in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last month. Meanwhile, Fort Marcy was going well in third place as the leaders went round the long turn for home full tilt, and he took the lead in the stretch. He didn't hold it long, for Czar Alexander, who had never been worse than fifth, came up with a rush and passed him as if he were standing still. It was the second time Fort Marcy has been second in the Man o' War; a year ago, Ruffled Feathers beat him in the same sort of finish.



Owned by Gustave Ring, a Washington, D.C., contractor who likes to buy horses abroad, Czar Alexander is a smoothly built three-year-old bay colt by Pampered King out of War Ribbon. He's quite the gadabout. Foaled in Ireland and sold as a yearling in England, he raced in England, Germany, and France as a two-year-old. He was imported by Mr. Ring at the close of last season, and has run at Hialeah, Suffolk Downs, Monmouth Park, Saratoga, and Arlington Park as well as at Aqueduct and Belmont, winning five of nineteen starts. Later Saturday afternoon, Mr. Ring missed a smasher of a double when Grace Born, whom he bought in the Argentine last December, finished last of ten runners for the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago.

DAMASCUS, as you know, didn't start in the Man o' War. According to his stable, he rapped a leg slightly during a recent workout. Nothing serious, it was stressed. In fact, he's expected to run for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park this weekend. It also seems that he may race next year. It was the intention to retire him to the stud at the end of this season, syndicated at a very fancy price, but he is hardly winding up in a blaze of glory, so he'll have another try for those big six-figure races and Horse of the Year honors. Some say he might surprise us by winning Saturday and again in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans Day, but I say it's 8–5 he won't.

Dr. Fager also ate the oats and hay of idleness last weekend, skipping the Hawthorne Gold Cup, which I thought he'd have no trouble winning. John Nerud, his trainer, who is recovering from minor surgery, had said, "He isn't going to run anywhere till I can be on the ground to see him do it." Curiously, the winner turned up in Nodouble, who beat Damascus in the Michigan Mile and One Eighth in Detroit last month. For the record, he ran a fast mile and a quarter—1:59⅕—to beat Cabildo, Irish Dude, and seven others in the Hawthorne.

TO get back to Belmont Park, which ends its season—to this writer's regret—on Saturday, the Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment had no luck in the spring classics for three-year-olds, but it did all right in the Lawrence Realization Stakes the other afternoon; the Wheatley Stable's Funny Fellow won it handily from the King Ranch's Draft Card and C. V. Whitney's Chompion. Funny Fellow is the third consecutive winner Ed Neloy has saddled for this number at a mile and five furlongs; the others were Buckpasser, in 1966, and Successor, last year.

Memo for jumping-race aficionados: The sport winds up at Belmont with Quick Pitch having another go over the hurdles and with the forty-fifth running of the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase. . . . And a memo for horseplayers who bet on jockeys: Last Friday, Blum, who used to ride for Hirsch Jacobs, had six winners in a row at Garden State Park. Next day, he had one winner. —AUDAX MINOR

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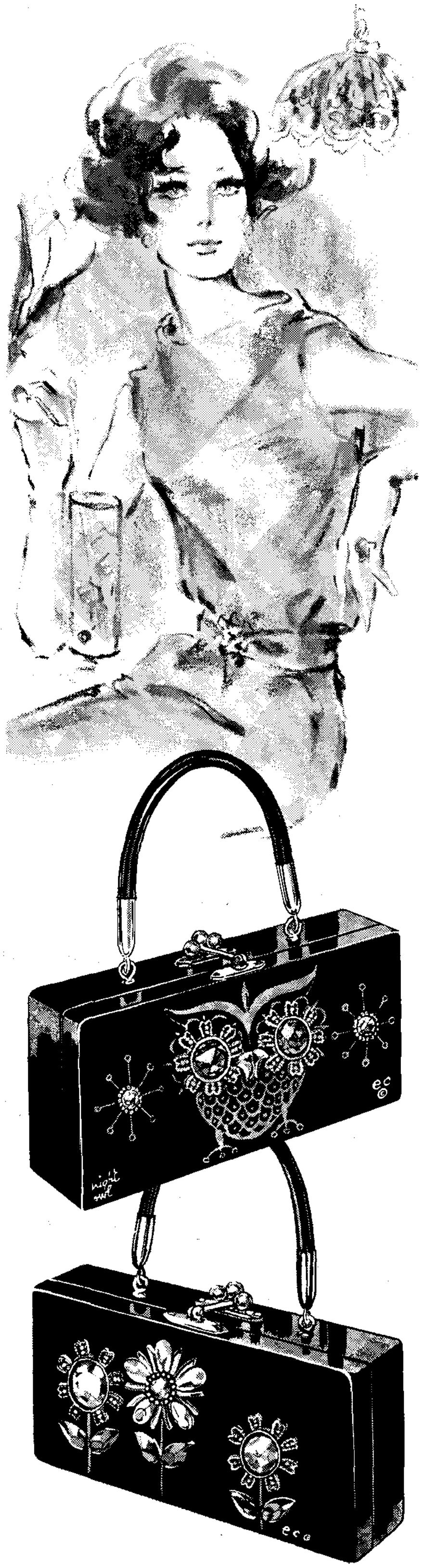

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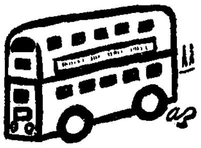
LETTER FROM BLACKPOOL

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9: Blackpool, which is acting as host to the four thousand delegates to the Conservative Party conference this week and welcomed the Labour Party conference last week without much difference of expression, is a sort of Lancashire Coney Island superimposed on a foundation of Victoriana. Probably the modest crowds who gather on the windy pavements outside the Winter Garden in the hope of getting a good look at Ted Heath, the leader of the Conservative Party (and certainly, this year, at Enoch Powell, the Party's self-appointed hair shirt), are more likely to raise a bit of a cheer for him than they were for Harold Wilson. This is doubly a Conservative town—Tory Members represent Blackpool North and South. But any influx that brings more brass into the jingling cash registers is all right by the Blackpudlians, I suspect. Because of its size, it is frequently chosen by the party managers. This year it got the Trades Union Congress as well as the Labour people and the Tories, and the taxi-drivers and the shopkeepers appear cheerful. Cheerfulness, as I soon discover when I take a walk around the town, is the keynote of Blackpool. It is a place where the determination to enjoy can be seen in riotous operation all summer along the Golden Mile of fun-fair palaces, shooting galleries, fortune-tellers, and oyster stalls, from which holidaymakers emerge, arms entwined, clasping striped walking sticks of Blackpool rock and wearing paper hats inscribed "Kiss Me." The long season of revels will finally end on October 27th, when the famous illuminations along the Front are switched off and Blackpool is left to count the cash and brace itself against the terrific winter gales that roar in off the long, white-flecked gray smudge of the Irish Sea.

The atmosphere in the conference hall, a Victorian glass-roofed pleasure dome lit by glittering chandeliers, with tiers of boxes embellished by frivolous plaster cupids, is also one of cheerfulness, I find. The delegates make it resoundingly clear that this time they are less interested in the sins of Harold Wilson and his Government than in showing the country what it may expect from a Conservative England after the next general election (still two years off, though, by everybody's count). Of course, there are many highly popular references to Socialist duplicity and double-dealing, but the leadership on the platform is plainly out to shut up shop (at least mentally) as Her Majesty's Opposition and to prepare to do business as the alternative Government.



As usual, the conference is impressively well managed. The floor is kept in permanent good humor by the admirable chairman, Sir Theo Constantine, a man with a gentle voice and a firm manner. There is, I notice, a great accent on youth, always conspicuously missing from Labour assemblages, where the majority of the delegates seem to have been selected for their years of loyal service. Budding Young Conservatives are everywhere, most of them articulate and well briefed. Like a decorative frieze of nymphs, pretty girls in mini-skirts with maxi-waterfalls of flowing hair trot back and forth on the platform, delivering notes to the members of the Executive, who sit benignly smiling in the white television glare. Ted Heath gets an enormous ovation from the floor. He looks sunburned and very fit, as though he has been in training for the confrontation that the conference is waiting for and endlessly talks about when it ducks out for coffee or a smoke. This is the coming crunch on policy between the Tory leadership and the challenge to it that many people feel is being made by Enoch Powell, the enigmatic character who was its spokesman on defense matters until Ted Heath sacked him last April for making a dangerously inflammatory speech on race relations—a subject that is already combustible in cities with swarming immigrant populations. Though he denied that he was putting himself up as an alternative leader to Ted Heath, who has somehow never made it with the public, for all his good qualities, many people think that he has ambitions to do just that. The journalists are here in flocks to try and get some idea of the strength of Powellism in the Party; he is going to speak in the immigration debate tomorrow. Much of the Powell support is among the working class, as well as among middle-class Conservatives who believe that it is time to call a halt to immigration in Britain before the racial problem explodes in the big cities. The dockers and others who marched in noisy protest against Powell's dismissal from the Conservative Shadow Cabinet were, oddly, demonstrating for a right-wing exponent of uncontrolled capitalism, a denouncer of nationalization, an intellectual who makes no effort to charm or to talk down and yet succeeds, apparently, in firing the imaginations of numbers of ordinary people. He was given enormous free publicity here last week by Mr. Wilson, who obliquely attacked Powellism. "You may not agree absolutely with Enoch, mind, but you can't deny that there's a lot in what he says"—this is the sagacious observation that I am offered frequently by people here, who qualify the original thought by adding hastily that, of course, Enoch can be no threat, or even embarrassment, to Ted Heath. Some less ambiguous admirers wear badges, I notice, nominating Powell as "Man of the Year," no less.

On this first day, the conference gets down to discussing how it can set about putting over to the ordinary nonpolitical man in the street the difference between Conservative and Socialist policies, a subject on which the electorate seems hazy or indifferent. Mr. Anthony Barber, the new Party chairman, sharply reminds the delegates, who do not want to hear, that to put Labour out next time the Conservatives will need a bigger swing than they or Labour managed in the last six elections. The real spontaneous roar of approval, however, is for Miss Joan Hall, a militant young woman who is the prospective candidate for Keighley, in Yorkshire. She leaps off into the rhetorical blue, crying that "tinkering with the works" ought not to be enough when the Conservatives return to power. What they should go for are "radical, far-reaching changes," which are clearly what the majority of the rank and file waving the moderately toned new Party manifesto, "Make Life Better," in the air—as though unaware that they are bellowing for something quite different—want in their hearts. The pent-up grievances of four years of restrictions and disappointments are fierce. And now the delegates give a big hand to Selwyn Lloyd, an old favorite. He warns the conference, like some super-Scoutmaster, that it must remain loyal in thought and deed to Ted. So much strenuous insistence on loyalty, unfortunately, implies that thoughts, at least—in spite of the enthusiastic bobbing of heads and smiting of palms—may be straying off in other directions.

THURSDAY: This morning, we listen to debates on the prices-and-incomes policy (which the Labour Party conference by a huge majority in this hall last week threw back in the face of

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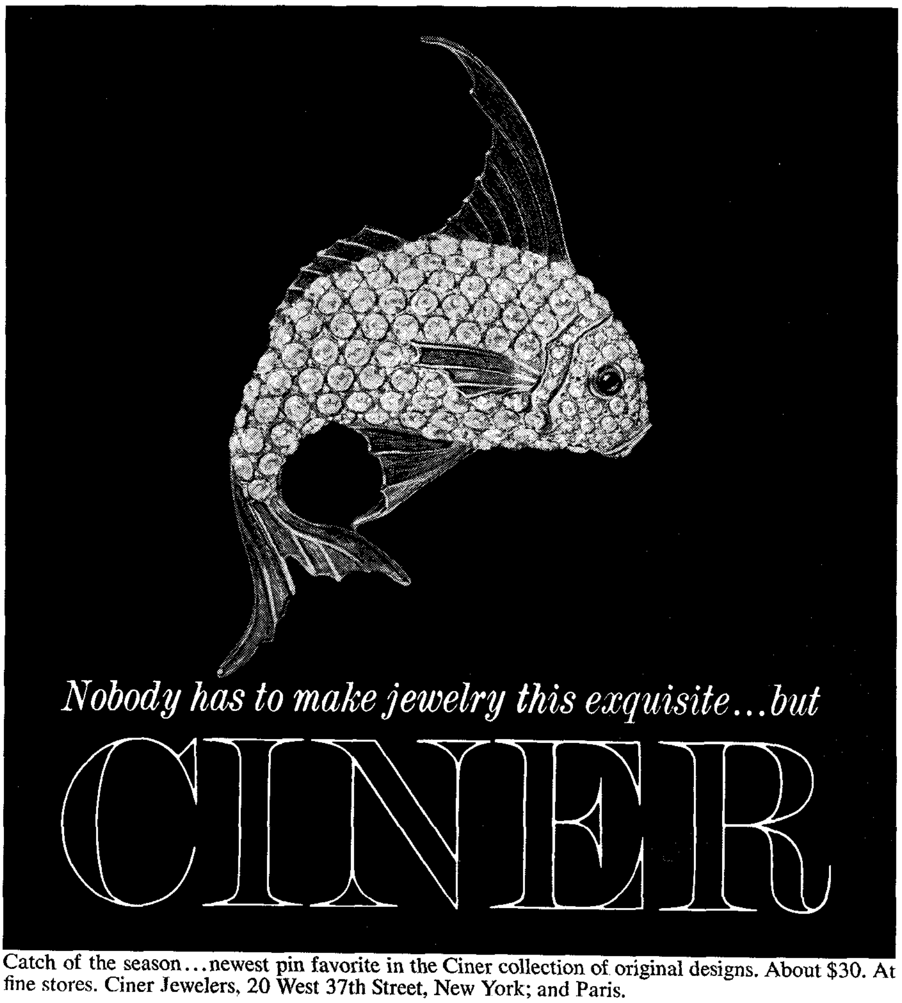

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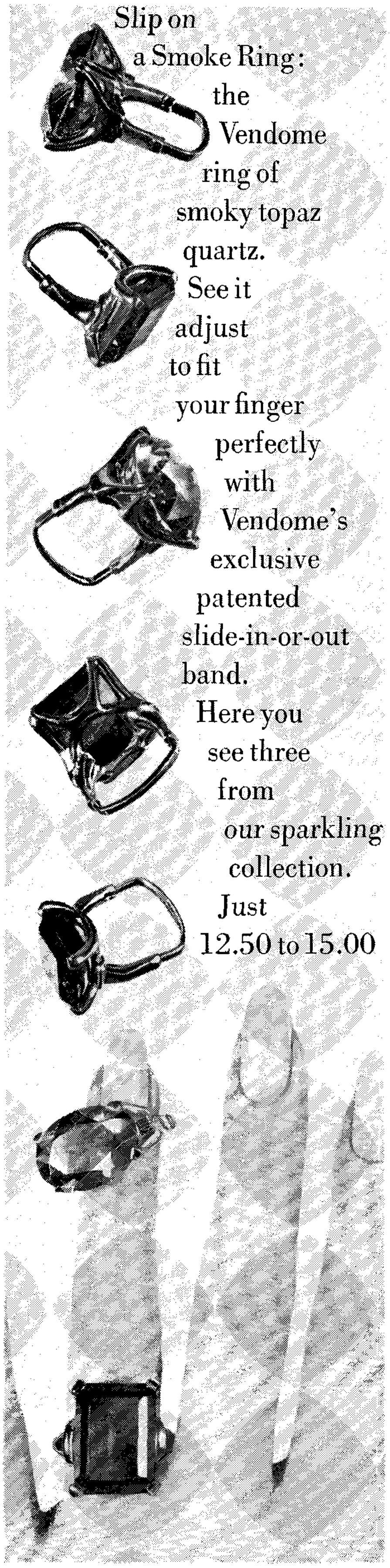

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the Government, which will go ahead as though it had not heard) and on taxation. The delegates seem to have their minds elsewhere, though the Conservative economics spokesman, Iain Macleod, repeats the Party promise to reduce taxes and kill off the hated selective-employment tax.

The opening speeches of the eagerly awaited afternoon debate on immigration do not raise the temperature as much as some people had expected. The platform's line on this is a more moderate version of Enoch Powell's. The Party leaders want immigration to be stopped, and criticize the Government's race-relations bill, which seeks to legislate against anti-black discrimination in jobs, housing, and so on, because they think it will make a protected minority and more trouble. There is some familiar repetition of the plight of Greater London, West Yorkshire, and the West Midlands, in particular, where big immigrant populations are stretching the supply of houses, welfare services, and classrooms to the bursting point. A twenty-year-old Oxford University undergraduate speaks against the motion. He tells his elders—some of whom applaud, some of whom shout "No!"—that they should set about putting this conference's tagline, "Make Life Better," into practice by working out a tolerant multi-racial society. Ted Heath and the Executive, beaming down at him like approving uncles, clap vigorously.

When Sir Theo calls Enoch Powell, there is a murmur, a swaying of Conservative ladies' gay hats, as though a cold wind has ruffled a cornfield, and then a confusion of cheering and some booing. The men on the platform seem to be competing for the sternest expression of complete indifference. The Powell countenance, when it can be glimpsed through the wall of cameramen surrounding the rostrum, is, as usual, pale and tense, like a Goya print of a man enduring some private excruciation. He speaks with chilling deliberation and, it seems, restraint—perhaps disappointing to those who may have hoped he would repeat his Birmingham outburst about a future "foaming with much blood." He utters a solemn warning. Immigrants already here must be invited to depart for home, but by what means is artfully left vague. Is he advocating voluntary repatriation, which would hardly change the problem at all, or a compulsory notice to quit? I suspect that some of the nice-looking, amiable couples sitting around me would secretly not object to the latter alterna-

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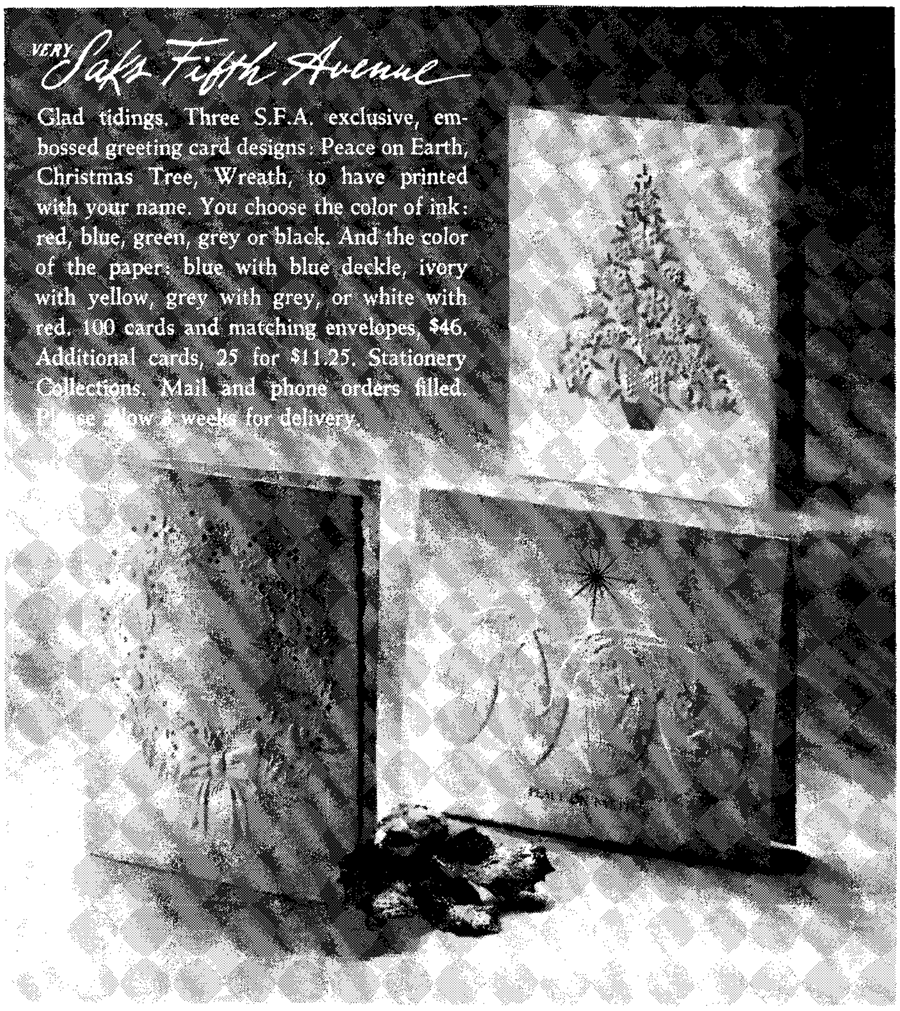
tive. He ends on a note of patriotism, which is what this conference and many outside who are touchy about Britain's place in the world today want to hear: "I say whatever the true interest of Britain calls for is always possible." Loud and long applause; many people rise to their feet, beaming and clapping, others remain unsmiling, firmly clamped in their seats.

Quintin Hogg, who winds up the debate as the Conservative spokesman on home affairs, is the Party's finest orator—the only one who on his best days in the House of Commons can still carry his listeners to the heights, as Winston Churchill used to do. Today, he tells the Conservatives that they must press the Government to tackle the immigration problem with firmness and humanity. And he ends with a Greek tag for his friend Enoch, as one classical scholar to another: "Do not become an extremist"—the inscription over the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The conference rises to cheer him enthusiastically, but the press benches, comparing notes, think that—though the platform has won on paper—as far as decibels of true feeling can be measured, it is probably fifty-fifty.

FRIDAY: The papers are gloomy about Mr. Wilson's talks in Gibraltar with Mr. Smith. The conference was to have debated Rhodesia this morning, but out of a non-Party wish not to send out from Blackpool even the faintest ripple that might rock H.M.S. Fearless, the debate is cancelled. There are those single-minded souls, apparently, who feel that Mr. Wilson selected this moment for his talks to steal the headlines from the Conservatives' conference. But the conference accepts Sir Alec Douglas-Home's invitation to signal with its applause a message of good wishes to Gibraltar. In the cozy conference talk of "Ted" and "Enoch" and so on, the Party's old leader is always "SirAlec," run into one word and pronounced with veneration. If anyone is truly loved here, SirAlec is the one. Like children who wish they had behaved better but were unable to do so at the time, the delegates rise whenever he appears on the platform and assure this quiet, smiling man by the warmth and vigor of their applause that he is in their affections, if no longer at the head of the Party.

SATURDAY: The papers and the conference are full of Enoch's speech made last night to a packed meeting at Morecambe, along the coast. All his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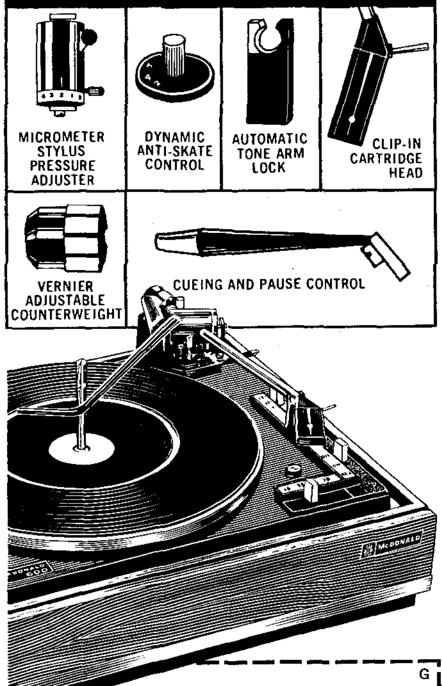
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major appeals are carefully aimed at ordinary people over the heads of Parliament and his party—Birmingham for the speech on race relations, Morecambe for unveiling his ideas on how Britain's economy must be entirely rebuilt before she can hope to recover. They are formidable and eccentric. He explained to the reportedly rapturously applauding audience that if he were Chancellor of the Exchequer he would immediately halve income taxes, denationalize most of the nationalized industries, end overseas aid to developing countries, end the grants to help depressed areas in the British Isles, end the subsidies to farmers, end the housing subsidies, and somehow find the necessary money to keep all the social services intact. The speech was cleverly presented and neatly timed to precede Ted Heath's speech today. It cut clean across the official Conservative policy all along the line, so the idea that Powellism does not set out to challenge the leadership is not being advanced so cheerily this morning. Mr. Powell made the same patriotic appeal that he used when winding up his speech on Thursday: "We are surrounded all day long by the great throng of those who lecture us on what we cannot do, until in the end John Bull is replaced as the national type by Mr. Can't." It is the kind of stuff that lots of British people probably want to hear. The *Financial Times*, analyzing the Powell proposals, observes bitingly, "The whole package is one of the best recipes for severe inflation ever invented, and it is strange that it should come from somebody who resigned from the Treasury over ten years ago because of Mr. Macmillan's inflationary leanings."

Blackpool ends this morning—predictably enough, in a blaze of euphoria—with the leader's traditional summing up of the conference. People say afterward that they did not know that Ted Heath could speak so eloquently. It is an admirable speech, which makes no outright mention of Powell or Powellism, and the conference rises to cheer him with a record ovation, to show the country, and perhaps themselves, that there is no leadership issue in the Conservative Party. In spite of this, nobody seems to feel that the debate between those who support the Heath polices of moderation and those who want more drastic change along the lines of Powellism is over. On the contrary, this conference seems to have brought it out into the open, and many people think that in the long run the argument could be good for the health of the Party. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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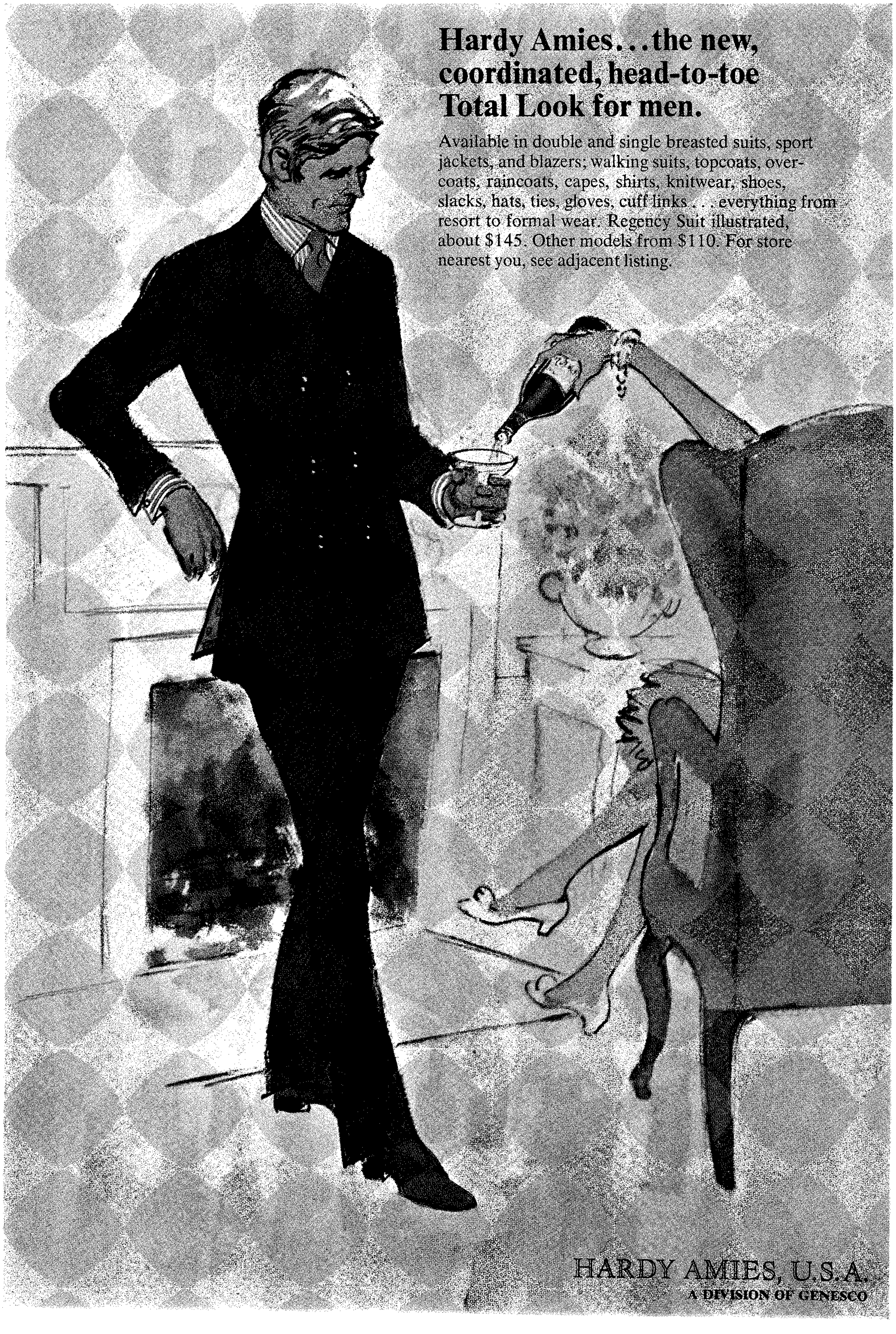
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THE SPORTING SCENE

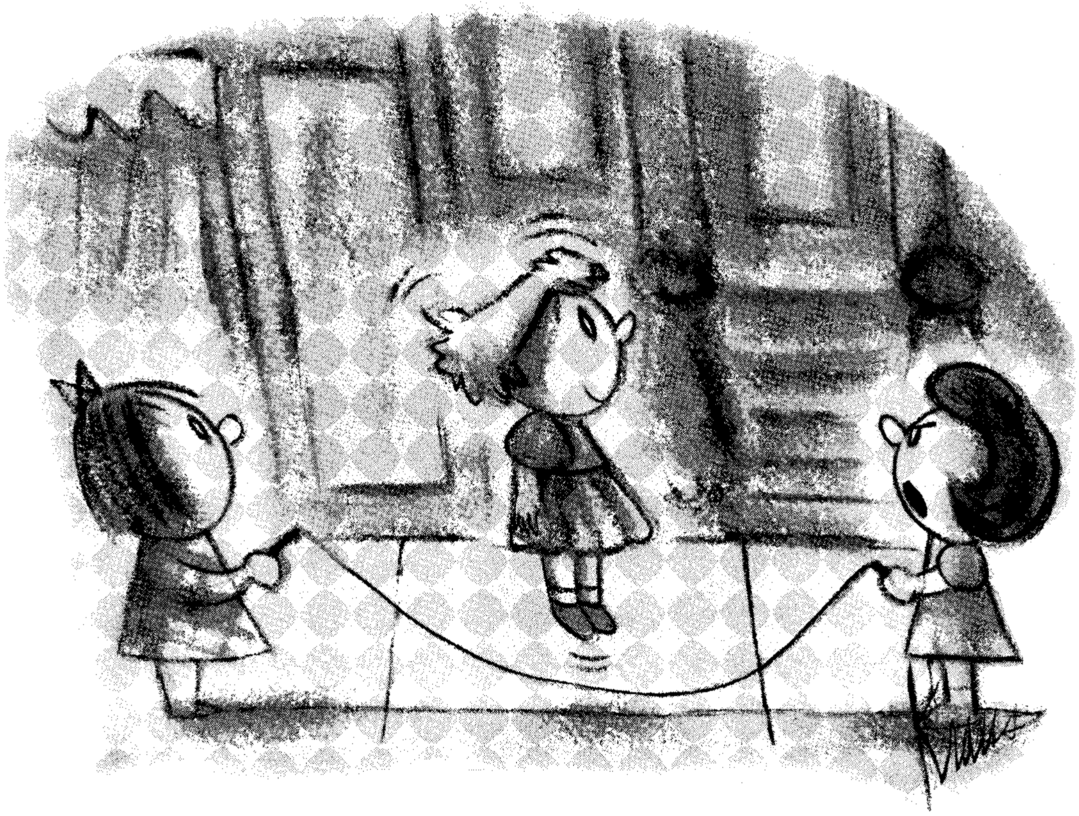
I—THE SERIES

SOME years ago, during a spell of hot-stove mooning for summer and baseball, I jotted down on a slip of yellow paper the names and batting averages of the top National League hitters in the year 1930. I have carried the slip in my wallet ever since, and on occasion, when comfortably surrounded with fellow baseball bores, I produce it. While being unmemorable in every other way, 1930 was a hitters' year. The combined National League batting average was .303, and the top finishers, all full-time regulars, were:

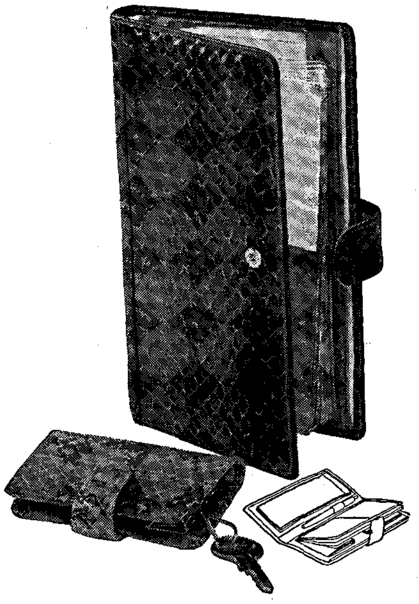
Bill Terry	.401
Babe Herman	.393
Chuck Klein	.386
Lefty O'Doul	.383
Freddy Lindstrom	.379
Paul Waner	.368
Riggs Stephenson	.367
Lloyd Waner	.362
Kiki Cuyler	.355

During the season just past, which concluded with the Detroit Tigers' stimulating seven-game, come-from-behind victory over the Cardinals in the World Series, I reread this list often, with a deepening incredulity; once an oddity (attributable in part to the jackrabbit ball), it suddenly had become a document of almost paleographic significance—a record of another sport, now clearly gone forever. The 1968 season has been named the Year of the Pitcher, which is only a kinder way of saying the Year of the Infield Pop-Up. The final records only confirm what so many fans, homeward bound after still another shutout, had already discovered for themselves: almost no one, it seemed, could hit the damn ball anymore. The two leagues' combined batting average of .236 was the lowest ever—four points below even the .240 compiled by the Mets in 1962, their first year of hilarious ineptitude. This year, there were three hundred and forty shutout games, as against a hundred and ninety-nine in 1962, and 1,994 home runs, as against 3,001. Only five National League batters finished over the .300 mark, and only one batter—Carl Yastrzemski—in the American; his average of .3005 was the lowest ever to win a batting title. Baseball owners and other positive thinkers will find more joy in studying these statistics from the pitcher's mound, from which direction 1968 becomes a year of triumph. Denny McLain, of the Tigers, won thirty-one games and lost six, thus becoming the first thirty-game winner since 1934. Bob Gibson's earned-run average of 1.12 was the lowest in the history of the National League. Don Drysdale ran off a record fifty-eight and one-third scoreless innings; a Mets rookie named Jerry Koosman pitched seven shutouts; Gaylord Perry, of the Giants, and Ray Washburn, of the Cardinals, threw no-hitters on consecutive days in the same ball park; and there was only a minimal stir when a journeyman hurler, Catfish Hunter, of Oakland, achieved that ultimate rarity, a perfect game—no runs, no hits, no one on base, twenty-seven up and twenty-seven out.

Adding up zeros is not the most riveting of spectator sports, and by mid-July this year it was plain to even the most inattentive or optimistic fans that something had gone wrong with their game. Why were the pitchers so good? Where were the .320 hitters? What had happened to the high-scoring slugfest, the late rally, the bases-clearing double? The answers to these questions are difficult and speculative, but some attempt must be made at them before we proceed to the releasing but somewhat irrelevant pleasures of the World Series. To begin with: Yes, the pitchers are better—or, rather, *pitching* is better. All the technical and strategic innovations of recent years have helped the defenses of baseball; none have favored the batter. Bigger ball parks with bigger outfields, the infielders' enormous crab-claw gloves, more night games, the mastery of the relatively new slider pitch, the persistence of the relatively illegal spitter, and the instantaneous managerial finger-wag to the bullpen at the first hint of an enemy rally have all tipped the balance of this delicately balanced game. Less obvious, perhaps, is the fact that that young relief pitcher motoring in from the bullpen in a golf cart is significantly different from the man who walked the same distance twenty or thirty years ago, and so is the pitcher he is replacing on the mound. Like all young athletes, they are an inch or two taller and twenty or thirty pounds



"How come *you* always do the jumping?"



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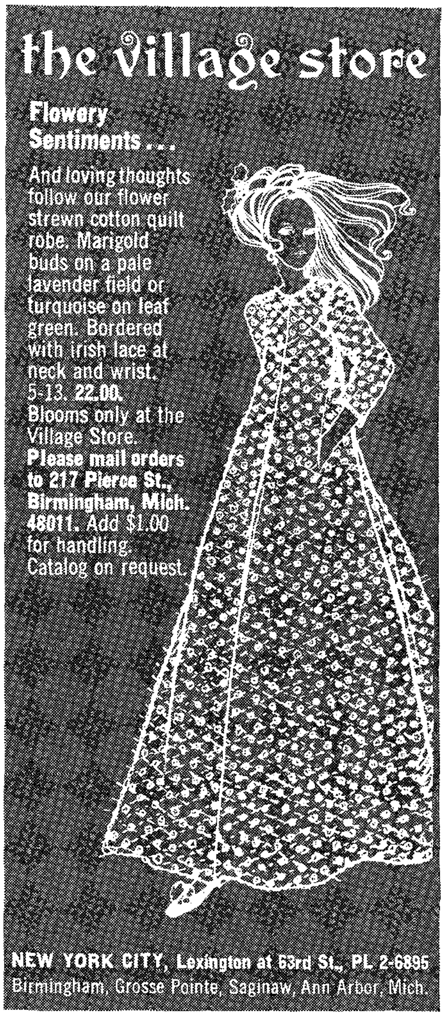
heavier than their counterparts of a generation ago, and they throw the ball harder. The batter waiting in the on-deck circle is also enormous, but all that heredity and orange juice are going to be of no help to him if he can't meet the ball with his bat. And here, precisely, the batter is most disadvantaged, for hitting has nothing much to do with size or strength but is almost wholly a matter of reflexes. A number of thoughtful students of athletics, including Ted Williams, consider hitting a baseball to be the most difficult reflex—the hardest single act—in all sports.

Almost any strong and passably coordinated young man can learn to pitch, but batting is not generally teachable; even after a lifetime in the game, most pitchers still swing like their old aunties. The solid-gold reflex of the natural hitter is capable of some polishing, but only through many years of practice. There was a time when American boys so endowed spent most of their afternoons playing nothing but baseball, yearned only after a career in baseball, and, once signed, spent at least three years in the minors learning their trade—that is, learning to hit. All this is changed. Boys have more afternoon diversions, many of which do not require seventeen companions and an empty sandlot, and baseball must now compete with pro football, basketball, and golf in signing up the best teen-age athletes. Even if the young phenom does choose baseball, he no longer enjoys the same lengthy apprenticeship. Expansion and television have dried up most of the minor leagues, and the baseball draft now makes it impossible for the parent club to train and protect a promising young slugger down in Rochester or El Paso for more than two years. Hurried through the minors, brushed up in the winter instructional leagues, the would-be Gehringer or Musial suddenly finds himself in the batter's box in a big-league park, where he is expected to begin repaying at once the investment of his owners and the hopes of the fans. Unsurprisingly, he pops up.

Baseball executives might disagree with some of these observations, or place a different emphasis or interpretation on others, but it is difficult to believe that they are totally unaware of the problem itself. Yet their decisions in this decade not only have ignored the imbalance and the decline in quality of baseball but have directly and profoundly worsened it. The expansion of big-league baseball was inevitable and perhaps defensible, but



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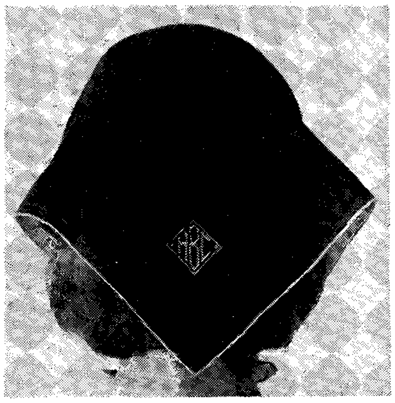

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the addition of two new teams to each eight-team league in 1962 permanently watered the quality of the game; the new teams were not permitted anything like a fair share of the available talent, and none of them have yet risen to full contention in their leagues. Since that time, of course, all twenty teams have had to scout and bid in a player market tightened by twenty-five per cent more buyers. At this moment, four new teams are being created—Montreal and San Diego in the National League, and Kansas City and Seattle in the American—and both leagues next year will be divided into six-team Eastern and Western divisions. Every team will play an unbalanced schedule—eighteen games against each team in its own division and twelve against each team in the other division; the divisional champions in each league will meet in three-out-of-five-game autumn playoffs to determine the pennant winners and World Series participants. However neatly or awkwardly this complex plan works in practice, and however rich a revenue the existing clubs will derive at once from the price of the new franchises and the attendance of fans in the new cities, there should be no illusions about the stature of the new teams or the true quality of the leagues. Each existing club lost six players to the new teams in the draft just concluded, but sympathy should be reserved for the fans of the Expos, the Padres, the Royals, and the Pilots, who will have to watch these stitched-together, rivet-necked monsters in action next year. The rosters of the new clubs have been assembled out of culls and spare parts—the sixteenth, twentieth, twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, thirty-second, and thirty-sixth best ballplayers on each present club. One-third of all the players in the majors next April would have been minor-leaguers in unexpanded baseball. Batting averages may rise for a season or two, as the existing clubs feast on the new victims, but in the end, of course, they will decline further.

A few owners have opposed expansion for precisely these reasons, but the majority are executives caught up in the old business fiction that says bigger is better. Their usual defense against charges of greed and shortsightedness is a dictum first propounded by Branch Rickey in the nineteen-fifties, which postulated that the increase in national population guaranteed an increase in the number of first-class ballplayers, thus justifying expansion. This year's batting averages do not support the theory, for reasons I have suggested,

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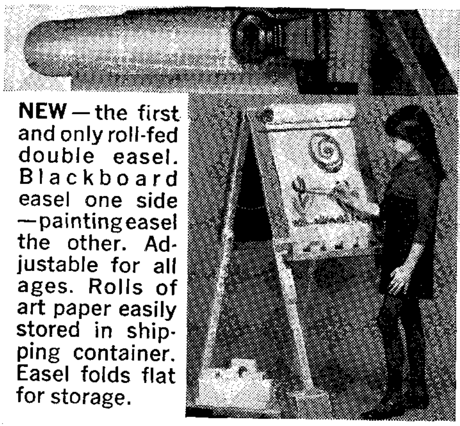

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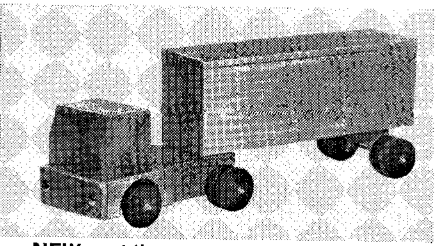

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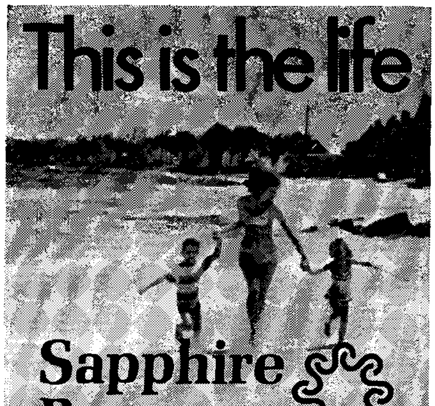
and neither do the sharply declining attendance figures in the parks of some famous old teams that have not been in recent pennant contention. The new expansion, in the owners' dreams, will remedy the attendance anemia, particularly in September, by doubling the number of pennant races and adding two new playoff extravaganzas before the Series itself. The scheduling of these playoffs means that baseball will now be extended into mid-October, and that there will be three full weekends of national television coverage right in the heart of the professional-football season. Clearly, the conservative owners—the non-expansionists—never had a chance. It is expected that baseball fans will somehow not notice that the new playoffs will make most of the long baseball season meaningless, and that the fans will accept at once a system that, had it been in effect this year, would have required the Detroit Tigers to qualify for the Series by winning a playoff against the sixth-place Oakland Athletics, who finished twenty-one games behind them in the standings.

It is bad-tempered, and certainly foolish, to continue this complaint in the face of baseball's gaudy *fait accompli.* Baseball fans must now summon whatever hope they can, or else abandon their lovely game. It is just possible that the Year of the Pitcher was to some degree a statistical freak, and that the batters may rally. A small artificial change—slightly diminishing the size of the strike zone, for instance—may rebalance the game's essential equipoise. Or perhaps we will somehow adjust to the new style of baseball, reminding ourselves that the new statistics mean only that the big-league batter is now hitting safely on every fourth or fifth trip to the plate, instead of on every third or fourth. On this point, however, my own hopes vanish. Hitting is the miracle of baseball. Everyone's first view of a big-league game suggests that it is impossible that the batter will ever manage a base hit. The fact that he can do it, against all odds, not rarely but regularly—about one time out of three—is what brings us to the park. It is what keeps us there until late in the game, no matter what the score. Straining forward in our seats, pressing for a release of the slow tension of outs and innings, we await that quick, heavy thwack of a solid hit, the ball streaking away on a clean and suddenly drawn new line and then leaping and rolling across the outfield grass, and the runners leaning in as they sprint around the base corners



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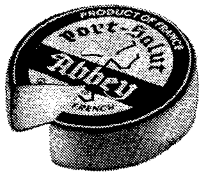

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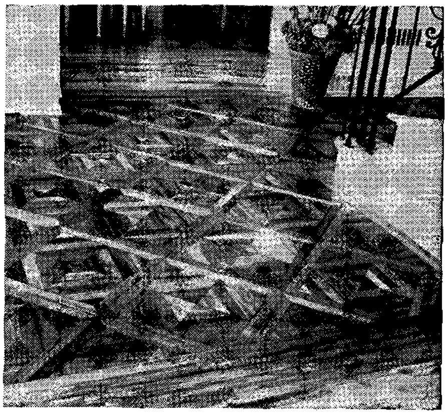

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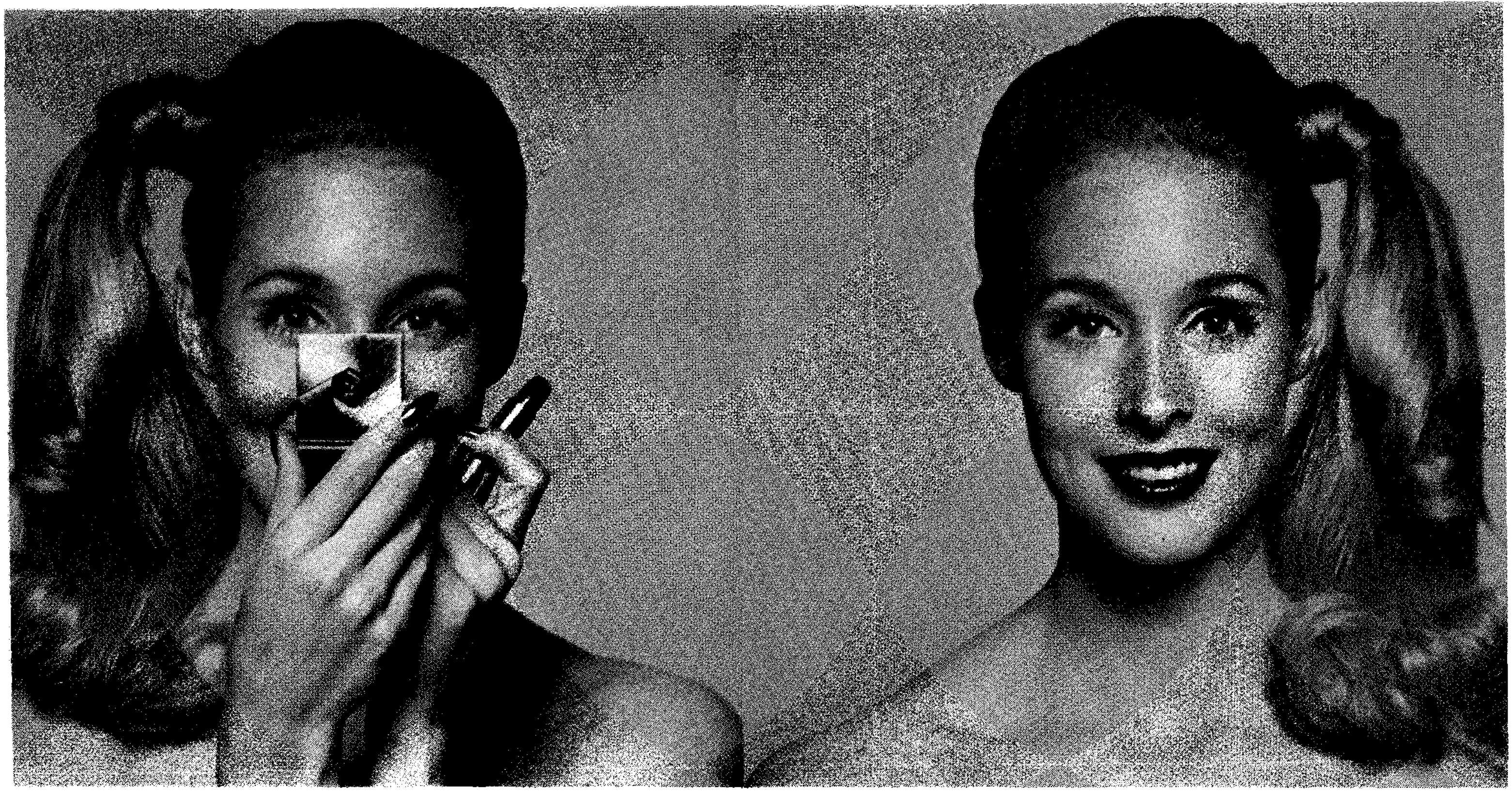

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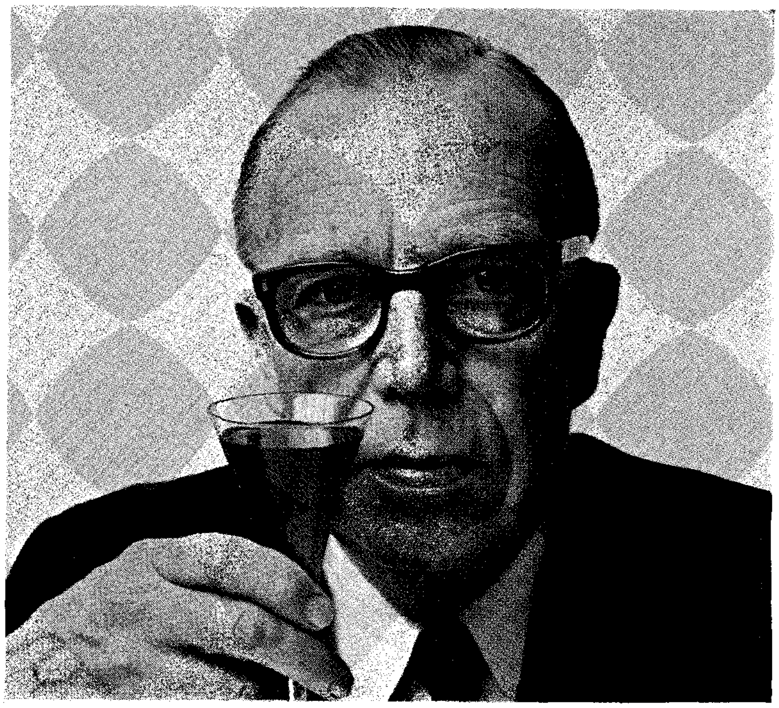

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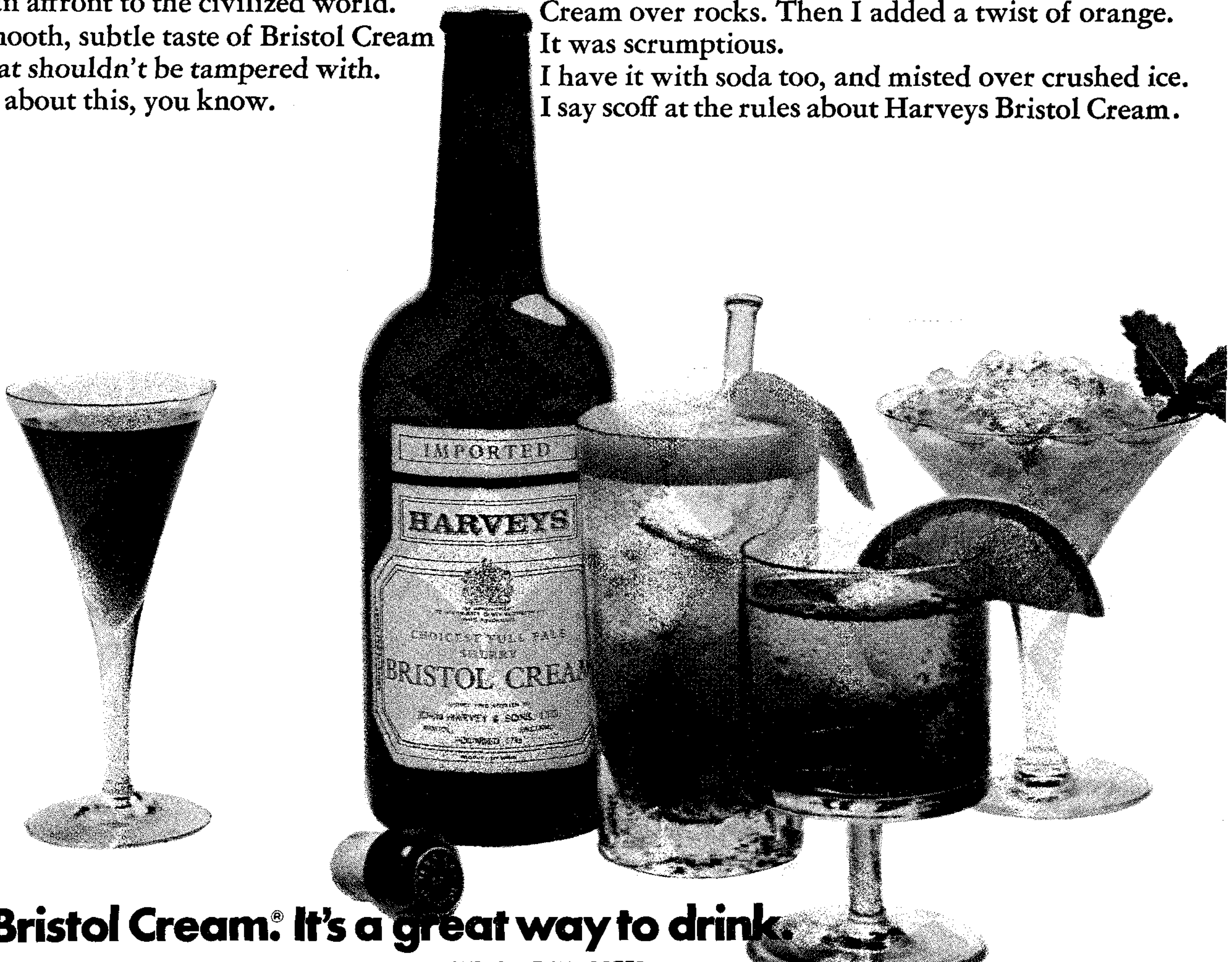

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THE World Series just past carried an extraordinary burden of hopes. It was counted on to make up for everything—not only the deadly zeros of the Year of the Pitcher but the bad luck of two one-sided pennant races, whose winners were virtually decided by mid-July. This last preinflationary, pre-playoff Series meant the end of something, and there was pleasure in the knowledge that both champions represented ancient baseball capitals that had flown a total of eighteen previous pennants. Many of us could remember the last Tiger-Cardinal Series, in 1934, which went seven memorable games and concluded in a riot of acrimony and garbage. Each of the current rivals presented deep, experienced, and exciting teams, whose individual attributes were admirably designed for the dimensions of their home parks—the Cardinals, the defending world champions, quick on the bases, brilliant in defense, knowing in the subtleties of cutoff, sacrifice, and hit-and-run; the Tigers a band of free-swingers who had bashed a hundred and eighty-one homers and could eschew the delicate touch in the knowledge that their runs would come, probably late and in clusters. At almost every position, there were dead-even matchups of ability and reputation. Curt Flood and Mickey Stanley were the best center fielders in their leagues, and Tim McCarver and Bill Freehan the best catchers; Roger Maris, retiring this winter, would play opposite Al Kaline, now in his sixteenth year with the Tigers, who had finally been rewarded for his refusal ever to attend a Series except as a participant; at first base, Orlando Cepeda and Norm Cash presented faded but still formidable reputations as game-busting clean-up hitters. Best of all, the opening game (and probably the key fourth and seventh games) would offer what few sportswriters could resist calling a "meaningful confrontation" between Bob Gibson, the best pitcher in baseball, and Denny McLain, who had won more games in a season than anyone since Lefty Grove. With squads like these, neither Manager Red Schoendienst nor Manager Mayo Smith had been called on through the season to attempt more than minimal prestidigitation. Then, on the eve of the Series, Smith announced that he was moving Mickey Stanley to shortstop, a position he had played in only eight games in the majors. Some sort

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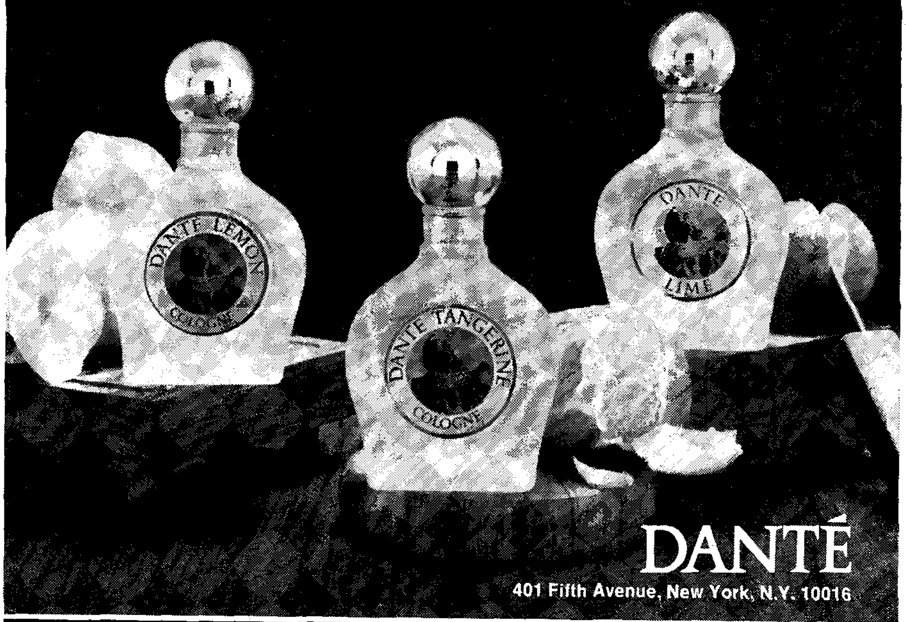

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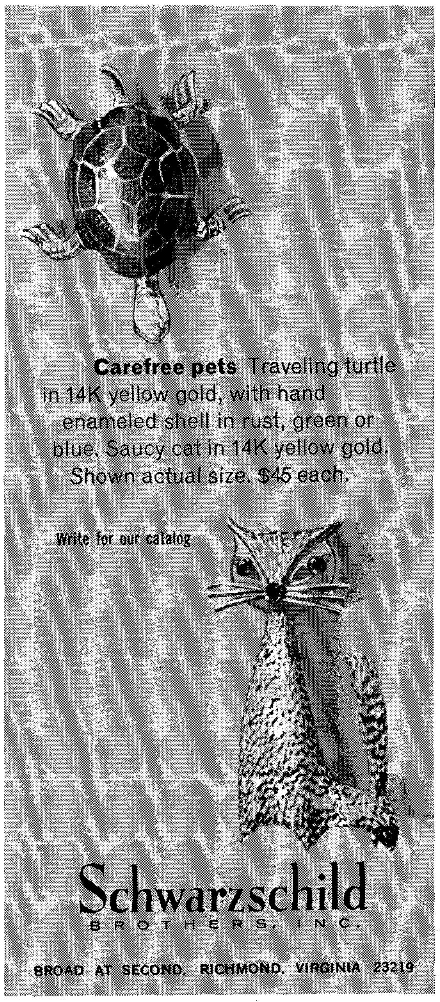

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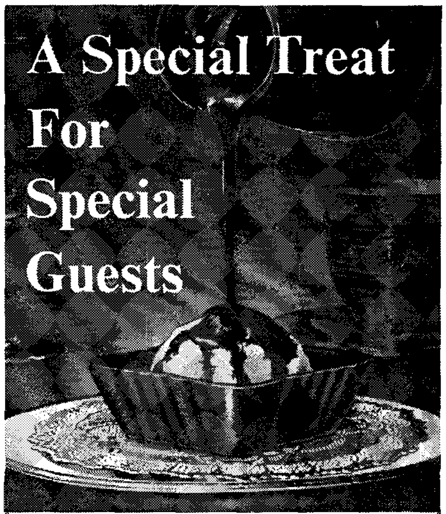
of shuffle like this was inescapable, because room had to be found in the outfield for Kaline, who had been injured too often of late to hold down a regular spot, but Mayo's switch offered the heady possibility of disaster every time a ball was hit to the left side of the Tiger infield.

A sellout crowd of 54,692 turned out at St. Louis's Busch Stadium for the meaningful confrontation. The meanings were there, if hard to decipher immediately. Gibson fanned two batters in the first, but he threw a lot of pitches and looked less imperious than he had against the Red Sox last fall. In the second, though, he settled into his astonishing, flailing delivery, which he finishes with a running lunge toward the first-base line, and struck out the side on eleven pitches. After four innings, he had eight strikeouts—halfway toward a new Series record. McLain, who stands hunchily on the mound, like an Irish middleweight in his ring corner, was mostly high and wild. He gave up an enormous triple to Tim McCarver in the second, but Mike Shannon and Julian Javier were too eager to nail his chin-level fast balls and went down swinging. McLain escaped again in the next inning, when Lou Brock was stranded at third after stealing second and sailing along to third when catcher Bill Freehan's abysmal throw bounced behind the pitcher and on into center field. Freehan was known to have an ailing arm, but this frail peg promised something like a free visa to all bases for the Cards' winged messengers. In the fourth, Maris and McCarver both walked on four pitches, and this time Shannon and Javier waited for pitches in the strike zone and then hit singles, good enough for three runs, because Willy Horton misplayed Shannon's hit in left, moving up the runners. They were also good enough for the ball game. McLain vanished after the fifth, Brock hit a loud but superfluous homer in the seventh, and then there was nothing to watch but Gibson setting the new Series record of seventeen strikeouts.

It made memorable watching—not just the three last batters whiffed in the ninth but a whole lineup of fine hitters utterly dominated and destroyed by the man on the mound. Gibson worked so fast that I was constantly falling behind the actual ball-and-strike count. His concentration was total. Not once, it seemed, did he look at his outfielders, tug at his cap, twitch his sleeve; he didn't even rub up the new ball after a foul. The instant he got



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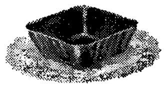

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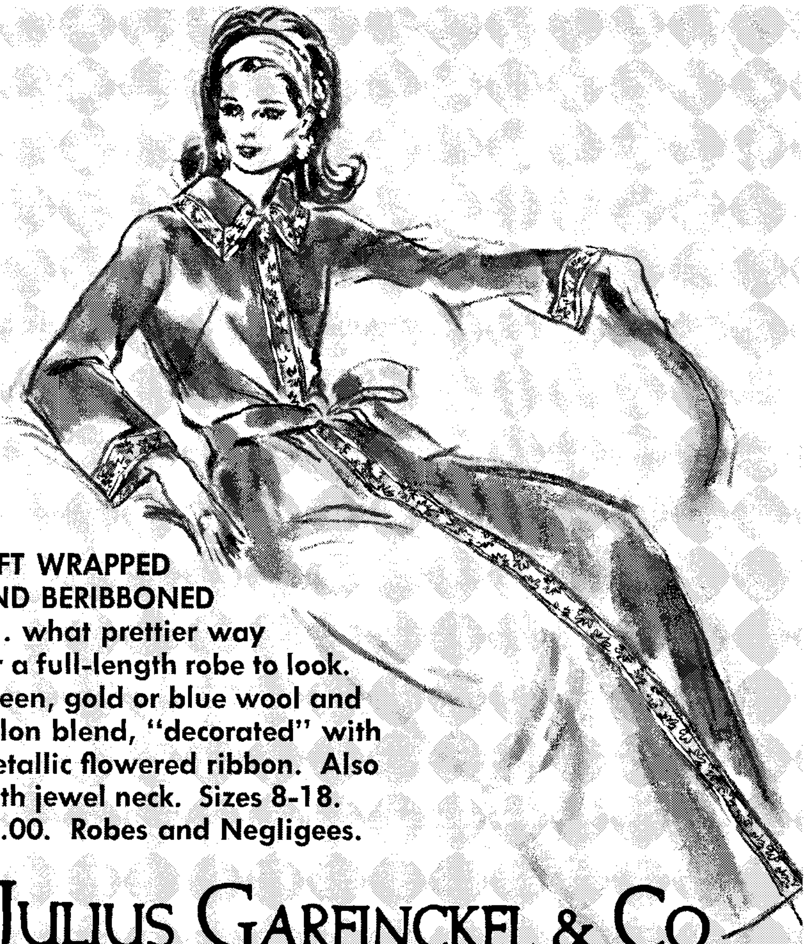
his sign, he rocked, flailed, threw, staggered, put up his glove for the catcher's throw back, and was ready again. He threw more curves than expected—good, sharp-breaking, down stuff—and though he always seemed to be working at a peak of energy, he had reserves when needed. In the sixth, after Dick McAuliffe singled with one out, he fanned Stanley on three pitches, and when Kaline then doubled down the left-field line he fanned Cash on five. He was tired by the ninth, and he had to throw twenty-eight pitches to four batters (Stanley singled, leading off), yet the count never went above two balls on any of them. Kaline went down swinging at a fast ball, which tied Sandy Koufax's old Series record of fifteen strikeouts, and then, after many fouls, Gibson got Cash on a beautiful half-speed curve that may have been the best pitch of the game, and Horton on a called third strike that just nicked the back inside corner. Afterward, in the clubhouse, the Tigers sounded like survivors of the Mount Pelée disaster. "I was awed," said McLain. "I was *awed*." McAuliffe, asked to compare Gibson with some pitcher in his league, said, "There is no comparison. He doesn't remind me of anybody. He's all by himself." Gibson proved just as difficult for the reporters as he had been for the batters. He is a proud, edgy, intelligent, and sensitive man, very aware of his blackness and all its contemporary meanings. He could stand in front of a circle of fifty reporters and say something impossible, like "I'm never surprised at anything I do," without making it seem anything less or more than truth. He smiled briefly when someone asked him if he had always been deeply competitive. "I guess you could say so," he said. "I've played a couple of hundred games of ticktacktoe with my little daughter, and she hasn't beaten me yet. I've always had to win. I've got to win."

THE next day's baseball was of more human proportions. Detroit's starter, Mickey Lolich, is a swaybacked, thick-waisted left-hander whose sinker ball becomes more difficult to hit as he grows tired in late innings. This curious propensity may account for his near invulnerability in late-season ball; by midsummer this year he was reduced to bullpen work, but his record after August 6th was ten wins and two losses. Here, he fell into difficulties in the first, and was saved from immediate extinction only by Al Kaline's long gallop to right, where he



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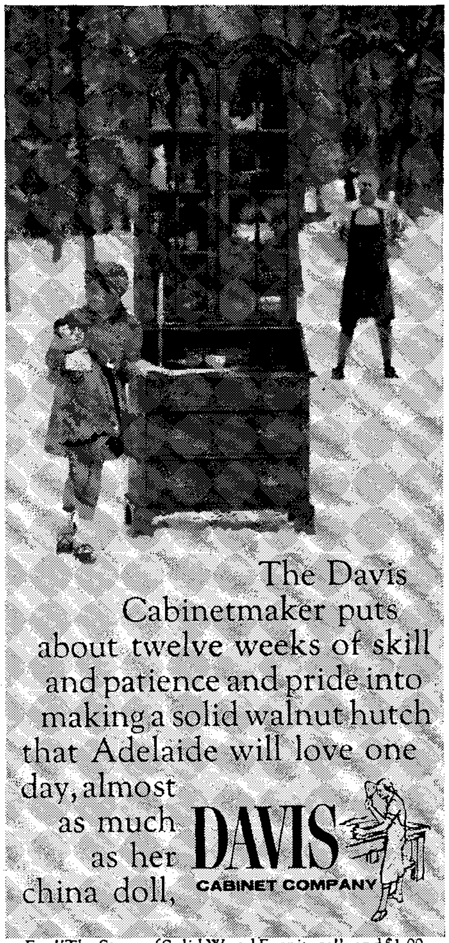
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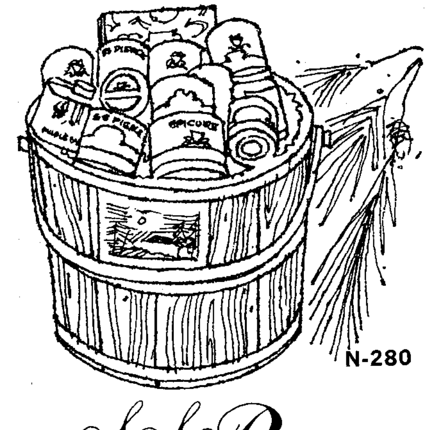
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grabbed Cepeda's foul drive just before crashing into and disappearing through an unlocked wire gate. The Tiger batters, perhaps relieved at being able to see what they were swinging at, were doing a lot of first-ball hitting, and, in the second, Willy Horton sailed Nelson Briles' first delivery deep into the left-field seats, to the accompaniment of a long, low moan of pain from the local partisans. The only sounds that greeted Lolich's modest round-tripper in the third were hilarious cries from the Detroit bench, for it was his first home run in ten years of professional ball. In the sixth, Norm Cash made it three homers, three runs, and then the Tigers added a pair more modestly, on two singles, a walk, and Dick McAuliffe's low drive to center that skidded off Curt Flood's glove. Lou Brock twice stole second, but Lolich's only anxieties were suddenly eased when, with one run in and two men on base in the sixth, Mickey Stanley flew to his right to seize Shannon's grounder and begin a nifty double play. Mayo Smith's alchemy had produced gold. The Tigers won, 8–1, and the teams moved on to Detroit even up.

AFTER twenty-three years without a pennant, and perhaps a decade without any good news of any description, Detroit could almost be forgiven for its susceptibility to the worst kind of baseball fever—the fence ripped down at the airport by the mob welcoming the team home; the billboards crying "Tigertown, U.S.A.;" the tiger-striping on dresses, hats, suits, menus, and street crossings; the prefixative "our" before every mention of the team in the papers; and the "Sock It to 'Em, Tigers!" motto, with excruciating variations ("Soc et Tuum, Tigres!" "Duro con Ellos, Tigres!"), in every bar and department-store window. The fever reached a critical point in the third inning of the home opener, when Kaline lined a two-run homer into the top left-field deck of the boxy old canoe-green stadium, and then it plummeted rapidly as the weather and the ball game turned icy cold. Curiously, though the Tigers led for almost half of the going, only the Cardinals looked dangerous, and no one was much surprised when they went ahead at last and won it, 7–3. Brock had stolen second in the top of the first, but was nailed at third as Maris fanned. He came up again in the third, singled, stole again, and was stranded. A Cardinal double steal went awry in the fourth, when McCarver was thrown

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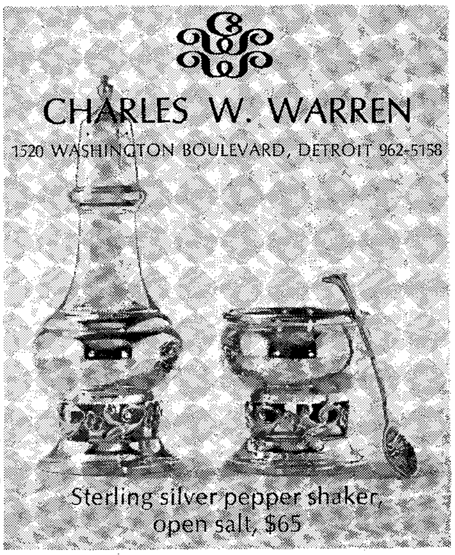
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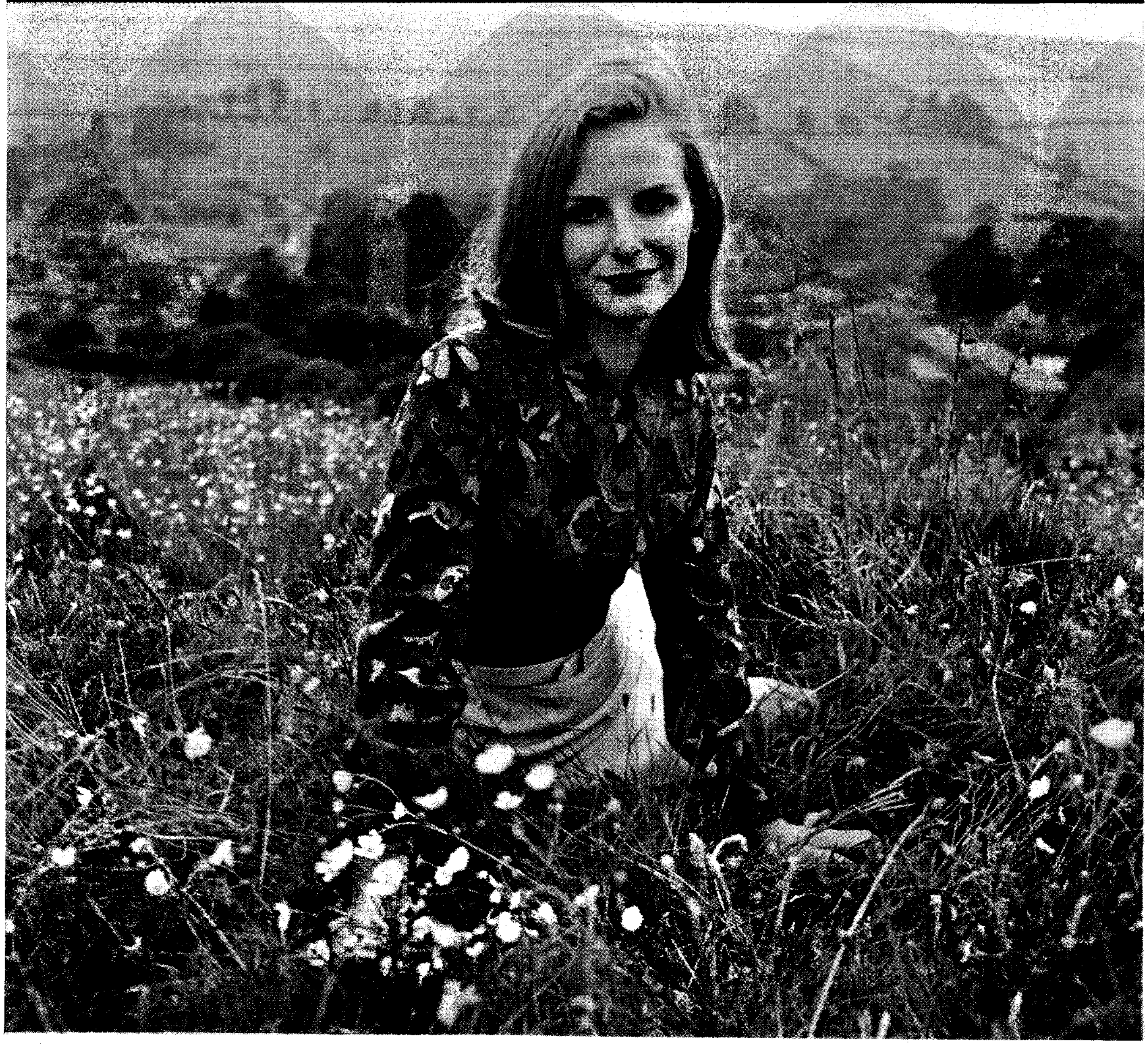

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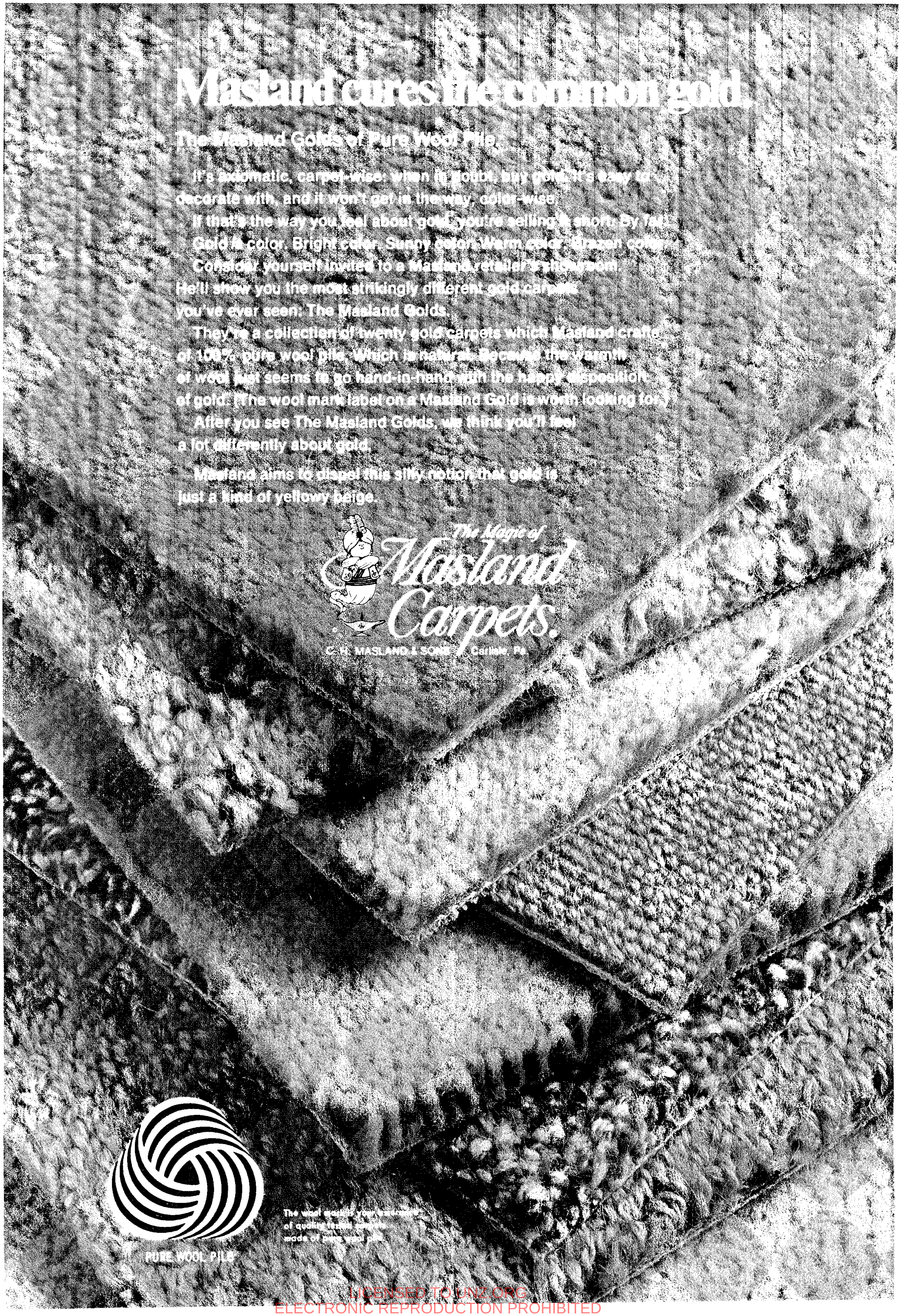

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out at third on a close call, but the angry shouting from the Cardinal bench suggested that this kind of teetery, edge-of-the-cliff shutout could not be sustained for long. Brock singled to lead off the fifth and again helped himself to second; it was his fifth straight time on base in two games, and his fifth straight steal of second. Earl Wilson, the Detroit starter, was by now in an understandably poor state of nerves, and after he gave up a run-scoring double to Flood and a walk to Maris he was excused for the afternoon. A moment or two later, McCarver hit a three-run homer off Pat Dobson, to put the Cards ahead for good. Ray Washburn, the Cardinal pitcher, also departed, after a homer to McAuliffe in the fifth and two walks in the sixth, but the reliever, Joe Hoerner, stopped the Tigers, and then Cepeda, emerging from an autumn hibernation that had stretched back through three World Series, hit a low liner in the seventh that just reached the left-field seats, to score the last three runs and conclude the arctic maneuvers.

Sunday's game, played in a light-to-heavy Grand Banks rainstorm and won by the Cardinals, 10–1, offered several lessons, all of them unappreciated by the Tigertowners. (1) Lou Brock does not always steal second. He led off the game with a homer, tripled and scored in the fourth, grounded out in the sixth, and then doubled and stole *third* in the eighth. It was his seventh stolen base of the Series, tying the record he set last year against Boston. He was at this point batting .500 in the Series and .387 for eighteen Series games, going back to 1964. (2) Some meaningful confrontations are meaningless. McLain met Gibson again, and was gone after two and two-thirds innings, having surrendered four runs and six hits. He turned out to have a sore shoulder, and might not be seen again in the Series. Gibson stayed for his customary nine (he was not knocked out of the box once this season), gave up a home run to Jim Northrup, hit a home run himself, and struck out ten batters without the benefit this day of a reliable curve ball. (3) There are several ways to try to delay a ball game, and just as many to try to speed it up. When rain interrupted matters for an hour and a quarter in the third, with the Cardinals ahead, 4–0, the bleacherites set up a chant of "Rain! Rain! Rain!," hoping for a postponement. This didn't work, so in the fourth and fifth, with the score now 6–1, the Tigers tried their

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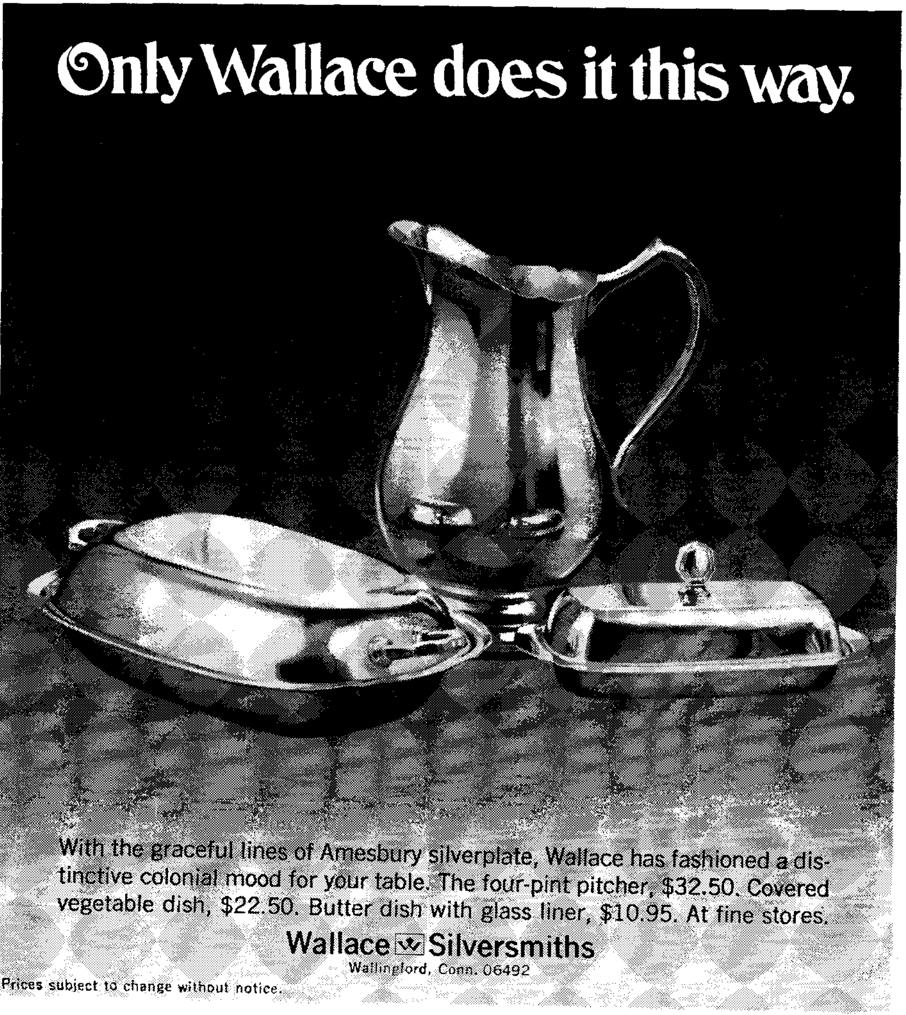

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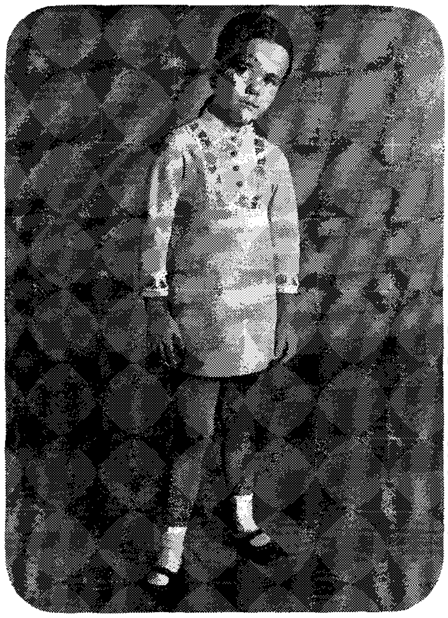

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own methods—long pauses for spike-digging and hand-blowing by the batters, managerial conferences, and inexplicable trips to the dugout, all conducted while they glanced upward for signs of the final and reprieving deluge. Willy Horton even feigned an error, dropping a fly by Shannon that he had already caught, but the umpire would have none of it. Meanwhile, the Cardinals, fully as anxious to reach the legal limit of five innings as the Tigers were to avoid it, gave their special and highly secret steal-but-steal-*slow* sign to Cepeda and Javier in successive innings; both runners, looking like Marcel Marceau's mime of a man *running* while standing still, were thrown out, and the game eventually went into the books. (4) Some baseball games that should not be played because of terrible weather are played anyway, especially if they happen to be Series games televised by N.B.C. on prime Sunday-afternoon time.

At this point, with four one-sided games gone and the Tigers facing imminent deletion, the strongest memories this Series had brought forth were of last year's long rouser between the Cards and the Red Sox. The Sock It to 'Ems filing into their seats for the fifth game looked distraught, for the papers that morning had informed them that only two clubs had ever recovered from a one-three Series deficit. Surprisingly, the Tigers themselves, gathered around the cage during batting practice, seemed in remarkable fettle for a group apparently awaiting only the executioner's blindfold. Norm Cash was telling George Kell, a retired Tiger demigod, that he had just figured out how to hit Gibson. "It's like duck-shooting," he said. "You gotta *lead* the goddam bird. When he's up here [he imitated Gibson at the top of his windup], you gotta start swinging. Pow!" Northrup, in the cage, laced a long fly to right, and several Tigers, watching the ball, cried, "*Get* out of here!" Northrup then broke two bats on two swings and was urged to open a lumberyard. There was some giggling over Vice-President Humphrey's visit to the Tiger clubhouse after the previous game. "He kept *congratulating* everybody," Dick Tracewski said. " 'Congratulations! We're proud of you.' I mean, didn't he see the game? Didn't he see us get pasted?" "Maybe he thought he was in the other clubhouse," someone suggested.

I concluded that these high spirits among the losers were induced only by anticipation of their coming winter

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holiday, a hunch that appeared instantly verified when the Cards teed off on Lolich in the top of the first—a double by Brock, a single by Flood, and a homer by Cepeda. The stands fell into a marmoreal hush, and the cheering in the third when Freehan, on a pitchout, finally threw out Brock stealing had a bitter edge to it. But then, in the Tiger fourth, Mickey Stanley's lead-off drive to right landed a quarter inch fair, and he wound up on third. Kaline was decked by Nelson Briles' inside pitch, but the ball trickled off his bat and he was out at first. Cash scored Stanley on a fly, and then Willy Horton bashed a triple to deepest right-center field. Northrup's hard grounder right at Javier struck a pebble on the last hop and sailed over the second baseman's head, and suddenly the breaks of the inning were even and the Tigers only one run down. From then on, it was a game to treasure—the kind of baseball in which each pitch, each catch, each call becomes an omen.

Brock doubled again in the fifth, going with an outside pitch and flicking the ball to left, exactly as he had in the first. Javier singled to left, and when Brock, in full stride, was within six feet of the plate it looked as if he had Willy Horton's throw beaten by yards. He must have thought so, too, for he failed to slide. The ball came in on the fly, chest-high to Freehan, he and Brock collided, and umpire Doug Harvey's fist came around in a right hook: Out! Brock, storming, thought Harvey had missed the call, and so, I must confess, did I. Later, photographs proved us wrong (though nothing would have been altered, of course, if they'd proved us right). The pictures show Brock's left heel planted and his toes descending on the plate; an instant later he has hit Freehan's right arm and left leg, and his foot, banged away, twists and descends on dirt instead of rubber.

The game rushed along, still 3–2 Cardinals, and when the Tigers loaded the bases in the sixth and Freehan, now zero for fourteen in the Series, came up to the plate, I thought Mayo Smith would call on a pinch-hitter. He let Freehan bat, and Freehan bounced into an inning-ending force. With one away in the seventh, and the Tigers only seven outs away from extinction, Smith also permitted Lolich to bat for himself, and, extraordinarily, his short fly fell safe in right. Hoerner came in to pitch, and McAuliffe singled just past Cepeda. Stanley walked, loading the bases, and Kaline came up to the

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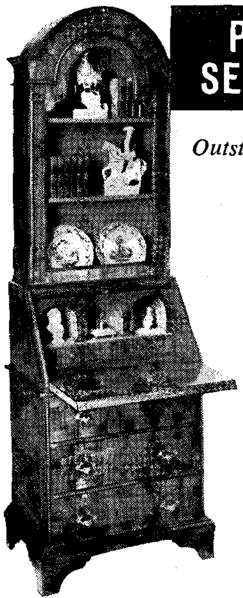

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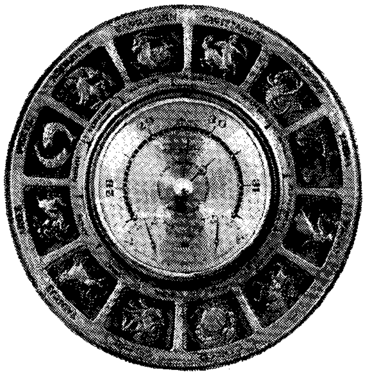

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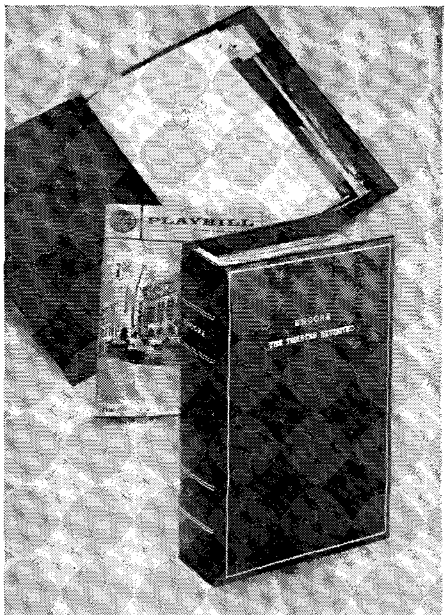
plate. Now I understood. Clearly, Mayo had planned it all: the famous old hitter up to save the day and the game and the Series in a typical Tiger seventh, and the stands going mad. Kaline swung and missed, took a ball, and then lined the next one to right center for the tying and go-ahead runs. Cash singled another in. Moments later, it seemed, we were in the ninth, and the Cards had the tying runs aboard. Lolich, however, took a deep breath and fanned Maris, pinch-hitting. He then pounced on Brock's weak tap, ran a few steps toward first, and lobbed the ball to Cash, and the great game was over.

In baseball, a saying goes, things have a way of evening up, but the cliché is not usually as quickly or remorselessly proved as it was in the sixth game, back in St. Louis, which I witnessed on television. The Tigers, having racked up two second-inning runs off Washburn, sent fifteen men to the plate in the third and tied a famous Series record by scoring ten runs in one inning. Jim Northrup hit a grand-slammer into the right-field bullpen, Kaline and Cash had two hits apiece, the top three Tiger hitters scored six runs, and eight men reached base before the first out was made, and my totals indicated six singles, one homer, four walks, one hit batsman, one sacrifice bunt, four disheartened pitchers, and one bollixed scorecard. This kind of rockslide is not quite the rarity it might seem, and whenever it happens I am left with the impression that all the players involved are mere bystanders at a statistical cataclysm. The batters become progressively more certain that each hit will drop in for them, the fielders less surprised by each unreachable fly or untouchable grounder, the pitchers more and more convinced that their best stuff will be bombed. In the end, there seems nothing to do but wait until the riot exhausts itself and probability can again be placed under the rule of law. Eventually, the Tigers won the game, 13–1. The beneficiary of all this ferocity and good fortune was Denny McLain, suddenly restored to action by a mixed shot of cortisone and novocaine, and I was glad for him. McLain, who is also a professional organist, has an immense appetite for celebrity, a hunger for big money, and hopes of a profitable winter career in the night clubs. But he is also an engaging and combative young man who had sustained his prior Series humiliations in good humor. Now he



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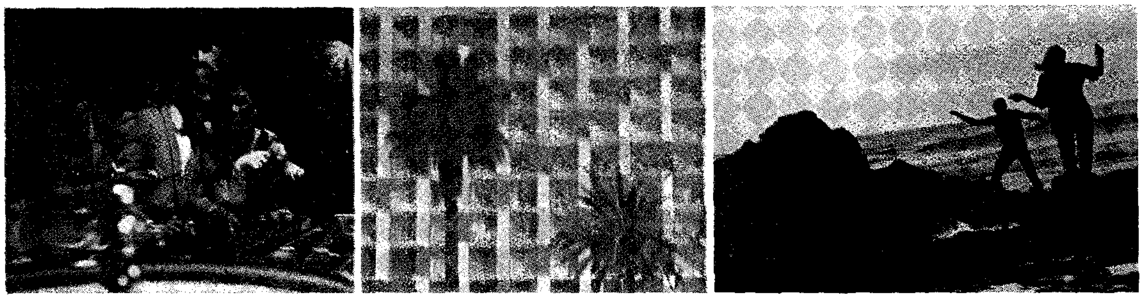

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was off the hook and ready for Vegas.

So the Series came down to its last game, and the confrontation, it turned out, was between Gibson and Lolich. Both had won two games, and both had tired arms, though Lolich was starting with one less day of rest. He pitched the first two innings like a man defusing a live bomb, working slowly and unhappily, and studying the problem at length before each new move. He threw mostly sidearm, aiming at corners and often missing. After he had defused Brock for the second time, in the third, he seemed to gain poise and began getting ahead of the hitters. Gibson struck out five of the first nine men to face him, and the game was still scoreless, and now infinitely more dangerous, when Brock led off again in the sixth and singled. After one pitch to the next batter, he took an extraordinary lead off first—a good twenty feet. It was a challenge. Lolich remembered that Brock had succeeded with this identical maneuver in the second game, drawing the throw to first and then beating Cash's hurried peg down to second. Now, given no other choice, Lolich flipped to Cash. Brock burst away and was in full stride, at least halfway down the line, when Cash was able to wheel and throw. This time, the ball whistled right past Brock's left ear to Stanley, covering, and Brock was out, by a hair. One out later, Flood got to first on a single and was erased on almost exactly the same pick-off, ending this time in a rundown. Two singles and no double plays, but Lolich had somehow set down the side in order.

Still no score. Summer and the Series were running out. Gibson had permitted only one base runner in the game, and here were the Tigers down to their last seventh inning of the year. Gibson fanned Stanley, for his thirty-fourth strikeout of the Series, and Kaline grounded out. At three and two, Cash singled to right. Horton hit to the left side, and the ball went through for a single. Northrup lined the first pitch high and deep, but straight to center, where Curt Flood started in, reversed abruptly, and then stumbled, kicking up a divot of grass. He recovered in an instant and raced toward the fence, but the ball bounced beyond him, a good four hundred feet out; Northrup had a triple, and two runs were in. Freehan doubled past Brock in left, for the third.

Gibson stayed in, of course. It was inconceivable that Schoendienst would take him out. He batted for himself in the eighth and fanned, and gave up another run in the ninth, on three singles. His stillness, his concentration, his burning will kept him out there, where he belonged, to the end. Lolich, too, lasted the distance, surviving an error in the seventh, a walk in the eighth, and a final, anticlimactic homer by Shannon in the ninth, which closed matters at 4–1. It was still the Year of the Pitcher, right to the last, but the Tiger hitters had restored the balance that seemed to go out of baseball this year.

—ROGER ANGELL

II—THE OLYMPICS

MEXICO CITY, OCTOBER 20

WHEN the United States delegation checked into the Olympic Village, what now seems an aeon ago, there was lots of pleased talk among Americans here because at the raising of the Stars and Stripes the athletes spontaneously sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Less than a fortnight later, some of the American officials appeared to wish that they'd never heard of the flag or the anthem. For these two adjuncts of patriotism heightened the officials' distress when, last Wednesday, Tommie Smith and John Carlos, two Negro members of our team, who had taken first and third places in the two-hundred-metre final, stood up to receive their medals wearing black stockings and carrying white shoes, and, while the flag was being run up, to the appropriate accompaniment, looked down at the ground and raised black-gloved clenched fists. The very articulate Carlos had said earlier that the trouble with the surface of the Olympic track, which is a new patent material called Tartan, was that you couldn't hear people sneaking up on you as you could on cinders. Nobody was startled that he and Smith chose to put on a protest demonstration—both are protégés of the militant black professor Harry Edwards, at San Jose State—but its form and its timing made some of our officials feel that *they* had been sneaked up on. An inevitable reaction was for some people here to suggest that if the two men felt so strongly they should have stayed at home. The obvious rebuttal was: What kind of protest would mere absence have been? How can you get a photograph, for world-wide circulation, of non-participation? Carlos and Smith undoubtedly expected a response from the stiff-backed tutelaries here, and they got it. One member of the august International Olym-

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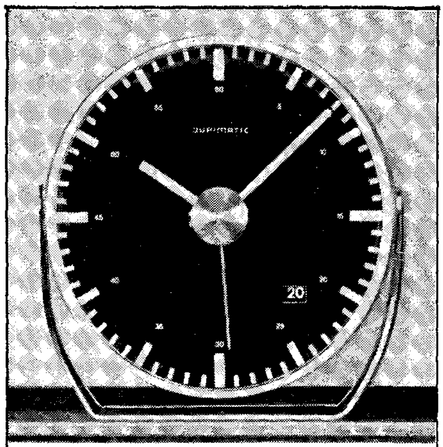

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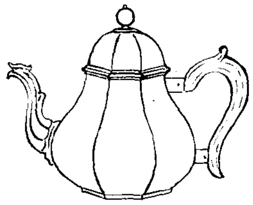

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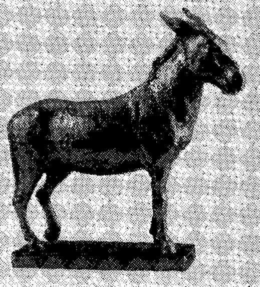

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pic Committee sputtered about desecration of the Olympic altar. Another said, "The medals don't belong to Smith and Carlos. They belong to us. We ought to take them back." (He did not say whether he thought the I.O.C. should demand the return of the sprigs of Olympian olive leaves that each gold-medal winner has also been getting—by courtesy, as we have been interminably reminded in three languages over the stadium loudspeaker, of that paragon of fair play the incumbent Greek government.) Smith had been lucky to make the finals at all. In his semifinal earlier that same day, he had injured a muscle, and had been able to run only because two trainers performed some magic on him with ice packs. At a press conference immediately after the demonstration, the two black Americans said they had acted as they had in order to make white people sit up and think. Carlos, who did more of the talking, said he wanted his words printed exactly as he uttered them or not at all—a request that was obviously not fulfilled in the Spanish-language world, because the interpreter on duty at the moment was hopeless. It was hard to follow Carlos precisely in any language as he erupted, accusing whites of regarding blacks as roaches, rats, or ants—or, slightly switching similes, show horses. (But is that not what many athletes, of all colors, actually are, and do we not respond to men in a foot race, altogether without bias, pretty much as we respond to horses on the turf? We root for Number So-and-So running in the red-white-and-blue outfit, and if we could bet on him we probably would.) An extraordinary thing about the Smith-Carlos conference was that into their deadly serious and clearly planned tirades both men would inject pleasant little jokes; one wondered at their ability so swiftly to switch moods. For the most part, though, they were grave. "Tell all white people of America and all over the world that if they don't care what black people do they shouldn't come out and watch us perform," Carlos said at one point. "If you think *we're* bad, the 1972 Olympic Games are going to be mighty tough."

If the United States team officials had let Smith and Carlos off with a reprimand or had ignored their intransigence, the whole incident might have blown over, but the no less intransigent I.O.C. foolishly demanded stern punishment and threatened to boot out the whole American track-and-field team unless it was imposed. So the two

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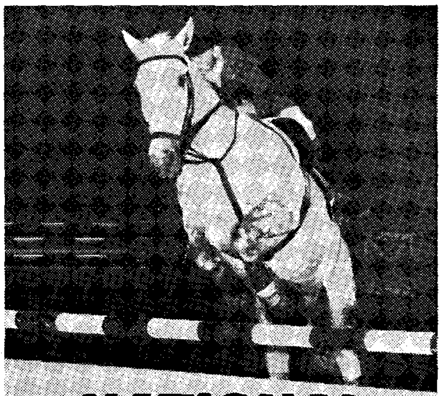

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mildly militant blacks were dropped from the squad (nobody has tried so far to retrieve their medals), just before the four-hundred-metre finals, in which three more American Negroes—Lee Evans, Larry James, and Ron Freeman—started. When they finished one, two, three, everybody wondered what, if anything, they would do at the award ceremony. They appeared for their medals wearing black berets, and they acknowledged the first burst of applause with upraised arms and clenched, though gloveless, fists. What everybody next wondered was how they would react to the raising of the Stars and Stripes. There was a murmur of audible relief among the Americans around me when they doffed the berets and, throughout the playing of the anthem, kept their eyes fixed on the flag. How amused the South Africans—banned from the games by the fussbudget I.O.C. to avoid racial friction—must have been by all this!

HALFWAY through the games, most of the athletes still in good standing seem spry, but some of the spectators are beginning to sag. "What do we have today?" asked a woman at breakfast yesterday. "Rowing and volleyball," said her husband, much as the usual tourist might mention a museum and a cathedral. "Do we *have* to?" his wife said. For those with a higher sense of duty, sampling the games is something like eating *smörgåsbord*. There are so many events to choose among, so many places to go to that one is apt to overload one's plate with the smoked eel and never get to try the meatballs. During this first week of competition, most of the generalists among reporters and onlookers here—in contrast to those specialists who could be found every day at, say, fencing or shooting, and scarcely glanced at any other events—gorged themselves on the track-and-field events, which ended this evening when Kipchoge Keino, of Kenya, beat Jim Ryun in the fifteen-hundred-metre and another fleet African, Mamo Wolde, of Ethiopia, won the marathon. Afterward, Wolde did not quite duplicate the post-race antics at Tokyo of his celebrated countryman, Abebe Bikila (who failed this evening in a try for three straight Olympic marathon victories), but he put on quite a show of his own—prancing around the track an extra lap while wearing a straw hat someone had thrown him from the stands, to the despair of Mexican officials, who tried officiously to get him out of the way so the rest of the

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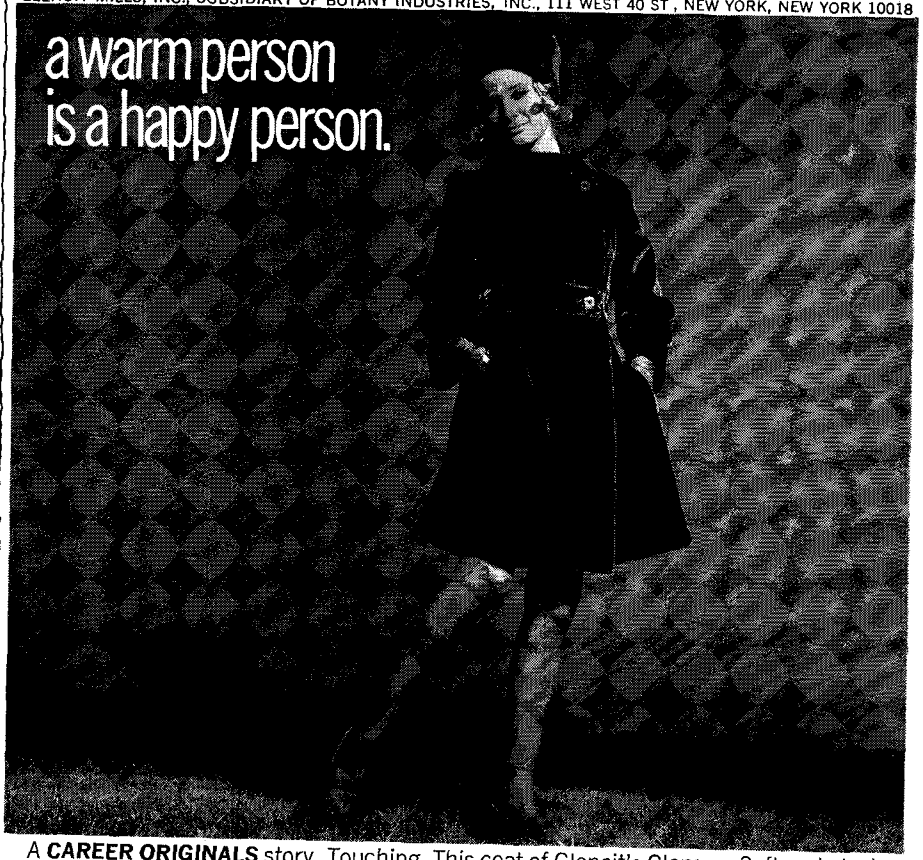

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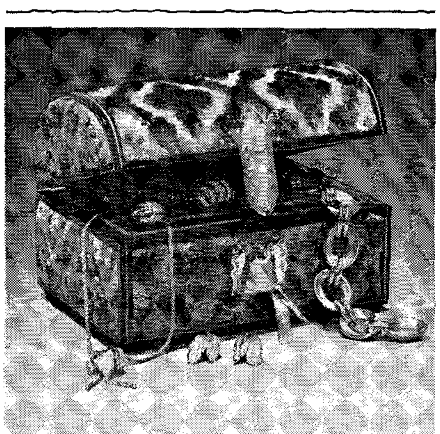

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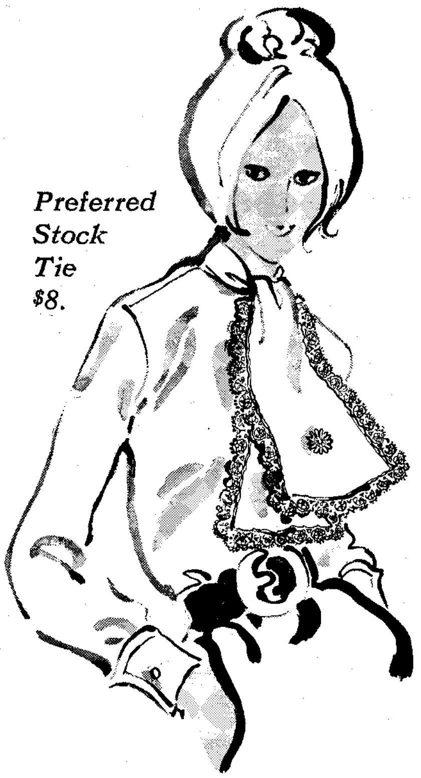
field could enter the stadium behind him. There was no hurry; the next man was three minutes back.

The Olympic Stadium has been the magnet, with attendance elsewhere spotty. The vast Aztec Stadium, Mexico City's principal soccer shrine, has for some games been all but deserted, though soccer is hugely popular here. Only a handful of people, other than Italian journalists, were out at the velodrome the other day when an Italian world's-record holder competed in the final of his pet event—which he did not win. An exception in the matter of attendance at minor events has been weight lifting. The grotesque participants in that acquired-taste sport perform in a smallish theatre—an eminently suitable arena for their dramatic struts and grunts and groans and shrieks of triumph—and it has been packed. The audiences there even say "Sh-h-h!" when some oaf opens his mouth as a weight lifter comes onstage, stares at the heavy burden lying before him as if he had never seen so outlandish and unwieldy an object, and bends down to hoist it heavenward.

In Mexico City's thin atmosphere, records have been tumbling like autumn leaves. Most have been broken by fractions of seconds or fractions of inches, though Bob Beamon broke the world's long-jump record Friday by nearly two feet, and in the triple-jump final, the first seven finishers broke the old Olympic record and the first five broke the old world's record. In the longer running events, however, where oxygen consumption is so much more of a factor, most of the record-setting seemed to be in the number of casualties. There are a thousand doctors assigned in one way or another to the games, and the twenty of them at the Olympic Stadium have been kept busy as one runner after another has staggered off the track and flopped down. Oxygen and a stretcher ride constitute the routine treatment. Nobody, so far, has had to be hospitalized.

There have been both morning and afternoon sessions at the stadium. Mornings have been devoted largely to heats and eliminations, and some of the contestants have been eliminated rather spectacularly. Honduras was entered in each of two heats of the five-thousand-metre run, and each Honduran managed to get not only lapped by the leaders but double-lapped, which is quite a feat. (Someone suggested that a race in Honduras between the country's two best performers at that distance would be a close and exciting affair.) The afternoon sessions have



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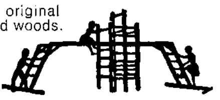

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been starting at three, which is tough on Mexicans, who are usually just sitting down to lunch then. But it has been an unusual week for them in several respects. Neither house of the national legislature has been able to muster a quorum while the games are on, and after television sets were installed in the municipal jail, for the first time in local memory there were no fights among the inmates. This is one of the few evidences of peacefulness in what the Mexicans like to call the Peace Olympics. There have been scuffles among several national groups at the Olympic Village and at some of the events, and a good deal of old-fashioned bad sportsmanship. The Russians get booed, understandably, whenever they confront a Czechoslovak team; they also got booed the other night when they were playing basketball against Morocco. Indeed, when a Russian got fouled he also got cheered, and when he tried to sink the foul shots that his opponent's sinfulness had earned him, the spectators tried to distract him with catcalls. Is this the Olympic spirit?

Chauvinism is rampant here, and sometimes it seems effective. The American women's volleyball team was playing Poland the other day. The Americans had lost the first game, 15–3, and the second, 15–1, and were down 4–12 in the third game when four men high in the gallery began to yell encouragement and unfurled a banner lettered SOCK IT TO EM USA. The American girls scored nine straight points. No people root harder for their own than the Mexicans, though they have had precious little so far to cheer about. Their only medal of any kind to date was a silver one in the twenty-kilometre walk. (Prizes have been commonplace here, but the East German who won the gruelling fifty-kilometre walk grabbed himself a special one; as he was crossing the tape, with an enormous lead, he slowed down, neatly detached the tape, and kept it.) The Mexicans have had a few exhilarating near misses—one in the very first competitive event, the ten-thousand-metre run, in which their Juan Martinez put up a fine fight and managed a creditable fourth.

The ten-thousand-metre was won by Naftali Temu, a private in the Kenyan Army. It was somehow fitting that Kenya should have the first gold medal, because although the Americans have acquired most of the medals of any metal, this has unquestionably been Kenya Week. There are not more than half a dozen rooters here from

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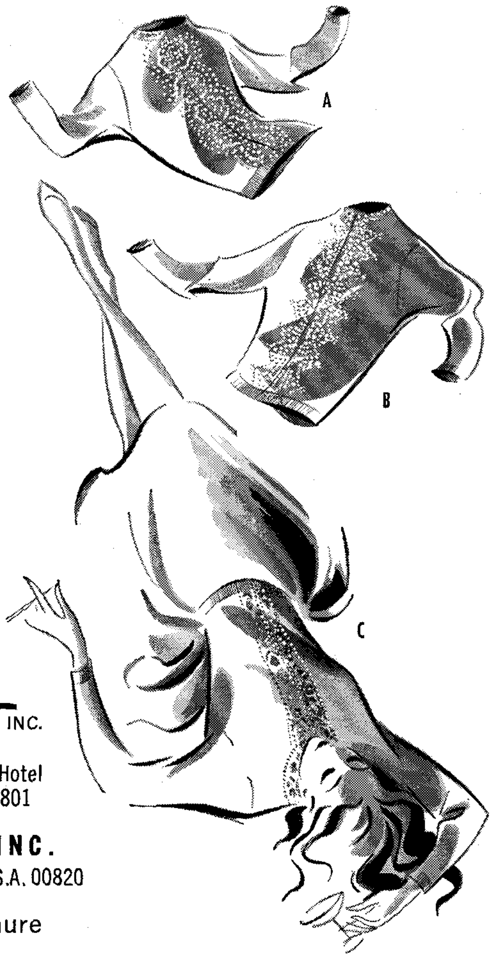

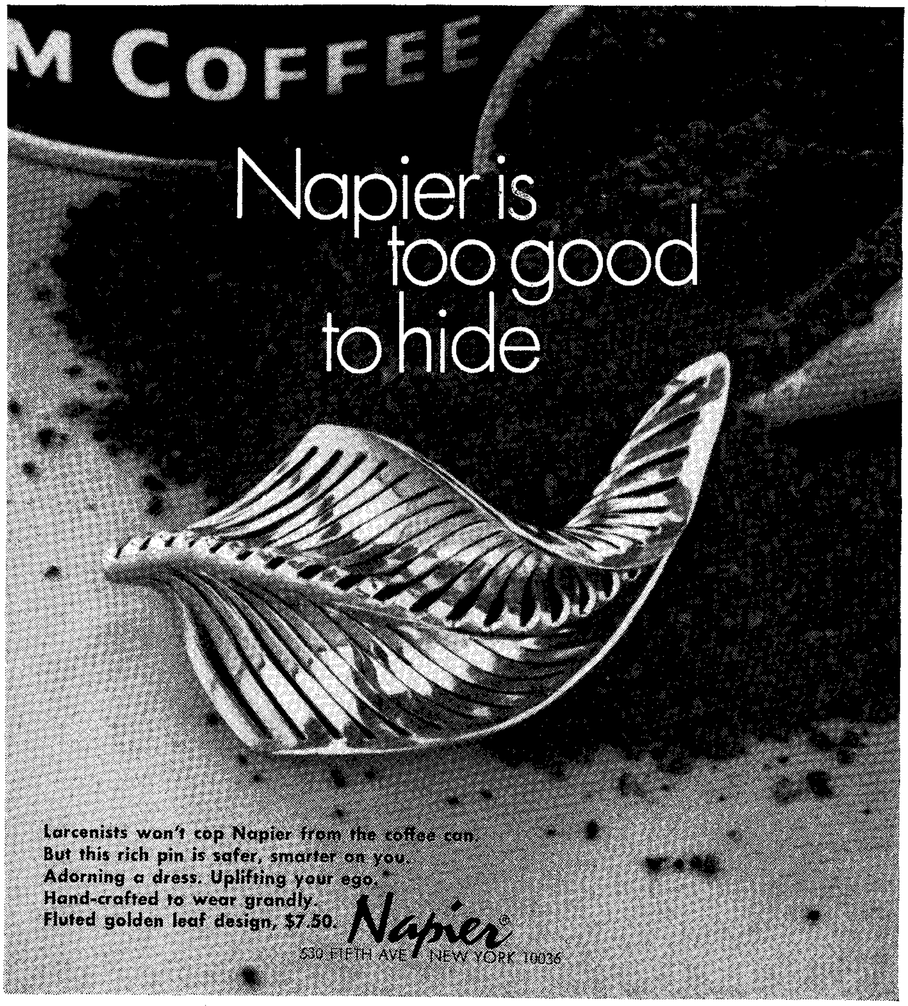

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Kenya, but the country now has many adoptive fans. This is only the fourth Olympics for Kenya, which is represented here by a track-and-field aggregation of fifteen men and three women, and also by a field-hockey team and some boxers and shooters. (Most of the hockey players are Kenyans of Indian ancestry, and the goalie is white.) It is not startling that Kenyans have done well here; the altitude of Nairobi is six thousand feet. Even so, the Kenyans have had a big impact, both on the spectators and on the competitors. (This is probably the last Olympics for Ron Clarke, the Australian distance runner, who was the final torchbearer at Melbourne in 1956, where the Kenyans made their Olympic début. In Mexico City, Clarke has been overwhelmed by a swarm of Kenyans every time he has ventured onto the track.) The American George Young, who finished third to two Kenyans, Amos Biwott and Benjamin Kogo, in the three-thousand-metre steeplechase, was asked afterward why he had run the kind of race he had. He had decided to try for a bronze medal, he explained, because "I knew the Kenyans were going to be by any time." Biwott, a twenty-one-year-old student who had never competed in that event before this summer and had never raced in any event outside Kenya, had earlier in these games turned a steeplechase heat into two races, one for the rest of the field and one for himself, as he sailed serenely over the hurdles. Kenyans are not invincible, though. Two of them—Temu again and the redoubtable Kipchoge Keino—seemed to have another one, two finish locked up in the five-thousand-metre until Mohammed Gammoudi, of Tunisia, who had never previously beaten either of them at that distance, put them in their places—second and third. Keino, an international veteran at twenty-eight, had been having stomach problems before he arrived here, and in the ten-thousand-metre he collapsed briefly at around the eighty-five-hundred-metre mark, but he disdained a proffered stretcher, arose, and finished the course, though he was obviously way out of the running. In the five-thousand, he had to settle for a silver medal. In the fifteen-hundred, he made it clear early—after his teammate Ben Wabura Jipcho had briefly set the pace—that he would settle for nothing but gold. Some knowledgeable distance runners—Roger Bannister, of Great Britain, for example—had suggested that the final field of twelve was too big; to prevent

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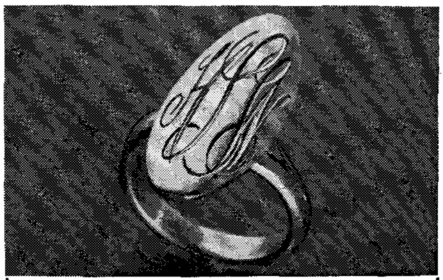

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jostling, the critics said, ten would have been better and eight enough. There was no jostling. Keino just took off with eight hundred metres to go, and Ryun, though he made a valiant last-ditch sprint, never had a prayer of catching him. Then, while others in the race were being carried off on stretchers, Keino and Jipcho loped around the oval track together, Jipcho diplomatically one step behind, with a congratulatory hand on Keino's glistening black shoulder. The time was unimportant—merely an Olympic record.

The five-thousand-metre medals were awarded by a white man, Reginald S. Alexander, who was identified to the crowd only as a member of the I.O.C.; he, too, is a native-born Kenyan—at present, one of two white members of the country's hundred-and-seventy-one-member unicameral legislature. In 1954, when he was mayor of Nairobi, he had a lot to do with launching Kenya in international athletic competition. "In a country like ours," Alexander told me, "the real issue is: Are you wasting your money on something like the Olympics? For Kenya, it's proved to be a bloody good investment." Alexander has been attending the games with a tape recorder, to catch his own screams of joy at Kenyan prowess, and he plans to give the tapes to the runners concerned. One Kenyan whoop that nobody bothered to record was a piercing, startling, and exultant tribal cry uttered at the end of Temu's victory in the ten-thousand by another white man, John Velzian, who was deposed as coach of the Kenyan track team early this year. He came to Mexico on his own, and got himself hired by the B.B.C. as a reporter. Though black-white tensions almost certainly figured in his earlier ouster, Kenyan officials insist that the real reason for it was that, unlike Alexander and other whites, Velzian didn't apply for Kenyan citizenship within two years of the country's independence and it would have been improper to have a non-citizen coaching the athletes of a proud young nation.

THERE is not a single black man on the United States rowing team, but race relations touched that sport, too. Last July, shortly after nipping Pennsylvania in the Olympic tryouts, six members of the Harvard crew issued a statement supporting "our black teammates in their efforts to dramatize the injustices and inequities which permeate our society." On ar-

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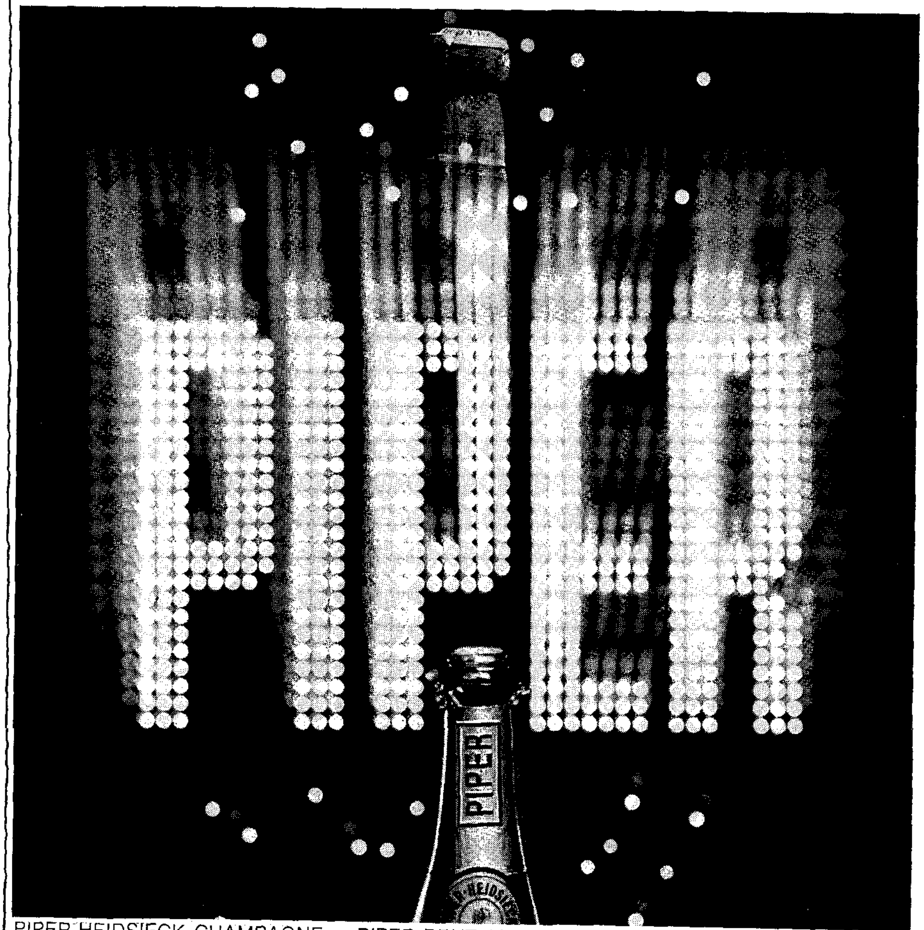

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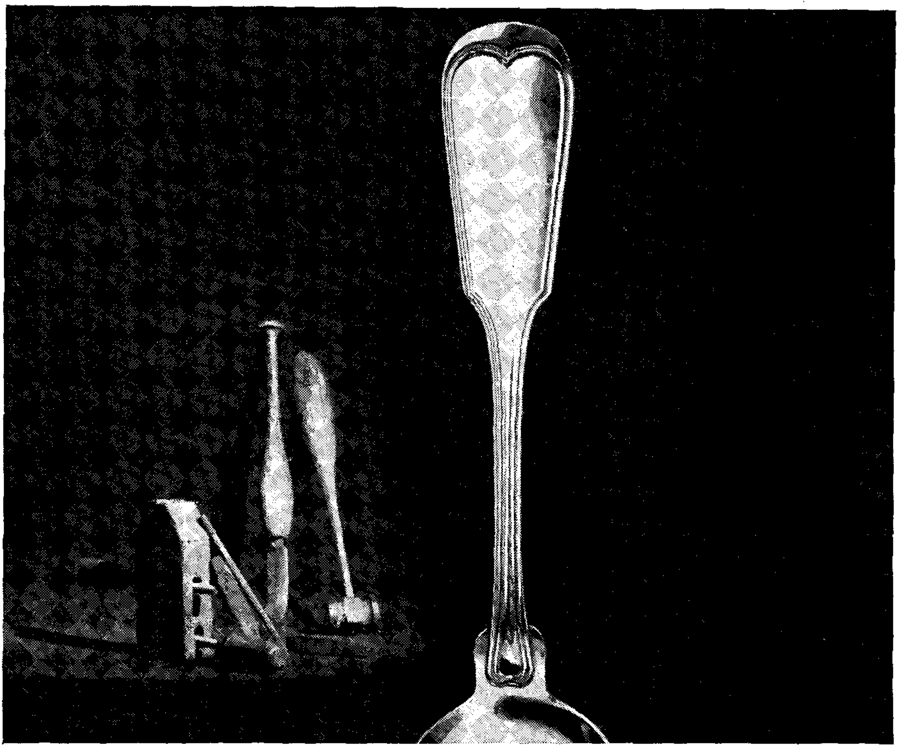

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riving in Mexico, they circulated copies of the statement among all the American athletes, and although the athletes didn't react perceptibly ("I don't see why the black athletes need the Harvard crew to help them protest anything," one black American here said), some United States officials were upset. They were leery of Harvard to begin with (even though that university had fifteen students on the team, more than any other institute of higher learning), because a few crewmen had mustaches or beards or longish hair. Some people here call them "the shaggies," but these people have clearly never been to Cambridge to see what really long Harvard hair looks like. The Harvard coach, Harry Parker, has remained unperturbed. "All our guys are saying is that the blacks have a legitimate complaint and a right to express it," he told me. What did worry Parker on the eve of the rowing events was that some of his men had been hit by intestinal or respiratory ailments. In their first race, the winner of which automatically qualified for the final, they finished a dismal next to last. They broke a rigging bolt, and their regular stroke, Art Evans, who had been sick, was all but unconscious during the last five hundred metres. Two days later came Harvard's do-or-die moment, the repechage, out of which the first two finishers would progress to the finals. Parker shifted his men around, putting Steve Brooks at stroke, where he hadn't rowed before. Back in Cambridge, the university rallied to the cause, dispatching the Dean of Harvard College, Fred L. Glimp, to Mexico to cheer its eight on. Mr. Glimp is a very conscientious dean. He hadn't ridden a bicycle for twenty years or so, but he borrowed one so he could follow his crew along the side of the lovely two-thousand-metre rowing course during one of its workouts. In the repechage, Harvard again started off feebly. Glimp looked glum. During the first five hundred metres, he emitted strangled moans. During the second five hundred, as the boat continued to struggle, he lapsed into silence; he looked as if he would rather have been anywhere than where he was—even in his office in Cambridge, Indian-wrestling with the S.D.S. But then Harvard began to move. Perhaps the oarsmen heard their faithful dean's wild shouts of "Atta go, Harvard! Way to go!" In any case, they put on a magnificent spurt, easily took the second place they needed, and came within a hair of beating out Czechoslovakia for first. Dean Glimp, trying to photograph his boys afterward, was so shaky he couldn't hold his camera steady.

There were seven finals in rowing yesterday, and of forty-three boats taking part in these events eighteen belonged to the United States and the two Germanys. The vaunted Ratzeburg crew, of West Germany, which eventually won, had a coxswain who is fourteen and looks even younger. He is perhaps the youngest gold-medal winner ever—thirty-three years younger, as it happens, than the cox of the Vesper crew, from Pennsylvania, which won at Tokyo. The United States had an entry in every final, and the many Americans on hand were glowing with optimism, though a mite less for Harvard than for some of the shells in the smaller-boat races. Things got under way unpromisingly for the United States when the Americans finished fifth out of six in the first event—coxed fours—while New Zealand won and racked up its first medal of any sort in the games. (One of the winning rowers came to his award presentation in black socks, but that may have had no political significance, even though his crewmates were barefoot; New Zealand athletes always wear black.) As the long, hot day wore on, there was lots of heartbreak—lots, but not all, of it American. I was sitting near the fiancée of Great Britain's single-sculler, and she watched in anguish as he came in last. "At least, he made the finals," she said. By the end of the penultimate race, the United States' haul for the day was just one silver medal and one bronze. Harvard was the last hope. As its shell approached the starting line, Mr. Glimp, who had given up smoking some weeks before, bummed a cigarette from the man beside him. The Dean was silent throughout the race; there was never a hint of anything to yell about. Harvard never got under way, and it finished an abject last. An onlooker said, "At least, they made the finals." As Mr. Glimp and his wife were walking mournfully toward the boathouse, to give what solace they could to the crew, they fell in with the manager of the Australian crew, who was feeling jovial, because his boat had come in second. He was carrying a large stuffed kangaroo with a baby kangaroo in its pouch. "Our mascot," he explained. Someone in the crowd suggested that perhaps Harvard should have had a mascot. "That's what *he* was," Mrs. Glimp said, looking compassionately at her downcast husband. After the Dean had caught up with his students and murmured appropriate regrets, one of them took him aside. "Dean Glimp, I want you to know I've enjoyed my Harvard experience," he said. Glimp blinked. "So many people are saying things against colleges these days," the student went on, "that I just wanted to tell you I think Harvard's a wonderful place." Glimp was transformed from a bedraggled mascot into a beaming mentor.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

• •

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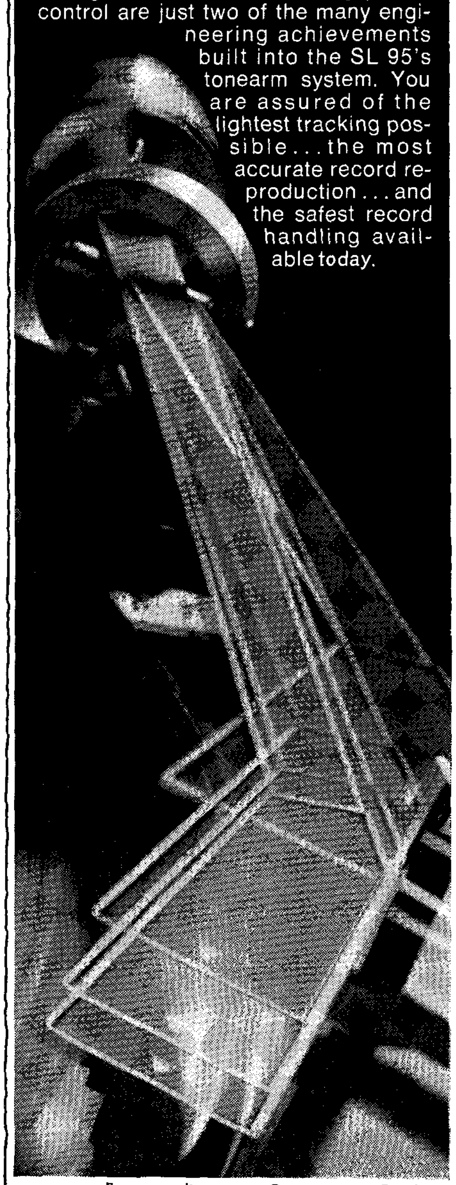
In San Pietro five flushed saints
Stare at Christ's plastered heart.
Will the stitches come apart?
The chancel steps drop down in alabaster
As I rise toward the light.
The Spada, high with small square windows,
Frames a nun in the doorway.

From a street full of broken teeth—
Crooked roofs in a blind alley—
I wander toward Buozzi for an ice,
Across rails beneath a half-built house.
Where does one go
Except to watch the traffic slide?

One day a year the waterworks turn on,
The falls toss rainbows in the air.
Farmers whistle from the park;
Old women in black silk whisper
Eighteenth-century prayers among the crowds
That drift to earth, caught in a cloudless spray.

—DAVID POSNER



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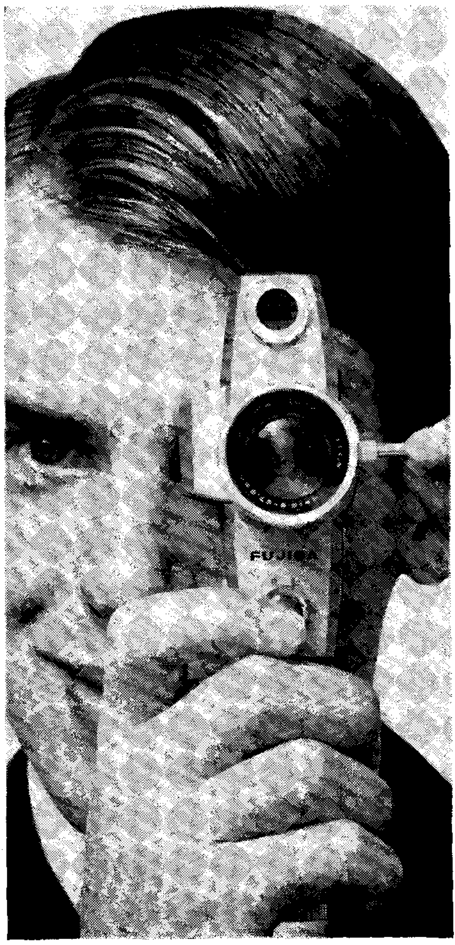


MUSICAL EVENTS

Well-Tempered Faust

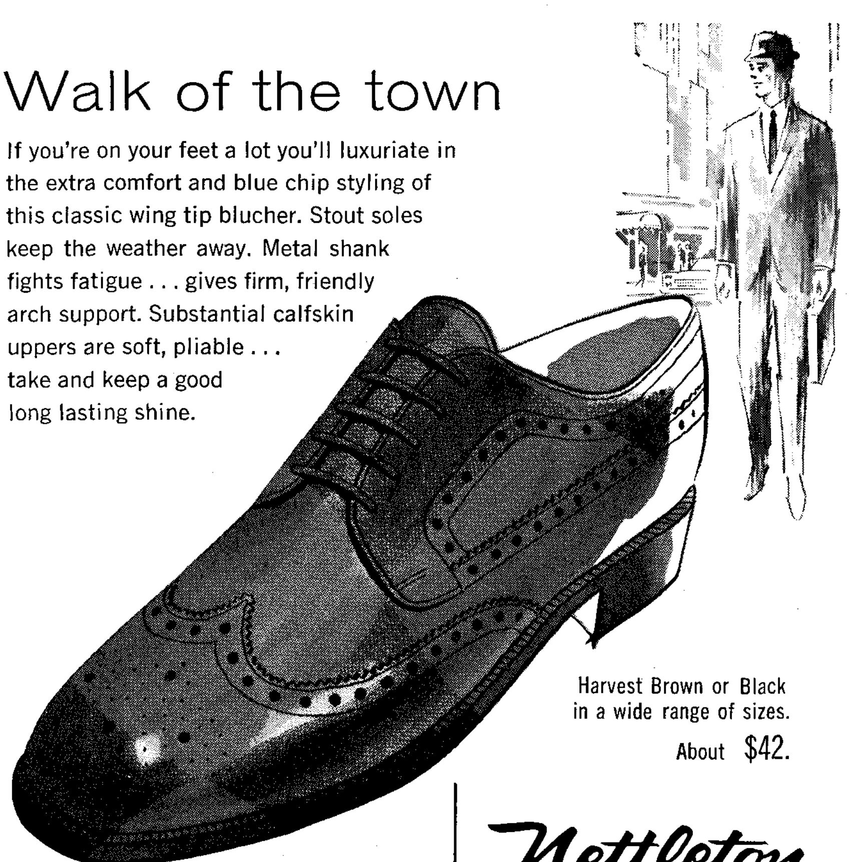
WHAT I mean by "taste" in operatic production was beautifully exemplified in the new production, at the New York State Theatre last Thursday evening, of Gounod's "Faust" by the New York City Opera. The sets, by Ming Cho Lee, were spare and imaginative, and José Varona's costumes were suitable in every respect, and just as imaginative. Yet I daresay the whole production cost a tenth of the outlay for one of Mr. Bing's lavish spectacles. By the way, does anybody—even a child—go to opera primarily to see the scenery? In my experience, operagoers fall into two categories: the voice buff, who goes mainly for the quasi-sexual experience of hearing nature's wonderful laryngic and pulmonary creations, and the music buff, who goes to hear what the composer has written, and likes to hear it well sung and well conducted. Star opera on the Metropolitan plan caters to the voice buff, who doesn't care a hoot if the figures on the stage are so many dummies, encapsulated in their own egos and quite oblivious of each other, as long as they have spectacular vocal endowments. But opera can satisfy both these types of patron and produce something extra—opera as drama—if the conditions are right, and they were supremely right the other night.

Much of the opera-as-drama side of this production was the work of Frank Corsaro, a director who is never content to let moldy traditions be and who is always thinking up ideas that emphasize dramatic moments. Sometimes Mr. Corsaro goes a bit too far. I did not feel that he did the other night, even though some pretty drastic changes were made. The most drastic of them came at the very end of the opera, when Marguerite's transfiguration was avoided and she was seen climbing a stairway from her cell to meet the hangman who presumably executed her as the curtain fell. Old-fashioned purists were no doubt horrified by this. Nevertheless, let me urge them to remember all those corny, distressing endings that they have seen in previous productions—the picture-post-card-sunset bit, or the elevator to heaven. True, that is the way Gounod conceived his heroine's final moments, and, indeed, there is a chorus of angels backstage singing about God's forgiveness. But let me argue Mr. Corsaro's point. There is no reason to suppose that Marguerite could not be forgiven *and* executed—even though Goethe as well as Gounod stands against this interpretation—and there is every reason to suppose that Marguerite, having killed her baby, would have been executed in the sixteenth-century village she inhabits. Mr. Corsaro's way dispenses with a highly improbable—indeed, rather gooey—miracle, and it ends the opera on a note of good theatre, to which Ming Cho Lee's long stairway adds a very dramatic touch. There were other departures from tradition. Faust was depicted as an anatomist, and he had a small, intimate, private morgue in the first scene, from one of whose tables a cadaver arose to become Mephistopheles. There was no spinning wheel in the second act (that spinning wheel has always been a bore, anyway). While singing the "Roi de Thulé," Marguerite simply took off her outer garments and prepared for bed. Valentin was a real warrior who wanted to die with his breastplate on, and he spent the last seconds of his life trying to get it strapped together after having been stabbed in the back by Faust. There were many small changes, too, all to the good, the main point being that Mr. Corsaro eliminated as many as possible of the opera's sentimental pietistic elements and brought the drama into the real world.

The cast was one of the most nearly perfect ever assembled in this city, a majority of its principals being great singing actors. Beverly Sills, whom we have all watched grow to a magnificent maturity, is now a real lobster-supper diva from whose slipper her devotees would have quaffed champagne a hundred years ago. Her voice is one of the most expressive since Claudia Muzio's, and her technique in *fioritura* is able to encompass all the trills in the "Jewel Song," which, by the way, she sang not as a display piece but as a relatively shy expression of girlish delight. Her Marguerite set some entirely new standards, just as her Manon did last season. Then, I am sure that there has never been a Mephistopheles superior to Norman Treigle. His interpretation of the role lies in between the playful one of Cesare Siepi and the menacing one of Nicolai Ghiaurov, and it is a superb lean, sardonic portrayal, with every movement deftly calculated and every phrase sung with artistry. Dominic Cossa sang beautifully as Valentin, and his death scene was a memorable piece of acting. Frances Bible made an excellent Siebel, Muriel Greenspon a fine Martha, and William Beck a good Wagner. Michele Molese is not exactly a born actor, but he pronounces the French language well, and his Faust was at least acceptable. The ballet devised for the kermesse scene by Robert Joffrey was in every way a delight, and there were many other touches in this scene—such as a group of acrobats, a juggler, and a fire-eater—that added much to the atmosphere of gaiety. The Walpurgisnacht scene was omitted. No loss. I suspect that the scene was written by Gounod partly out of fidelity to Goethe, partly because the Paris Opéra of his period demanded big ballet spectacles of a kind that we today find quite dismal. In any case, the scene always looks ridiculous now, and the music Gounod wrote for it is way below the standard maintained in the rest of the opera.

LAST Tuesday night, in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Scherman, as is his custom now and then, revived a Viennese operetta—this time Oscar Straus's "A Waltz Dream"—and put his Little Orchestra Society through some lighter paces. Unfortunately, the thing was sung in English, and therefore lost a great deal of its idiomatic character. Just why Mr. Scherman chose this language is a mystery, since he recently went to all the pains of doing Janáček in the original Czech, and since all Viennese operettas are so childish that they can be understood in the original language by practically anybody. I expect that a few old Vienna sentimentalists enjoyed themselves, but I can't say that I did. Teresa Stich-Randall, who is, of course, a fine singer, did the role of Helene well from a vocal standpoint. William Lewis, a tenor with beautiful teeth, served rather stiffly as Lieutenant Niki, Robert Hale made a pleasant Montschi, and Lee Venora, who has always had a certain wide-eyed charm, made a good Franzi. But the limitations of a concert performance were pretty severe for a stage work that demands a full production to make a really joyous effect.

LAST Wednesday evening, Erich Leinsdorf brought the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall and



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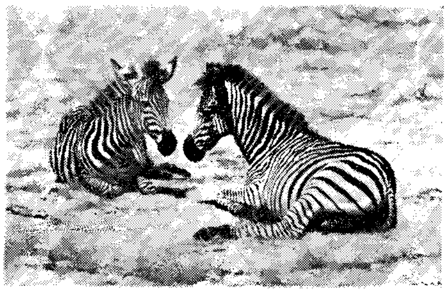

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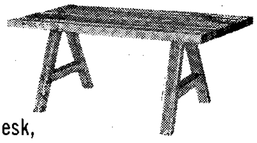

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presented what is usually referred to as a "well-balanced" program, consisting of Haydn's not terribly often heard Symphony No. 90 in C Major, Alban Berg's Violin Concerto, with Arthur Grumiaux as soloist, and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." The contrast between the last two works—one representing the sunset of the great Viennese symphonic tradition, the other a brave venture in a new era in which there was no tradition at all and in which music was deprived of its qualities as a special language and became, for the first time, a matter of sound rather than meaning—was an interesting one. The violin part of the concerto was played in a masterly manner by Mr. Grumiaux, while Mr. Leinsdorf provided a meticulous reading of the orchestral score. His reading of the "Sacre," on the other hand, was a bit boisterous. The orchestra, in the Haydn work, did not seem to be at its best. There were a couple of misses in the horns, and a few other rough edges. I would like to call attention to the Boston Symphony's program notes on this occasion, which were written by James Lyons. They are models of their kind. They do not, thank God, attempt to explain the music. They merely serve the useful function of telling something about the composer and the circumstances under which a work was written.

LAST Friday night, the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra of Munich gave a concert in Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Rafael Kubelik. This orchestra is an Old World one in every respect. Its strings do not play with quite the smoothness of those of a first-rank American orchestra, but they play with a certain rugged character that is in some ways a relief from all our sensuous polish. The woodwinds and brasses are brilliant, suave, and forceful, and the ensemble is remarkably cohesive. Mr. Kubelik, who, with his bald spot and flying hair, looks from the back a little like the late Wilhelm Furtwängler, is obviously a conductor of more than ordinary capacities—a technician of Middle European methodicalness and an artist of discrimination. The program consisted of the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz," Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes by Carl Maria von Weber, and Mahler's First Symphony—all works so well known as to make comment on them superfluous.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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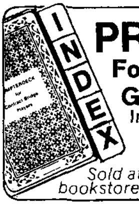

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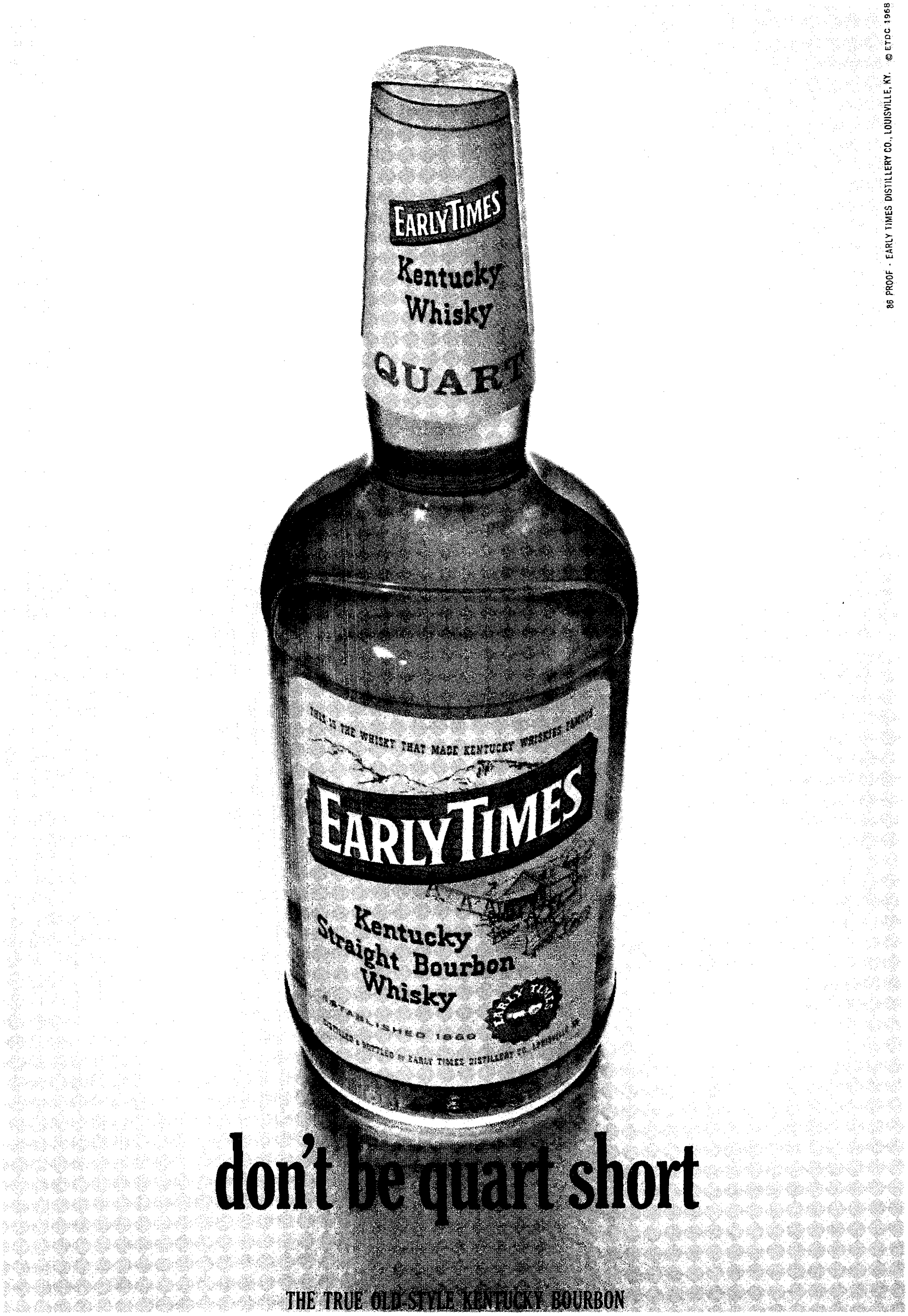
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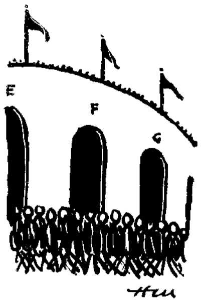
FOOTBALL

All Wet

THE difference between what could have happened and what did happen was quite plain wherever you were last Saturday, when sloshy weather, which has been absent all fall, decided to take charge. The encounter between Dowling and Domres, probably the best undergraduate quarterbacks in the East, came to zero, since Columbia, whose line seems more and more to be constructed entirely of paper tigers, couldn't open the way for its own runners, couldn't contain the Yale runners, and couldn't support Domres as either sprinter or thrower. And it couldn't do much about Yale's steady dropping of the ball—nine times, by my own count; nine times is enough to lose a couple of games in ordinary circumstances. Columbia simply is not a mud runner, it appears; Yale, with both Dowling and Hill galloping and passing, is—Yale 29, Columbia 7. Army-Rutgers was to have been a great day, too, but Rutgers couldn't run or throw in the bad going; Army racked up two touchdowns forty-seven seconds apart in the first ten minutes on Van Ness passes (the very first ones he threw) that went astray. Bryant Mitchell, a hundred and seventy-eight pounds, is Rutgers' lightweight bulldozer; he went twenty-two times against the Army line, which, having held down the extra-heavy California line the week before, had no trouble limiting Mitchell to just sixty yards. Jarvis, Army's counterpart two-hundred-and-five-pound bulldozer, also ran twenty-two times, for a hundred and fifty-three yards. (Sheer power, if you have it, is the best resort in such weather.) Brown, the Rutgers fullback who earlier this season was expected to "take the pressure" off Van Ness and Mitchell, was on hand, too, but he ran just three times, and got practically nothing.



THE Ivy League is Yale vs. the pack. Yale goes to Cornell this week, and if it rains up there, as it so often does, Yale should not be bothered. Cornell was bothered, all right, by the rain in Boston last weekend. Though Lalich, Harvard's new quarterback, is not the best thrower in the world, he outpointed Robertson, who usually throws a great deal better for Cornell. All Harvard has to do this year, rain or shine, is get a pair of blockers in front of Gatto as he sweeps the ends, or give a hand-off to Hornblower (*there's* a Harvard name for you) and send him up the middle. Harvard, light almost to the point of fragility, is using what it has to great effect. Pennsylvania, rising from its own ashes, which have been accumulating for some years now, is, like Harvard, making the best of everything, and, like Harvard, is on a winning bent. Pennsylvania 34, Lehigh 0 in the kind of weather they had in Philadelphia is quite presentable. Running power and throwing power did it—Zbrzeznj, the celebrated passer and anagram, hit with his first eight tries, which was better than anyone else did in the rain last Saturday. Princeton, which had so much wanted to down Dartmouth, if nobody else, this fall, managed it the week before last, and then let itself, its customers, and the odds down by floundering in the rain while Colgate's line, which is as heavy as Cornell's and nearly as heavy as California's, came out of its beating of Holy Cross in perfect condition. Princeton's single-wing offense never runs as well on wet grass, and Princeton's masterminding doesn't, either; conservatism rules. Thus, twice on the verge of a touchdown, it veered toward orthodoxy instead of shock treatment, and orthodoxy lost, 14–7. As for Dartmouth, it could have beaten hapless and unhappy Brown in any weather, and it did, 48–0, in the slop, using every quarterback it could think of—five, as against the four Army sent up against Rutgers. Chasey, whom the Dartmouth coach is reported to have acclaimed the best sophomore quarterback in maybe all history, had his most triumphant workout of the season. Koenig, who looked pretty good last fall, if not the best of a generation's worth of Dartmouth quarterbacks, may now be expected to assume the role of stand-in. Well, well! When he and Gene Ryzewicz were working together, and working well, last fall as simultaneous double quarterbacks for Dartmouth, there was no beating them.

—J. W. L.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cripes!

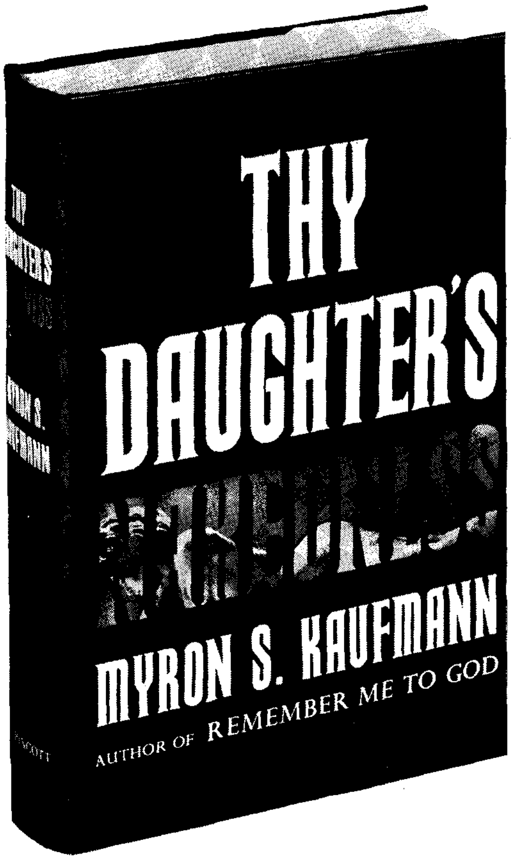
JULIE ANDREWS could, maybe, play Beatrice Lillie, but she cannot play Gertrude Lawrence. Gertrude Lawrence wasn't much of a singer and she was an odd, limited sort of actress. What made her a star was not something that can be taught, even to as good a pupil as Julie Andrews; she was a nervy technician, with the cool technique that is so clever a projection of personality that it becomes glamour. Glamour is what Julie Andrews doesn't have. She does her duties efficiently but mechanically, like an airline stewardess; she's pert and cheerful in some professional way that is finally cheerless. She has played some of her roles with almost incredible accuracy; her dubious charm is that she makes audiences aware that she's a good girl who deserves an A. But that well-trained smile doesn't inspire confidence; one doesn't want to know what happens to the face when the curtain closes on her teeth. To do the director, Robert Wise, justice, I think that in "Star!" he was trying to use this unappealing side of Julie Andrews, who must be the least sensual young actress ever to become a movie star. One gets the feeling that he and the writer, William Fairchild, didn't really like Gertrude Lawrence very much, and that, rather than make the usual star-bio, they were trying for a dispassionate look at her. Their heroine is a hard, ruthless, self-centered, almost detestable woman, and I think this is calculated. The trouble is, it's miscalculated.

Early in his career, Robert Wise was the editor of Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane," and here he uses a much more elaborate version of the "Citizen Kane" framework. Like "Citizen Kane," "Star!" opens with sequences from a documentary film that is being made of the protagonist's life, and then, throughout the almost three-hour movie, we keep returning to it. But there's no difference in point of view between the gray, grainy, small-screen fake documentary, with its mixture of actual and simulated newsreels, and the wide-screen, 70-mm. color movie. And although the documentary is supposed to be in production in 1940, it's not in any recognizable style of that date. It's just a linking device, to help stitch together this story that spans three decades, and as such it's reasonably efficient. However, the use of this device suggests that Wise had something much more ambitious in mind than what has been realized on the screen. I think he intended "Star!" to be a portrait of an archetypal empty rat-fink kind of star, a female Citizen Kane of the theatre and "high society." In one scene, his star "answers" a Hyde Park Corner leftist by inviting the people listening to him to come to a free show instead; in another scene, she's a narcissistic, condescending great lady giving a garden party for the children of the poor. Wise is too conscious a moviemaker for the implications of these scenes to be accidental. And surely a woman with a string of banker-lovers, a woman who coldly feigns headaches when sex is expected, a woman who neglects her only child and then feels deserted when the child grows up and neglects her, a woman without a trace of feminine softness or fluidity or grace isn't meant to be lovable. They've made her a bitch, all right, but they've failed to make her a star.

If the musical numbers were well done, and if the era were successfully epitomized by Julie Andrews as a magnetic, tough-sentimental playgirl-star, then the ambivalence toward the star might be interesting. But Robert Wise has never really directed this kind of musical before; "West Side Story" and "The Sound of Music" were not in this backstage-musical tradition. There are seventeen musical numbers here, and almost all of them are poorly staged and performed (anachronistically, too, in late-forties movie-musical style). Anyone who didn't already know the songs wouldn't be able to tell how good they are from the movie. Some of the best of Cole Porter and Noël Coward and Kurt Weill and the Gershwins is mangled while one sits there wishing Vincente Minnelli would magically take over and save it all. When the audiences inside the movie go mad with enthusiasm, cheering and applauding these cloddish performances, their acclaim has the dead sound of the canned laughter and applause on television, because it hasn't been earned.

We know in advance that Julie Andrews has a better (though a less idiosyncratic) voice than Gertrude Lawrence; we expect her to sing the twenties songs not in a twenties voice but in her own "nice" voice—clear and pure, with that rather impersonally meticulous enunciation and phrasing. But she's not even in good voice most of the time, so the songs aren't transformed and made new; they're wasted. And yet she seems to be trying hard—which just about kills everything in the conception. Hard work is the opposite of glamour. The chic of the twenties playgirl was that she was so supremely casual she appeared brittle. Her high style was the concealment of feeling—deliberate superficiality. Gertrude Lawrence had rasping sounds and expressive gestures for exasperation, and not much else except little *moues* for pleasure; she looked as if she didn't give a damn what anybody thought. She made a game of snobbery—a snobbery based on style rather than on wealth, though who but bohemian artists and the idle rich could achieve it, and would anyone of intelligence want to? She had the sort of insolent confidence that made mannerisms into a style of life. She was what drag queens want to be. If she could barely carry a tune, in her thin, careless voice, she made it seem as if carrying a tune were beneath her. She wasn't even pretty. And that's what was so triumphantly witty about her: she had made herself a star and a leader of fashion and a beauty the way a great chef is supposed to be able to make a superb dinner—out of nothing. I remember her best from her 1933 film with Laurence Olivier, "No Funny Business," in which she sang "The Physician." She slouched around sinuously in a dress that was barely on her, and her voice wobbled as she aimed for the notes; it was a devastating demonstration of how to look so elegantly indifferent that people can't take their eyes off you. Her talent was to make it all look easy, and because this no-sweat attitude of hers was the incarnation of the glamour of the era, Gertrude Lawrence is indeed a fit subject for a "Citizen Kane"-style satirical investigation. But they didn't have the actress for it, or the script, or the guts.

Julie Andrews doesn't make anything look easy; she does calisthenics while singing "The Physician," and articulates every last syllable as if Professor Higgins were standing over her. In dialogue that should be drawled, her diction is so clean and scrubbed that even vulgarisms sound hearty. Perhaps crucially, Miss Andrews and Daniel Massey, as Noël Coward, miss the point of the scene they play from Coward's "Private Lives"—a scene that might have had the essence of the elusive, magical sophistication Gertrude



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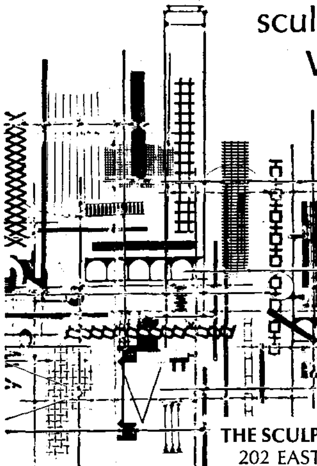

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Lawrence stood for. As Noël Coward wrote the scene, the brittle sophistication of not allowing one's feelings to show gives way to the sentimentality of "potent cheap music," and this is (or might be) what the whole movie is about. The "star" who lives on technique and style alone has no way to deal with war and poverty and her own emotions except at the level of potent cheap music. Miss Andrews misses not only in the bit from "Private Lives" but, along with most of the cast and the director, in the whole movie. They haven't held anything back; they've been working cheap emotion all along. Trying for the mystery of glamour, Julie Andrews merely coarsens her shining nice-girl image, becoming a nasty Girl Guide. The photography, Michael Kidd's choreography, the set designs, and the $347,000 in ugly, unflattering swell clothes that Donald Brooks put on her all contribute to the failure. Even more basic is the script: it's not evocative; it's an outline that lacks the strokes that would sum up the characters and the episodes. (It needs some of the detail of an "All About Eve" or a "Pal Joey.") The best that William Fairchild seems able to do for the heroine is to give her a "Cripes!" to say at every turn of fortune. He gives the only entertaining lines to Noël Coward—as if only famous wits could be witty in a movie. Daniel Massey, Coward's godson, who looks like his father, Raymond Massey, but sounds and grimaces like Coward, is charming and in period, yet his performance seems to be a sketch for an intimate revue rather than a characterization. But if his amiable impersonation appears to belong in a different kind of movie, his performance is the only one that suggests that it might work *some*where. The movie takes the star from her cradle not to her grave but to her final marriage bed. She falls for another rich man—one who "understands" her by proclaiming psychiatric banalities and ordering her around. Apparently, she needed obedience training, and a master to love; this makes her emotionally secure. If that is your "Rosebud," Mr. Wise, cripes!

The movie suggests that those who made it wanted a big, popular project (and a pre-sold box-office star) and at the same time wanted to feel they were showing people what they really thought of Miss Lawrence. From the evidence of this movie, they don't have enough talent to know what they think. Their hostility to the subject just adds unpleasantness to the incompetence.

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They go rummaging around in their outworn notions of integrity, trying to find a social "statement" that they can tuck in, when the best demonstration of integrity would be to make a decent musical.

"BULLITT" is efficiently made but basically uninteresting. It's an example of commercial formalism. A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, has given a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. Yates doesn't have the directorial flair that John Boorman brought to a comparable melodrama, "Point Blank," but he does an honest, brutal job in this dishonest business of making movies about nothing. Steve McQueen plays the police-officer hero seriously and well, but I prefer the fun and romantic fantasy of his Thomas Crown. When movies are as gratuitous as this one is, it hardly seems too much to ask for the leavening of a little humor; "Bullitt" is solemn even when it is dealing with a slimy Mr. Big (Robert Vaughn) whose technique of bribery is so blatantly insulting he couldn't give away a lollipop. But Yates has a good, serviceable technique for integrating staged movie action into "documentary" city locations. San Francisco is used for the interiors as well as the exteriors, and is shown to best advantage in a spectacular chase sequence, with cars bouncing up and down those witty steep streets.

ALL horrors are grist for the Hollywood mill, but cheap exploitation films don't disguise their purposes, whereas an expensive, "responsible" film like "The Boston Strangler," with real stars like Henry Fonda and Tony Curtis, deals with brutality and madness tastefully, in safe, academic terms, thus offering perversions with polite reassurances. It's money that makes a film look responsible. (In this movie, the sympathy extended to the miserable and perverted seems only a token of what they could get within clean white walls if they would just offer themselves up for treatment. Those who have seen "Titicut Follies" and observed the horrors within the dirty white walls of the institution that Albert DeSalvo, the alleged strangler, was sent to may be a little shocked by the new movie's assurances.) The good taste of "The Boston Strangler" is a form of inadequacy. The material cries out for revelations, but the movie offers no illumination of human conduct, nothing that would help us un-

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derstand the nature of the crimes or the criminal—only a facile account of split personality that is not only unilluminating but unconvincing. If the moviemakers don't know any more than that, why are they making the movie? This, clearly, troubles them, too. They want to be respectable. Like "In Cold Blood," "The Boston Strangler" constantly—almost compulsively—raises the question of why it has been made. Unable to face the reasons that are all too obvious, it trumps up reasons. Since DeSalvo hasn't been executed, there is no handy issue like capital punishment for this one. At times, it rather ludicrously suggests that it's a cautionary movie made to warn women against opening their doors to strangers (though it can't resist getting easy laughs on nervous old ladies buying locks). It winds up with a fancy statement about how society should develop methods for the early detection of psychological disorders—an ending that may have made everybody working on the movie feel better but that is totally irrelevant, since the movie does not indicate that there was anything wrong with DeSalvo (Tony Curtis with a badly joined false nose bridge) that could have been detected before the murders. I know there are people of wide interests; still, I wonder what kind of revelation could have been expected from a decent, Hollywood-factory sort of director like Richard Fleischer, who goes from "The Happy Time" to "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" to "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" to "The Vikings" to "Compulsion" to "Crack in the Mirror" to "The Big Gamble" to "Barabbas" to "Fantastic Voyage" to "Doctor Dolittle" to "The Boston Strangler" and is now at work on "Che," starring Omar Sharif, with Jack Palance as Fidel Castro. —PAULINE KAEL

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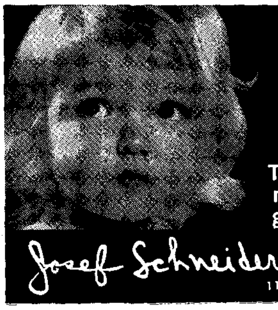

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

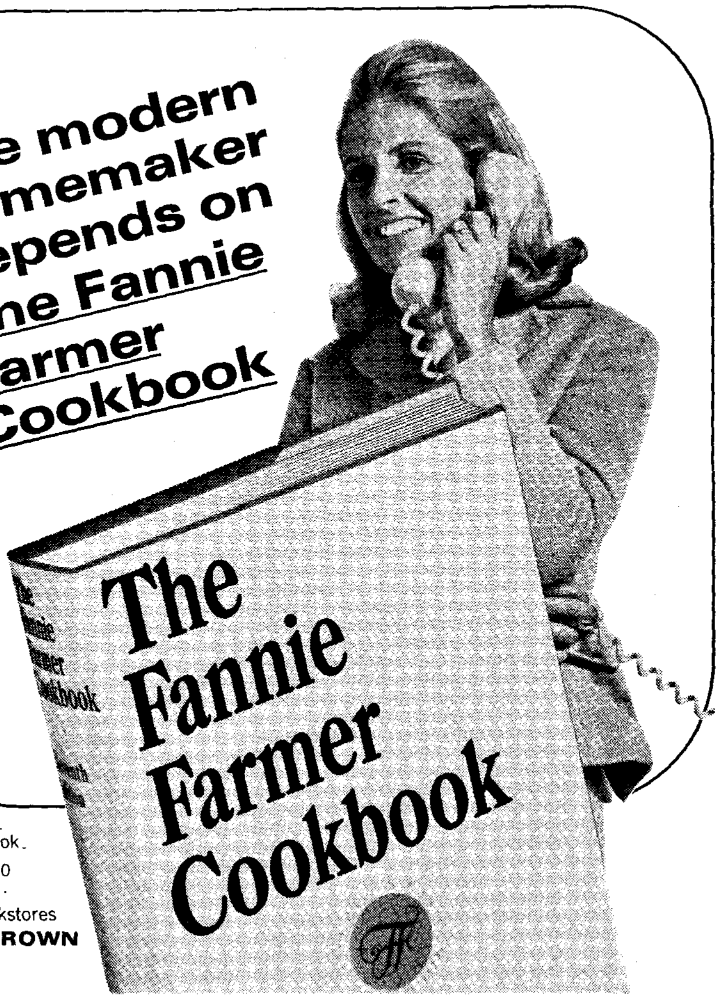
The Last of the Greeks, by Olivia Davis (Houghton Mifflin). Mrs. Davis's first novel reaches its crescendo on the first page when, at a small, rich, and very *intime* London dinner party, Mark Prentiss, the most celebrated classical portraitist in England, discovers to his dismay that his fellow-guests include his ex-wife, Berenice, whom he has not seen since she deserted him and their children thirty years before. She ran off with a Frenchman, Jean Alexandre, who is now her husband and famous as an avant-garde painter, author, and filmmaker. He is at the dinner party, too, and so are Toby and Angela, unmistakably the deserted children of thirty years ago, and so is Odette Alexandre, the only child of Berenice and Jean. The dinner party goes off easily enough, although the talk around the table is less conversation than a series of verbal standoffs, but the rest of the book is really the remains of a novel, interesting to read but without suspense, and at no point revelatory of anything in particular. There is a general lack of love, or at least of urgency, in this book, and perhaps Mrs. Davis keeps her people too strictly under her control, but her work is readable and believable, and she has a natural gift for atmosphere.

The Department, by Gerald Warner Brace (Norton). Robert Sanderling, a professor of English at a Boston university, reminisces about his life, uneventful even to him; his loves, all lost; his wife, an irritating woman; his daughter, a passively happy mother of many children; and his house, which is pretty and comfortable. He also talks of his friends and antagonists on the faculty. Mr. Brace writes earnestly and with a wry, self-knowing smile, and his Professor Sanderling remains so hidden that he might lay claim to the title Anon.

Note: "The Archers at Home," by Katinka Loeser, has been published by Atheneum. Much of the novel originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

A Sinister Twilight: The Fall of Singapore, 1942, by Noel Barber (Houghton Mifflin). This history,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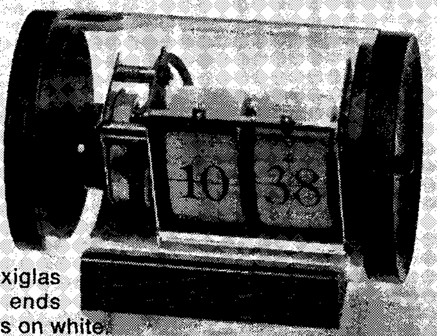
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at once fascinating and unbearable, is crammed with now-it-can-be-told revelations. The full story of the Japanese capture of Singapore was so discreditable to British military planning and civilian administration—and to so many thick-witted, quarrelsome, obstinate individuals—that the facts were concealed at the time, for fear of damaging Allied morale. The conquest was not a Japanese victory so much as a British self-defeat, and if the ineptitude of the losers makes depressing reading, so does the haphazard, purposeless cruelty of the winners. Mr. Barber, though, can offer the reader the relief of heroism. Plenty of citizens of Singapore—men and women of various nationalities—did more than their best in appalling circumstances. Mr. Barber's over-all point—that the fall of Singapore exposed the decay of the Empire and foretold its disappearance—is beyond debate.

NOTE: Viking has published "Nabokov's Congeries," a collection of Vladimir Nabokov's fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. Much of the book's contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.* . . . "Vienna, My Vienna," by Joseph Wechsberg, with photographs by Werner Forman, has been published by Macmillan. Most of the text was first printed in this magazine in somewhat different form. . . . Calvin Tomkins' Profile of Eric Hoffer, augmented by photographs by George Knight, an introduction by Eric Sevareid, and a number of Mr. Hoffer's aphorisms, has been published by Dutton under the title "Eric Hoffer: An American Odyssey."

•

COLLEGE PARK, MD. (AP)—Explosive long-gain passes to flanker Ron Sellers gave Florida State a 17-7 halftime lead but the favored Seminoles had to grind out a time-consuming clinching score for a 24-14 football victory over Maryland Saturday.

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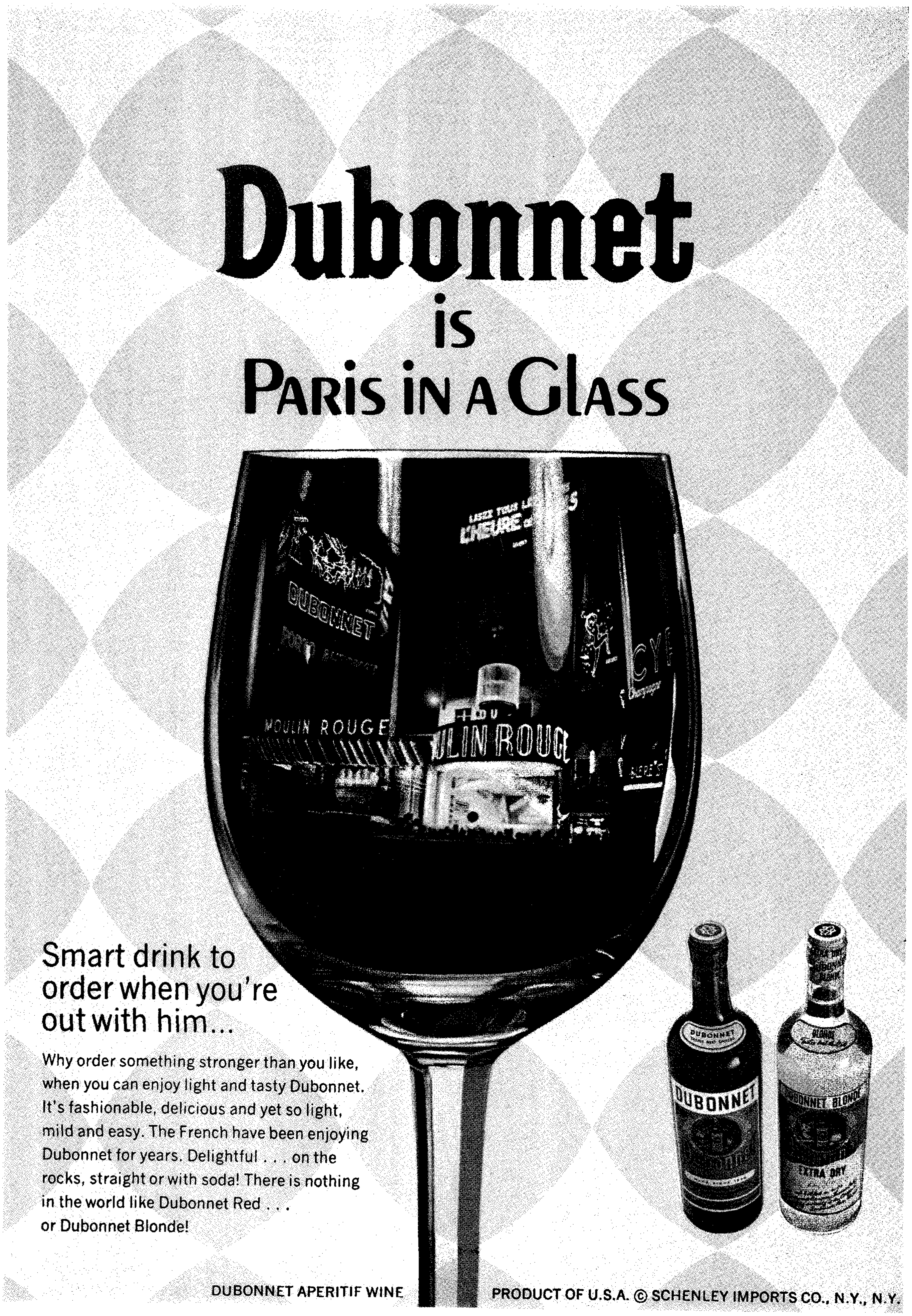
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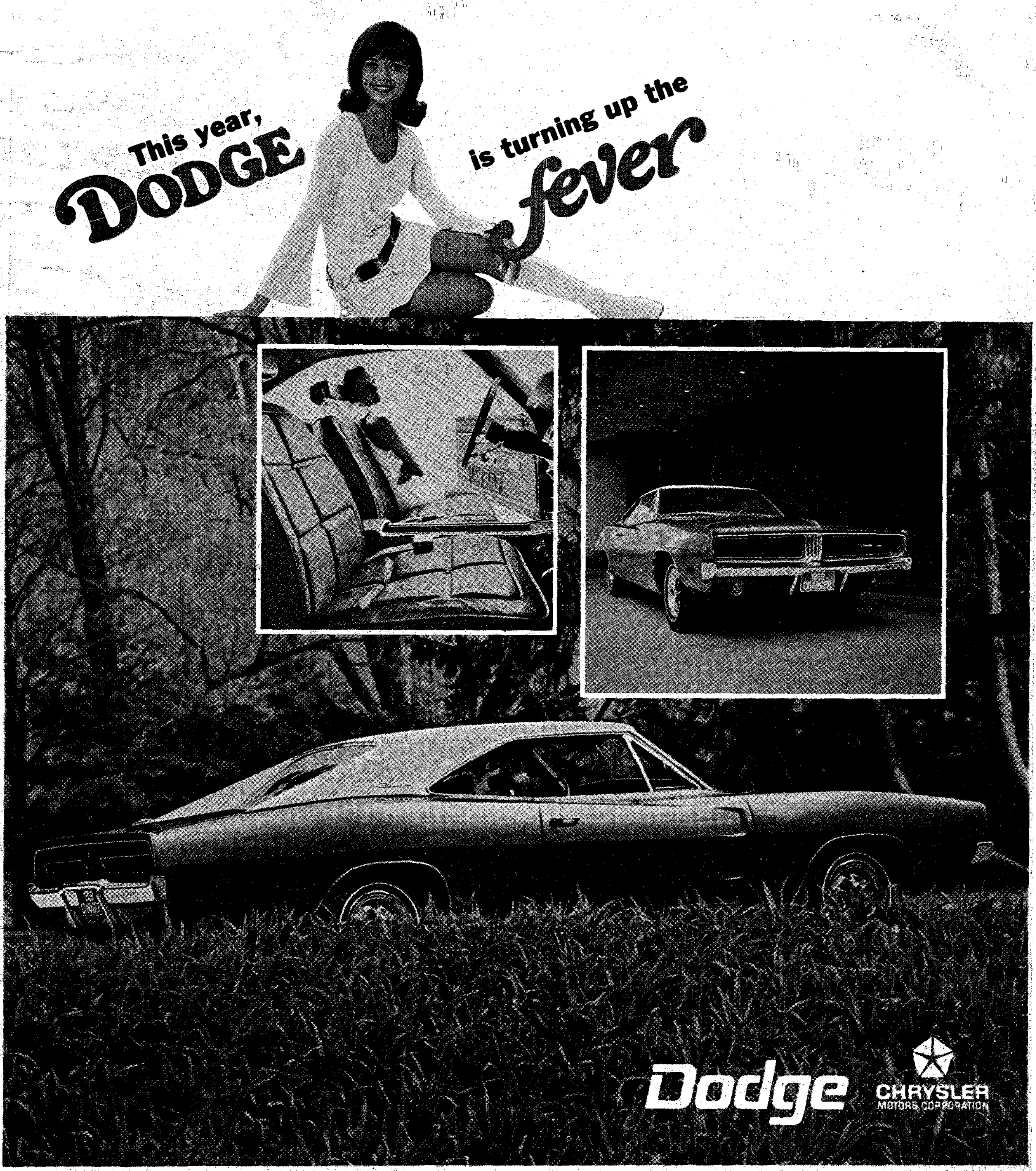
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